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NOVEMBER 1980 $2.50
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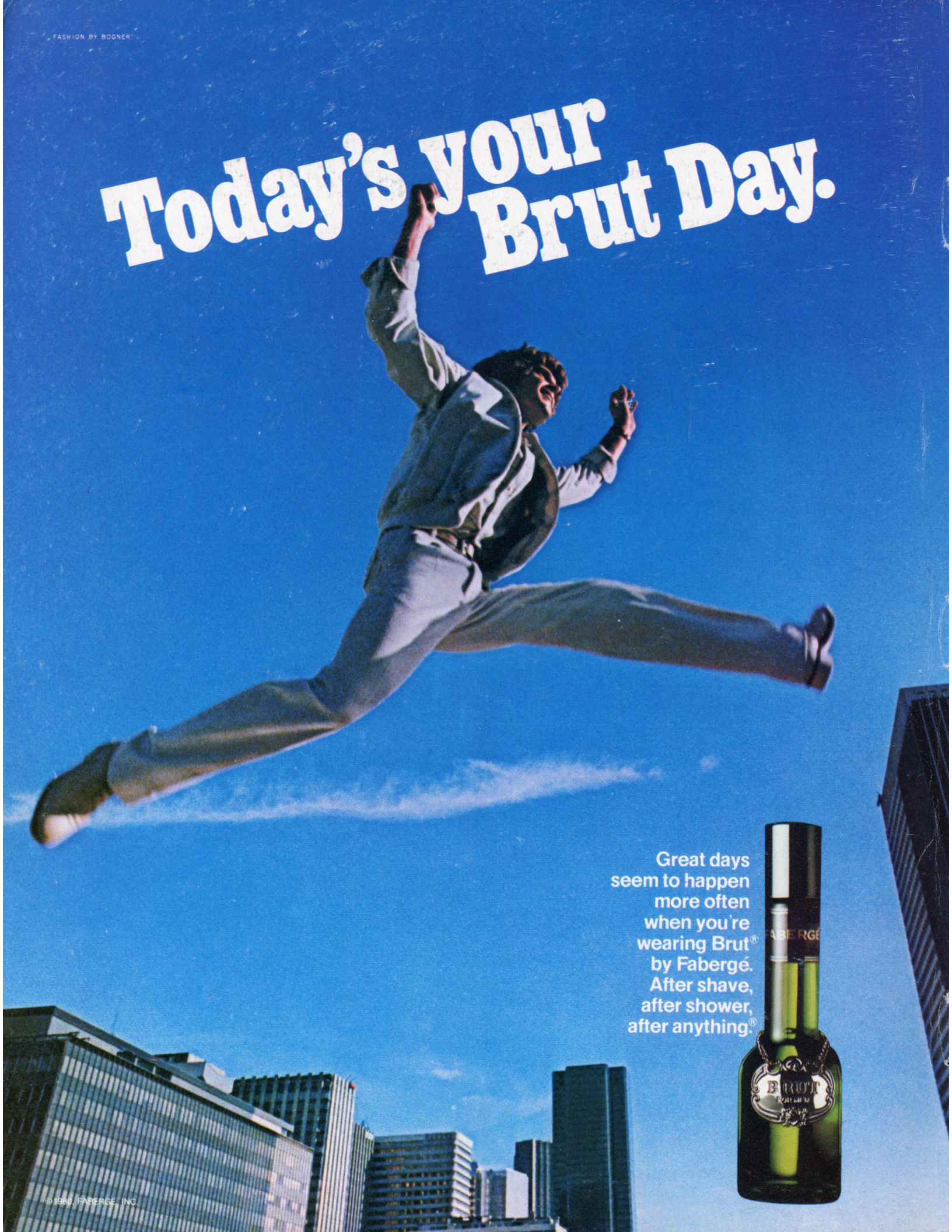

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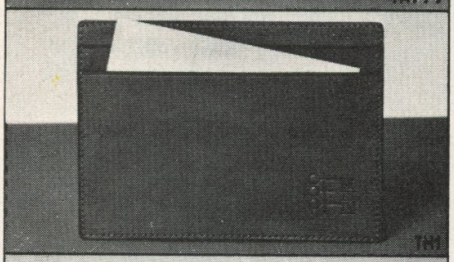

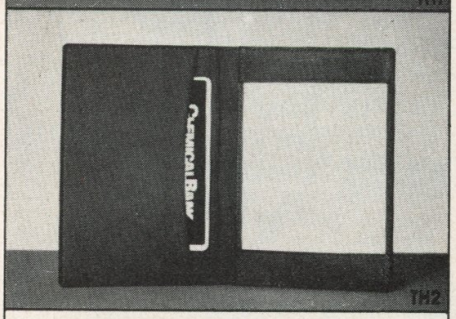

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CONTENTS

			PAGE
COVER	Isabella Ardigo	Photo by Bob Guccione	
HOUSECALL	Introduction		6
FORUM	Correspondence		8
FEEDBACK	Opinion		38
CALL ME MADAM	Comment	Xaviera Hollander	42
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Comment	Nicholas von Hoffman	53
SCENES		Mitch Tuchman	54
FILMS		Roger Greenspun	56
WORDS		Emily Prager, Peter Bloch	58
SOUNDS		Robert Palmer	60
CARTER, REAGAN, ANDERSON OR NONE OF THE ABOVE	Article	Craig S. Karpel	64
PET OF THE YEAR	Pictorial	Photos by Bob Guccione	71
THE WORLD ACCORDING TO KOKO	Article	Gary Hanauer	86
THE FALL AND RISE OF GEORGE JONES	Article	Dolly Carlisle	90
BETSY	Pet of the Month	Photos by John Copeland	93
VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER	Essay	William Corson	112
BIG BROTHER IS ALIVE AND MONITORING 400,000 CALLS A DAY	Essay	Harrison E. Salisbury	114
RESURRECTION '80	Humor	Bill Lee	118
ED CLARK	Interview	James Davidson	124
DRESSED TO SPILL	Fashion	Ed Emmerling	128
SMOKESTACK LIGHTNING	Fiction	John Eskow	132
PET-OF-THE-YEAR GIFTS			138
SWEPT AWAY	Pictorial	Photos by Allan J. Wash	142
SHARED INTIMACIES	Article	Lonnie Barbach/Linda Levine	161
ARE YOU A TEAM PLAYER?	Quiz	Frank Donegan	165
OH, WICKED WANDA!	Satire	Frederic Mullally/Ron Embleton	192

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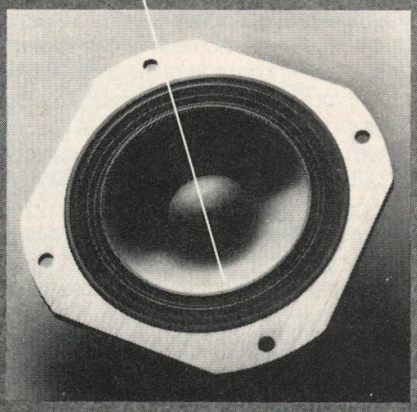

Blow into a kazoo and what do you hear? A buzzing noise you'd expect from a toy that costs about fifty cents. But just as the paper cone in a conventional kazoo creates a buzzing noise, the paper cone in most conventional speakers creates distortion.

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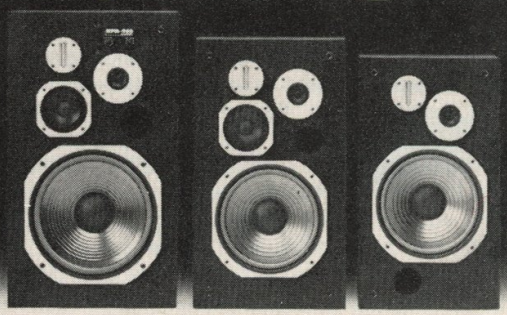

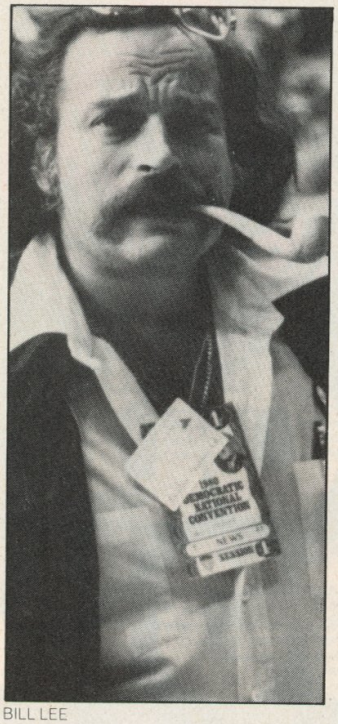

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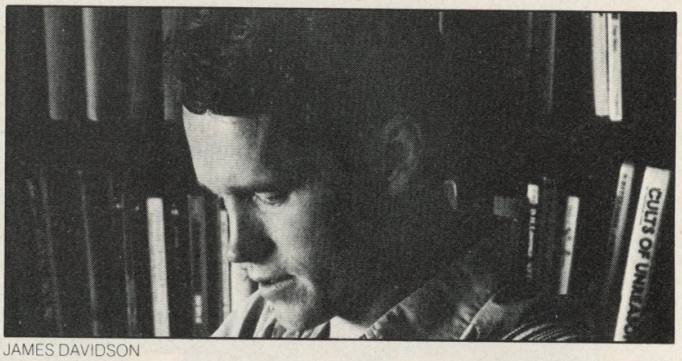

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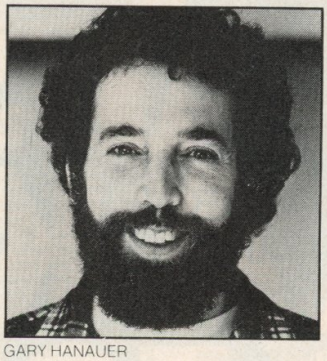

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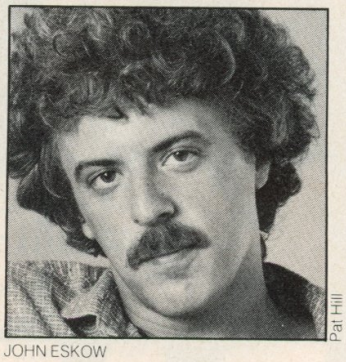


JOHN ESKOW

Pat Hill

HOUSECALL

This month our issue is dominated by two elections. By far the more pleasurable is the outcome of the 1980 Penthouse Pet of the Year contest, which can be seen on page 71 in the celebrated form of **Isabella "Concetta" Ardigo**. Thousands upon thousands of votes from readers across the country and the world proclaimed Isabella's victory, and the resulting landslide of cash, gifts, and prizes totaling $300,000 are displayed on page 138.

There will probably be fewer citizens voting for president this month (that's the *other* election) than at any other time in our history. People are increasingly frustrated and fed up with the seemingly endless parade of faceless incompetents thrown up at them every four years—and this year's "choice" between old-line Democratic bureaucracy and old-line Republican conservatism would seem to be no exception. As reporter **Craig S. Karpel** writes in "Carter, Reagan, Anderson, or None of the Above" (page 64), "Those who will vote for Carter will do so because they can't stand Reagan. Those who will vote for Reagan will do so because they can't stand Carter. Those who will vote for Anderson will do so because they can't stand either of them. The number of people actually voting *for* somebody will be infinitesimal." But since one of these men is going to take the oath of office next January, we asked Karpel to ignore the vapid personality profiles that constitute television "news" and examine in depth the candidates' records and public actions.

Karpel, who for years has been covering the misadventures of Jimmy Carter in *Penthouse*, finds little encouragement in reviewing recent White House fiascoes, and while he feels that John Anderson's promises deserve a hearing, he concludes that "they sound like the sort of ideas a congressman might think up while brainstorming with his assistants."

Karpel was surprised, however, to find that the record of Ronald Reagan's eight years as governor of California shatters the media image of Reagan as an unyielding right-wing crusader. "Even Reagan's worst critics," Karpel discovered, "seem compelled to say something nice about him." Before you vote or decide not to vote, you should certainly read this important article.

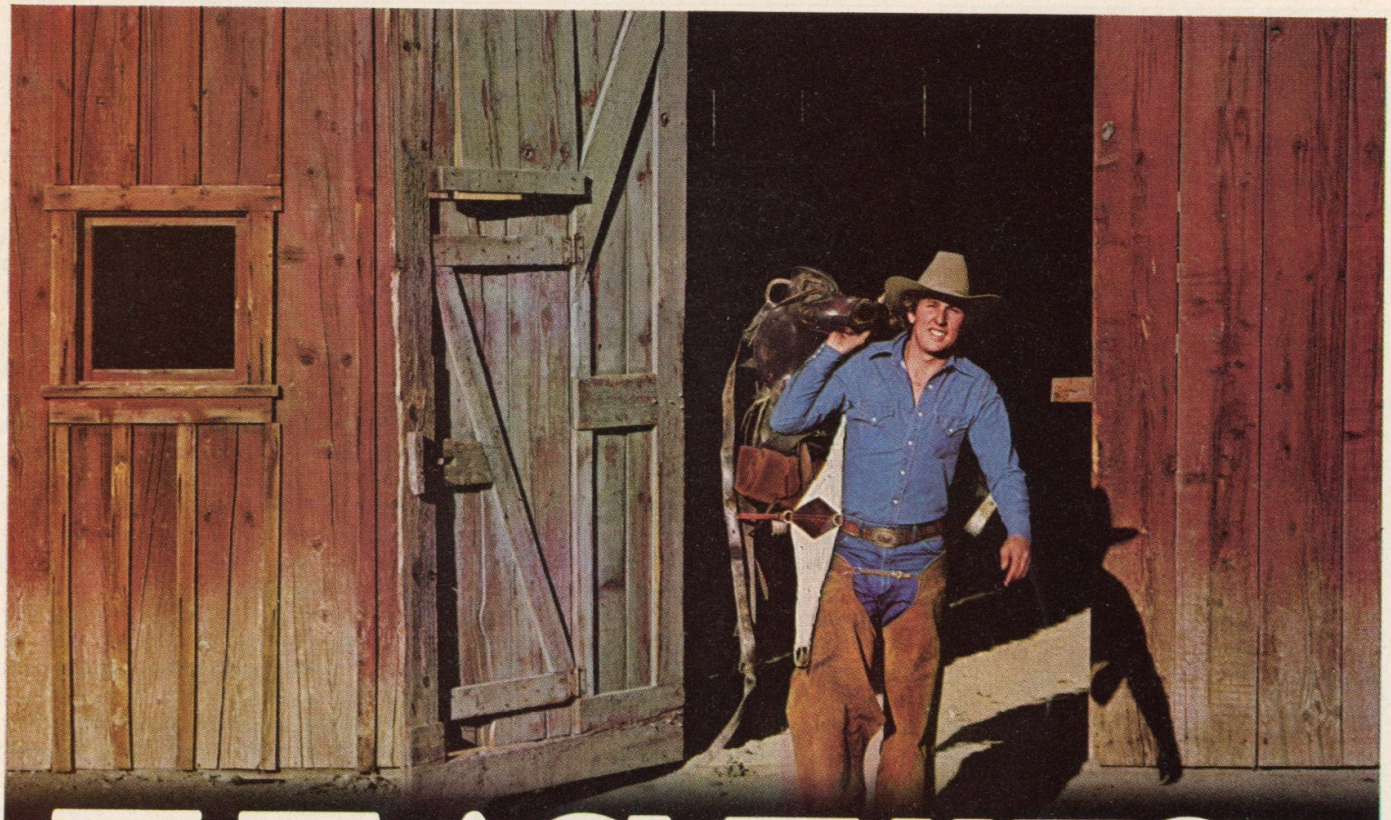
And for a more irreverent view of our malfunctioning political system, you won't want to miss Humor Editor **Bill Lee**'s coverage, using his exclusive undercover "investigative cartoon" technique, of August's follies at the Democratic National Convention in New York City (page 118).

Of course, Reagan, Anderson, and Carter are not the only men running for president. Our interview subject, **Ed Clark**, is the candidate of the Libertarian party, an increasingly popular alternative to the two-party system (page 124). As Nicholas von Hoffman wrote about Libertarians in the *Washington Post*: "For the overtaxed, overburdened, and underpowered millions of the American middle class, Libertarians are the only people worth voting for." (Which is quite an endorsement, considering that **von Hoffman** believes that we shouldn't vote at all—see page 53). Clark's views, as expressed to interviewer **Jim Davidson**, are refreshing and stimulating, especially when contrasted with the contrived and depressing political rhetoric of the major candidates.

A more unusual interview is conducted in **Gary Hanauer**'s "The World According to Koko" (page 86). At nine years of age, a gorilla named Koko has astounded researchers with her ability to understand English and to express herself in sign language. With the help of Koko's teacher Penny Patterson, Hanauer engaged in several unique conversations with this extraordinary creature—eliciting Koko's thoughts on love, life, and death. "Her potential is unknown," said one expert about Koko. Her vocabulary is huge, and "we're exploring new territory. She is at the cutting edge of science."

Beneath the glamour and excitement of the billion-dollar music industry lies another world of sleaze, blackmail, and failure. This month *Penthouse* explores two different aspects of this underworld. Our fiction (page 132) is an excerpt from **John Eskow**'s first novel, *Smokestack Lightning* (which will be published by Delacorte). Eskow recounts the rise of an unknown rock group to the heights of financial success, sexual ecstasies, and drugged euphoria. They discover, however, that the price of success can be exorbitant. The great country-western singer-songwriter George Jones had to learn this painful lesson in real life, but as **Dolly Carlisle** reports in "The Fall and Rise of George Jones" (page 90), he seems to have returned from his own personal hell and is achieving a successful comeback.

Other items of more-than-noteworthy interest this month include Pulitzer Prize winner **Harrison Salisbury**'s "Advise & Dissent" about his fight against government snooping (page 114) and our exclusive excerpt from *Shared Intimacies*, a forthcoming Anchor Press/Doubleday book by **Linda Levine** and **Lonnie Barbach**, in which 18 women talk frankly about their sexual techniques (page161). And to make this Thanksgiving an especially joyful one, an extraspecial selection of *Penthouse* beauties awaits your pleasure. The Pilgrim Fathers never had it so good!



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NOVEMBER

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Turning pro

I'm 23, about five feet five inches tall, a redhead all over, measure 35½-23-37½, and, I'm told, am good-looking. My skin is clear of blemishes, and, unlike most redheads, I tan to a golden color.

My sex life hadn't been much up to a few weeks ago. Oh, I started fucking when I was 19, and both of the boyfriends I've had since have been allowed to take down my panties any time they wanted to do so. I didn't find sex a great thing. I liked being held and petted. I especially liked to have my boyfriends feel me up, undress me, suck on my breasts, and press my panties up against my cunt, but when it came to actually fucking, it felt good but I didn't see any rockets, hear any cymbals clang, or feel any great explosions.

Then, a few weeks ago, I decided to take my vacation by going skiing near Reno. After a couple of days in the snow I thought I would drive down to Reno and have dinner and see some of the terrific shows they have at some of the casinos. After checking into my motel and showering, I started to get dressed. A few weeks earlier, as a surprise for my boyfriend, I had bought a garter belt and sheer black stockings but then never quite had the nerve to wear them, but now, on impulse, I put them on, even though the skirt I was wearing was split on the side so that when I walked you could see that I was wearing stockings and not panty hose.

Once at the hotel casino, I wandered aimlessly through the crowd, stopping for a few minutes to play the quarter slot machines but quickly grew bored with that. I decided to have a drink and went into the bar, found a vacant stool, and ordered a Scotch. Sitting there, sipping my drink and watching people, I couldn't help noticing a gorgeous guy walk in. He must have been in his early thirties, blond, with the wide shoulders and slim hips you come to expect of expert skiers. He stood in the doorway, looking around for a minute, and then, seeing me, walked directly to me. "Hi, doll," his grin was wide and white, and I couldn't help smiling back. "I haven't seen you around before," he said. "Are you just new in town?"

"I got into town this afternoon," I answered. "Then you aren't wasting anytime getting started." I thought he was referring to my drink. "Well, that's part of the reason I came to Reno." He laughed. "And that's coming directly to the point. What's the going rate?" I didn't understand. "What do you mean?" "What do you charge?" All of a sudden it hit me. He thought I was a hooker. For a moment I was tempted to throw my drink at him, and then I felt a temptation to play along with him—there was something exciting about his thinking I was a pro.

"Well, that depends on what you have in mind. . . ." I let my voice taper off. He studied my face for a long time, then let his eyes drop to the front of my blouse, and suddenly my nipples were hard and protruding against the material. The insides of my thighs were moist, and I could feel a tingling in my crotch.

"Look," he said, "we could play games for a while, but I don't feel like it. I'll make you a deal, since you're new in town and there is something sort of special about you. I'll give you two hundred to spend the next two hours in my suite with me. I'm checking out later tonight, but I'd really like to ball you good before I do."

I twirled the ice in my glass. I didn't know what to say. Finally I asked, "What's your room number?" "Seventeen twenty-six." "Half an hour?" He looked at his watch. "Three o'clock then." I nodded. He smiled again and turned and walked out of the bar.

As soon as he disappeared from view, I stood up and looked for another exit. Once outside I walked rapidly toward my motel. I panicked. I kept looking back over my shoulder to see if he was following me. Once inside my hotel room, I double-locked the door. My face felt hot, and I went into the bath and washed my face in cold water. My hands were trembling, and I stood there looking at myself in the mirror. I had been just propositioned like a hooker, and instead of being angry about it, I was excited. Maybe since I hadn't thought that sex was such a big deal, the idea that some man would pay me that much money just to let him fuck me seemed exciting. I don't know.

The walk back to the hotel seemed much longer than it had been when I came to the motel just a few minutes ago. Once inside the door, I ran to the elevator, and it seemed to take forever to get to the seventeenth floor. Once the door opened, I ran down the corridor. It was five minutes after three, and I knocked sharply on the door. For a long minute he didn't answer, and I felt a wave of panic. Then the door opened. He'd taken off his coat and tie, but his smile was as warm as when I'd first seen it. He stepped back so that I could enter his room, and it was lavish. A huge bed dominated the room, and there was

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a big mirror on the wall running the length of the bed and another mirror on the ceiling over the bed.

"Pretty wild, isn't it?" he said softly. "At least you'll get a good view of what's happening to you."

All I could say was "Nice." He stood there looking at me for a long time. Finally he said, "You are even better looking than I thought when I saw you in the casino." His hand moved out to touch me, and then he drew back. "I forgot this is a pay-for-play deal, isn't it, and payment is always in advance, right?"

He pulled a large roll of bills from his pocket and counted out four crisp fifties and handed them all to me. Very numbly I dropped them in my purse. "Well, now what do you want me to do?" He laughed. "Are you kidding? You don't know?"

"It's just that you paid me so much money I thought you had something special in mind." Again he laughed, "No hang-ups. I've a couple of hours to kill before my plane leaves, and I can't think of a better way to spend the time than fucking you." When he said that, I felt an electric current sweep through me.

"The first thing I want is to get you out of those clothes." His fingers barely brushed me as he slowly unbuttoned my blouse. As the last button came open, he held my blouse so my breasts were completely revealed to him. His gaze was direct. "God, your breasts are perfect." I let the blouse fall from my shoulders and stood before him, naked to the waist. The feeling was delightful. Carefully I unhooked the waist of my skirt and let it slide down. His eyes followed its descent, and when it fell to the floor, I stepped out of it. I was naked except for brief white lace bikinis, my garter belt, and shoes and stockings. In the mirror I could see a few red pubic hairs above the top of my bikini.

From the look on his face I knew I really turned him on, and I felt my own desire growing. He pulled his shirt over his head and unfastened his belt, letting his slacks fall. He was wearing boxer-type shorts, and his half-hard cock poked its head out slightly under the leg.

He took my hand and led me to the bed, and I sat down on the edge and reached down to unfasten the straps to my shoes. "No," he stopped me, "for this to be right for you, you have to keep on your shoes and me my socks." I wondered what he was talking about, but then he started kissing me, and I forgot everything else. His mouth was gentle, and his hand caressed the small of my back. For the next few minutes he played with me, kissing my neck behind my ears, the hollow of my elbow, between my fingers and my eyes. All the time his hands massaged, ever so gently, the muscles in my back and shoulders, down along my spine to my buttocks.

Lying on my back in the center of the bed, I could see us both in the mirror on the ceiling. His cock was hard, now sticking rigidly out of the leg of his shorts. It wasn't any bigger or thicker than my boyfriends' cocks, but while I was looking at it in the mirror, it seemed much harder. His hand had moved to my stomach and gently touched the flesh of my breasts. Avoiding the nipples, his talented fingers gently massaged the sides of my breasts while he moved to kiss my throat. Slowly his mouth moved down to the swell of my breasts, kissing the white flesh, his tongue tracing the faint veins under the skin but always avoiding the erect tips of my nipples. I ached to feel one of my tits in his mouth, and, finally, I couldn't stand it any longer, and I pulled his mouth over one of the buds of pink flesh. Slowly he sucked my breast into his mouth as much as he could, and all the time his tongue kept flicking over my nipple.

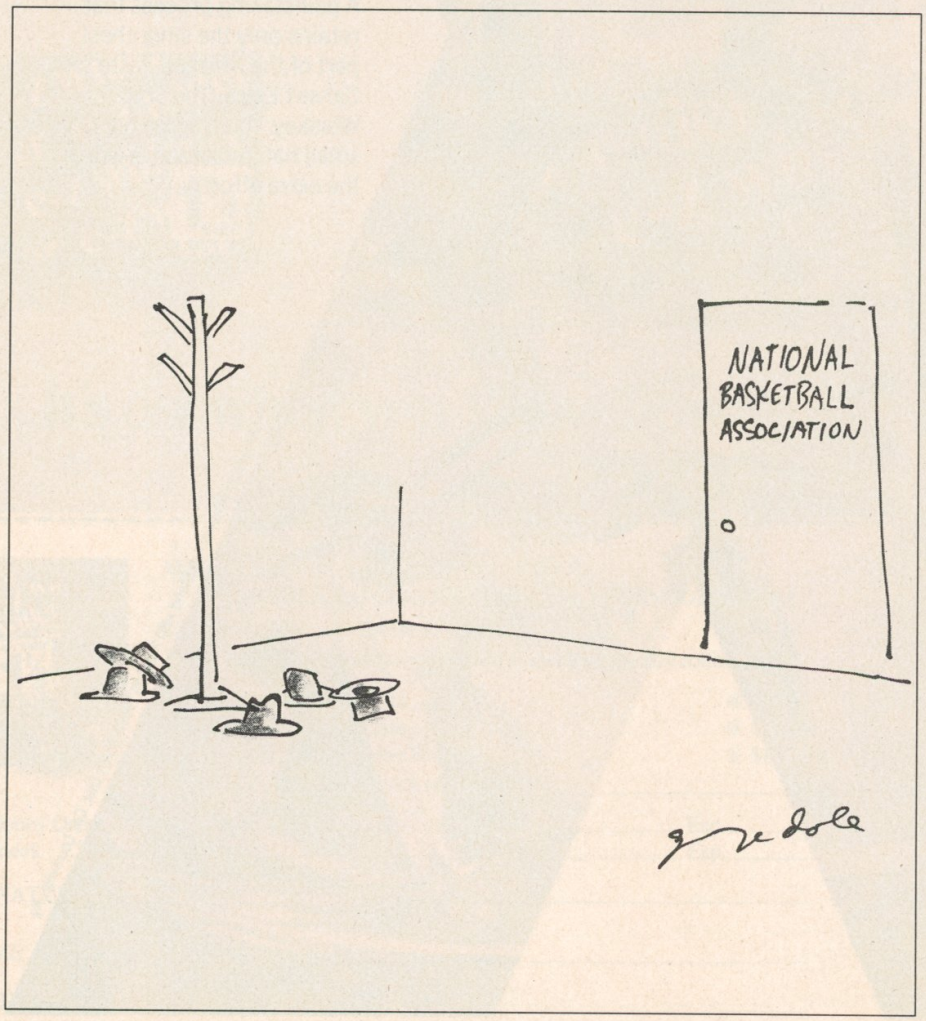
I was in ecstasy. Every nerve in my body seemed to center on my tits and my cunt. As I lay glorying in the sensations he was causing, I watched in the overhead mirror as his hand moved down to my legs. As his mouth moved back and forth from one breast to the other, his hand moved caressingly over my stockings, gently kneading the flesh behind my knees, up the back of my leg to my stocking tops. As he moved his fingers to massage my inner thighs, I spread my legs to give him room to reach my panties and to press the crotch of the sheer bikinis up between my legs.

His fingers seared my bare thighs above my stockings, slowly making their way to my panties. The material seemed to be charged electrically as his hand moved over it, and, finally, his fingers curved down between my legs to press the material up into me. As he pushed the material up into my cunt, I pressed myself down against his hand and I could hear my own moans.

A moment later I could see his hand slide under the waistband of my panties to fondle the soft red hair. Even when he moved his hand down between my legs, his fingers didn't go to my cunt but caressed the inner thighs where they reached my crotch and ever so gently massaged the lips now swollen with desire. Finally, as I reached a point of delightful agony, he parted the lips of my pussy and the second he touched my clitoris I came.

I'd had orgasms before but not like this. I could feel every muscle in my body tense, my back arched up off the bed to meet his fingers, and my thighs jerked convulsively. I could hear myself moaning and my mouth opened wide under his to let his tongue thrust deep.

Gradually I became aware that he was slipping my panties down, and I watched in the mirror as he pulled them free of my feet. This was the moment I had been waiting for and dreading. He kicked off his shorts, and his hard cock stuck straight out from his flat belly. I knew that within seconds he would push it up inside me,



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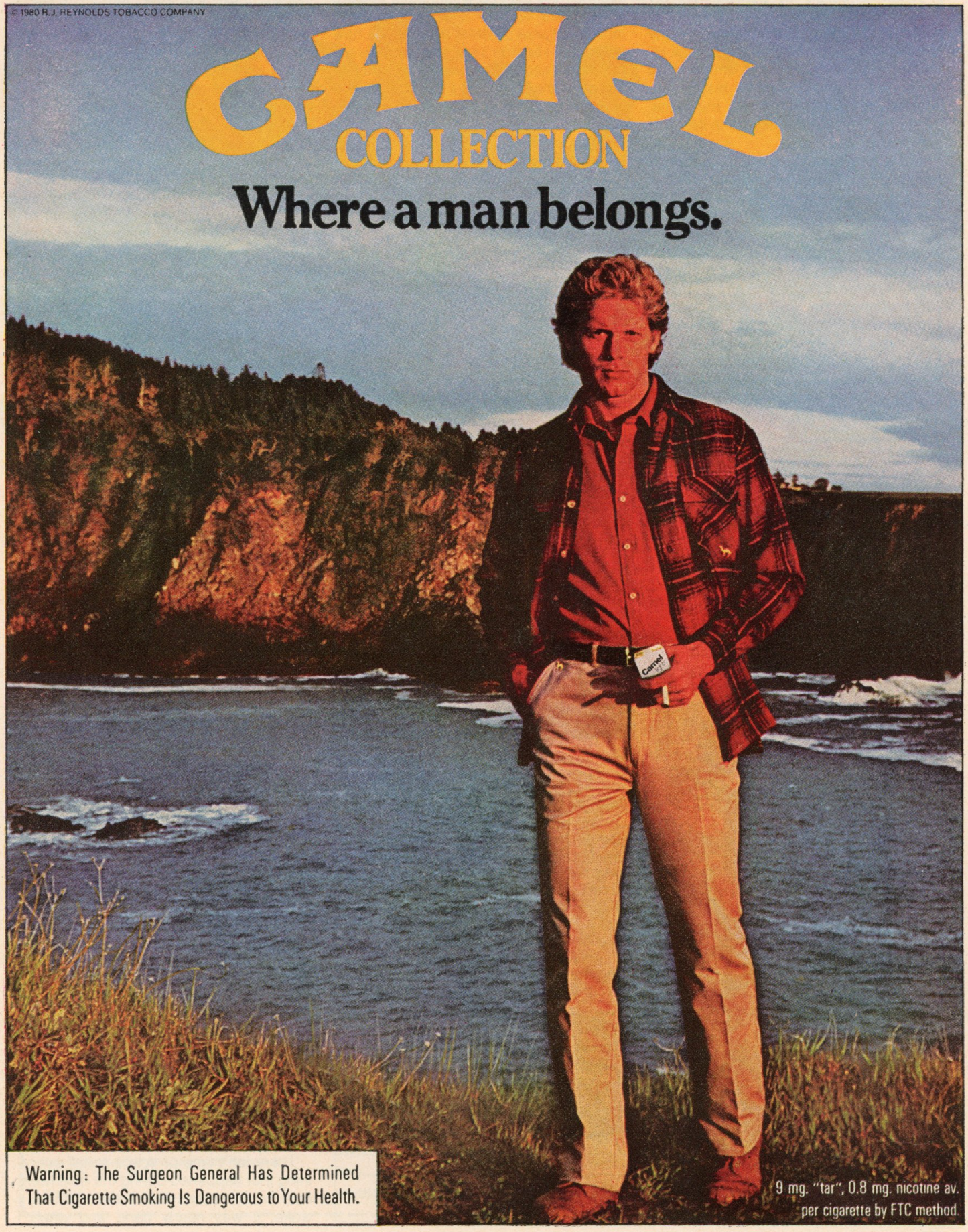

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and the moment he did I would be a hooker. The idea that I turned him on enough for him to pay that much for me was exciting, but the thought that I would be a pro frightened me.

When he pulled my panties over my feet, he had thrust one knee between my legs, his hard rod pressed against my thigh. Now I couldn't get my legs back together. His mouth came down hard on mine again, and this time his tongue slipped between my lips and my gums, caressing the sensitive flesh with the tip of his tongue.

While he was kissing me, I could feel him moving all the way between my legs and I moaned in protest. I wanted to push him away, but he was too strong, and I tensed my thighs against him. I felt him fumble, and I knew that he had the head of his cock inside my cunt, but my tense thighs kept him from sliding all the way in. He didn't fight me, just held me, kissing my inner lips. As my legs began to tire, I could feel him slide deeper into me. "I can't let him fuck me," I kept thinking. "I don't want to be a hooker." And then, suddenly, I relaxed, and his cock slid all the way up into me. He didn't move, just pressed down into me, and I gradually realized it didn't matter any longer. He was fucking me, and I couldn't change it, and then I didn't want to. It felt glorious, and I locked my legs around him. "Oh, fuck me," I begged, "fuck me hard."

He didn't hurry, like my boyfriends had, but moved slowly, sometimes lingering deep in me, sometimes pulling back until it nearly came out. His body would seem to rotate slightly at times as he thrust up into me, and then he would push upward as he went in, then deep down. Every movement was different and each a new sensation. He didn't tire, and I felt myself building to another orgasm, and I watched myself in the mirror as I came a second time. He thrust his cock all the way up into me as I did, and then he rested.

When my convulsions subsided, he began again and in a few minutes I built to another climax. Only this time he didn't stop, and I flowed from one climax to another. I must have come four or five times before he stopped. He pulled out completely. Tenderly he rolled me over on my stomach and lifted me up on my knees. He moved behind me. "Can I put it in your ass?" he asked. And I answered, "Oh, yes, just put it in me."

He laughed, "I'm not ready for that yet." But then I felt him slide his cock back into my hot pussy and thrust up into me. Turning my head, I could see us in the mirror, my buttocks up in the air and me kneeling on the bed and him behind me, thrusting his cock back and forth into me.

I found myself rocking back and forth on my knees, moving back against his thrust to pull him deeper into me, rocking forward as he drew back. Again he seemed not to tire, and I built to a series of orgasms that brought him forward to cup my breasts and fondle the nipples.

Again he backed out and fell over on his back, his cock pointing straight upward. "Okay, now it's your turn." "I don't know. . . " "Its simple. Get up across me with your knees about even with my nipples." I did as he explained and felt him fit his cock back into me. "Now all you have to do is move back and forth. You don't have to bounce up and down." I tried it, and it slid up and back delightfully.

"It's your fuck now, baby. Only this time, when you come, I'm going to unload in you." I watched myself rapturously as I moved, both in the side mirror and the overhead one. His hands toyed with my titties, sending electric shocks through my body. Once more I felt myself building to a climax, and I moved more quickly. Looking down on him, I could see his own passion building, and that only quickened my movements. Finally I could stand it no longer, and I cried out that I was coming. I sank down on his rod, and through my own climax I could feel it spurt up into me. His cock, all the way up inside me, throbbed convulsively, and I knew that it was pumping his load into my joyous cunt.

I held it in me as long as it stayed hard, and then, reluctantly, I rolled off him and stretched out beside him. As the passion died, I felt a great peace and a desire to sleep.

He stirred. "Satisfied?" "Mmmmmm." "And you still don't know how it feels to be a hooker." "What do you mean?" "That you are not a pro and never have been." "But I took money from you to let you lay me."

"Yeah, that was because we didn't have much time. You were turned on, and if I'd had the time for the dinner and dancing bit, we'd still have wound up here like we are now." "You're mighty sure of yourself." "In the state you were in, it was a shortcut for you, pretending you were doing it to see how it might feel to be a hooker. There isn't a hooker alive that would fuck the way you did. If she did, she wouldn't last through two tricks a night. All she wants is to get you off as quickly as possible and without using any energy so she can make as many bucks as possible. You must have had a dozen orgasms."

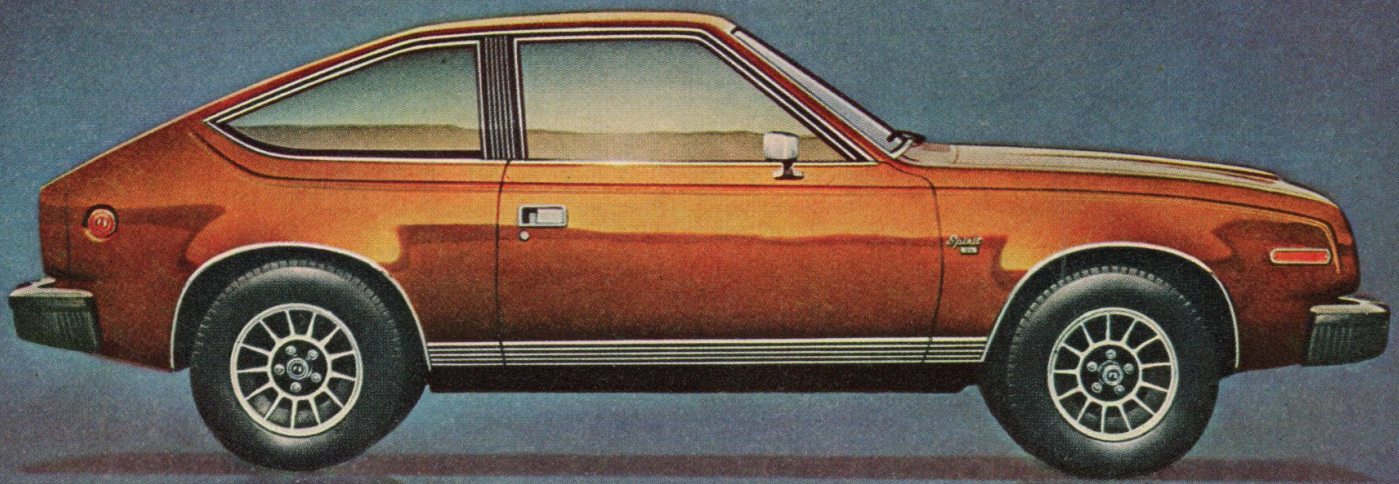
I moved closer to him, putting my head on his chest and sliding my hand down over his flat stomach. "At least a dozen," I replied and moved my hand down further. "More proof, a hooker would be interested in getting dressed and out of here by now, and if you're not careful, you are going to get the whole thing over again." "Can I depend on that?" I asked and moved my hand to take hold of his half-hard tool.

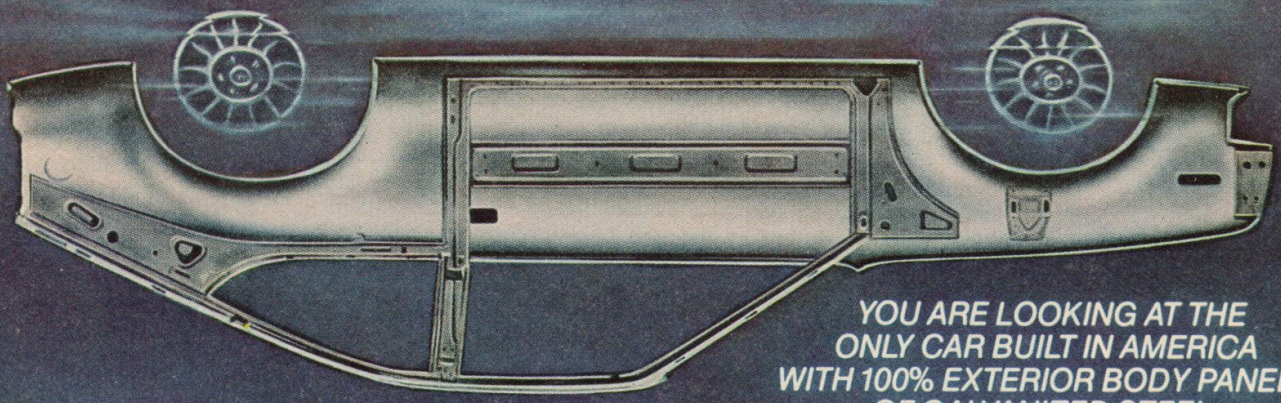
"It would be damned near impossible for you to avoid it now."

There isn't time or space to tell everything that happened during the next hour, but, finally, exhausted I slept. When I woke, it was nearly dark, and when I

"Hello, dear. Would you be interested in signing a petition to stop the ERA?"

SPIRIT





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reached out for him, he was gone. I rolled over and turned on the light. The room was empty, but propped against the lamp was a hotel envelope, with the word *dearest* written on it.

I swung my bare legs over the edge of the bed and sat up. As I opened the envelope, four more fifties fell out of it. I ignored them for the letter inside: "I told you that I was catching a plane tonight, and since you were sleeping so soundly I didn't wake you. There wasn't much I could say or add to what we've had, except that you were twice as good as I had thought you'd be. So here is the extra."—*Name and address withheld*

A la carte

While driving to dinner one evening with my girl friend, I was having a very difficult time keeping my mind on the road because she was unusually horny. Without getting too graphic, I'll tell you that she unzipped my pants, pulled out my cock, and fondled it in a way that made me take the long route to the restaurant. My thoughts were not on cocktails and dinner. Nor would I have expected what lay ahead.

When we arrived, we were escorted to a dark, crowded cocktail lounge. The waitresses were magnificent. The owner of this restaurant had my horny feelings at heart when he hired these girls. All of them were dressed in black-and-red French maid costumes, which were very short and extremely low cut. Our waitress had long dark brown hair, long legs covered by black fishnet stockings, and tits that were almost falling out of her blouse. She probably noticed how much I was staring, because my girl friend certainly did. Apparently to attract my attention, she continued to stroke my leg up to my dick and balls, which only led me to think of nothing else but sucking those gorgeous tits on the waitress.

I could not help noticing that she appeared to be flirting with me by practically putting those tits in my face when she brought our drinks. The maître d' told us our table was ready, and I asked the waitress for our check. When she returned my change on the plate, tucked away so that only I could see was a note which read, "My name is Anne. I get off at 2:00 A.M. Please join me at my apartment." The address was written below. My heart raced, and I thought my dick would jump out of my pants. Here I was with my girl friend, who was hotter than ever before, yet an invitation like this was too unreal to pass up. I convinced my girl friend to hurry the dinner so that we could go back to her apartment and explore her desires.

It was about 11:00 P.M., and we were on our way to her apartment, and she was back at my cock again, but this time with her mouth. Before we reached her driveway, I shot my load. Soon after we got inside, she told me to light the joint that was on her bedroom dresser. Within seconds she bounced into the room totally nude and began to undress me. Our fucking was great, but throughout my mind was on the waitress and the zipless fuck waiting for me. After she had several orgasms, my girl friend collapsed in my arms. Apparently all the drinks and activities had finally worn her down. Checking the clock, I saw it was 1:50 A.M. So I decided to leave my girl friend a note and drive to the waitress's apartment.

When I knocked on the door, she opened it with no hesitation and a warm smile. In the full light of her apartment I could not believe how gorgeous she was, still in her costume and with her tits invitingly magnificent. She must have known I was looking because she immediately loosened the ties, and they just fell out. With such an invitation I went right to work. I caressed them in my hands and brought them to my mouth.

In one motion I picked her up and brought her to a bearskin rug in the living room. As I fondled and sucked those beautiful melons, she was being extremely adept at removing my clothes. She seemed pleased with the size of my cock and told me she knew I would be at least eight inches and took it into her mouth. I would have thought her name was Linda Lovelace from her ability to suck my cock into her throat. I came with incredible force, and she took all of my come without catching her breath or missing a drop.

I wanted to relax, but she would not let me. Before I knew it, her pussy was covering my face. The idea of eating out this gorgeous sexy cunt with her black crotchless garter belt and silk stockings surrounding my head made me go wild. My tongue was finding every cavity and circled her clit with rapid strokes. I have never eaten a pussy like this before. She had a series of tremendous orgasms, and when each one came, she sucked and bit my cock and balls with severe intensity. I became harder and harder, and I knew we were ready. I entered her with wild abandon. Her cunt was extremely tight, and although I had just come before, the excitement of entering this incredible woman made me want to fuck all night, and we did. She turned me every which way but loose.

The next morning, after an early morning screw-and-suck session, she explained to me that this is how she gets her kicks. On each Saturday night she chooses the man who attracts her and invites him over. On Saturday nights for weeks I went back to that restaurant, hoping to experience again the greatest fuck of my life, but she never recruited me again. I guess I was just a one-night stand, but every guy should be so lucky.—*Name and address withheld*

Revenge is sweet

When I moved in with Sharon, Carol, and

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LONGINES
WITTNAUER
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SWISS QUARTZ

Jill, I knew it was going to be interesting—in fact, being the lone male in a house with three very cute women was downright fascinating, to say the least.

We had all been forced off-campus by the housing shortage at our university. Sharon held the lease on the house and also acted as the chief executive, assigning household duties as she saw fit. As the chores were evenly allocated and not at all difficult, I never had to give any thought as to what the consequences of not completing them might be.

My first hint came at dinner one night. I noticed Carol wasn't swinging her curvaceous ass as much as usual when she walked in, and she had brought a pillow to sit on. She was pouting.

"Fall off your bike?" I asked.

"No," said Sharon, "she didn't do the vacuuming as assigned."

Seeing the perplexed look on my face, Jill explained, "Carol received a very thorough spanking on her bare bottom from Sharon this afternoon—twenty smacks on each cheek with a hairbrush."

"Ouch" I said sympathetically, as Carol turned red and shot Jill an angry stare.

"Yes, and if she had been one second slower in baring her behind and getting across my lap, she would have gotten it with the switch," said Sharon, referring to the riding crop she kept as a memento from her equestrian days.

I smiled, thinking how undignified normally prim Carol must have looked, and, after noting how effective it had been (the carpet was spotless), I didn't give the incident another thought. It certainly never occurred to me that I might put myself in the same predicament.

If it had, I probably would have done a better job on the dishes that night and on nights in several previous weeks. (I had been doing some pretty half-assed work.) Sharon had called it to my attention several times, but as I thought I was doing pretty good work overall, I didn't pay much attention to her.

That night I dried my hands, threw the dish towel over the faucet, and turned out the light as I left the kitchen and headed to my room. I was halfway there when I heard Sharon call from the kitchen, "James, come back in here, please." I rolled my eyes as I walked back past Jill and Carol in the living room.

"James, is this how we wipe the table?" she asked as I reentered, pointing to the sloppily streaked surface. "Is this how we put away leftovers?" I had set them in the refrigerator without even covering them. "These plates are not properly rinsed." I had transferred them directly from the table to our rather ineffectual dishwasher. She looked at the dirty pot I had left "soaking" (Jill usually did them the next day), crossed her arms, and glared at me for a few seconds. Then, in a firm voice she said, "James, go get me my white hairbrush. It's about time you were taught a little lesson."

"Aw, that's okay," I chucked. "I'll just go ahead and finish up in here."

"It is not okay," she said flatly, "and you *will* finish up in here, but only afer I've finished paddling you. Hairbrush, please?"

"Well, now that I've been warned . . ."

"I've already warned you at least three times about doing sloppy work in here. Hairbrush. Now."

That she was very serious about spanking me was becoming extremely apparent, and I started to worry. "Um, hey, what gives you the right . . . ?"

"You didn't question that right when it was Carol who got it," said Jill, who was standing with Carol, watching in the doorway. Carol raised her eyebrows, and gave her bottom a quick up-and-down rub.

"Yeah, but . . ."

"James, if I have to get that hairbrush myself, it's going to be much worse for you." When I didn't move, she sighed and walked out of the kitchen and down to her room.

"Really, Jim," said Carol. "You're not going to get out of it. If you don't cooperating, she's going to let you have it."

Before I could reply, Sharon returned. She gently took my wrist and led into the living room. If she had grabbed me and pulled me, I could have easily resisted, but resistance seemed very inappropriate to her gentle urging. She sat down in the middle of the couch and placed the hairbrush and riding crop on the table in front of her. Although I was the one standing and looking down, there was no question as to who was in charge.

"Well, I'm waiting," Sharon said, motioning me across her lap.

I didn't move.

"James, you've already gone from twenty spanks per cheek to forty by making me get the brush. If I have to get the girls to hold you across my lap, you'll get that and an additional twenty spanks with the switch." I looked at Carol and Jill, who were standing there smirking, with their arms folded. I knew they could do it.

Sharon pointed to her lap. "Now," she said. I slowly knelt on the couch by her, gave her a dirty look, and placed myself across her lap. I waited for the first spank.

"James, aren't you forgetting something?" she asked.

"No," I replied, knowing what it was that she wanted.

"I am going to spank you, not your pants. Please pull them down."

"No way," I said, starting to get up. But before I'd moved even a few inches, Carol had sat down on my calves and Jill had grabbed my wrists and pulled them up over my head. I was again firmly across her lap.

"That's an extra twenty with the switch. Unless you want that doubled also, lift your hips up." I did and heard my pants unsnapped and unzipped and felt Sharon ease them down to my knees. Carol got up and pulled them all the way off. She

"Dick, Jane! Long time no see."

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then eased her fingers under the waistband of my shorts and teasingly slid them down to my ankles and then off. Jill gave a quick tug, and my shirt was gone, too. Sharon reached under my still-upthrust hips and guided my rock-hard penis between her thighs and clamped down hard on it with them. I wasn't going to get away. She then pushed down on the small of my back with one hand and pushed forward on my bottom with the other, rotating it into the most accessible position.

I felt the cold, smooth face of the hairbrush as Sharon rubbed it across my behind in circles, starting out large and getting smaller. She centered in on my left cheek, lifted the hairbrush, and brought it back down with a resounding "smack." Circles again on my right buttock and another stinging spank. Then they came with out any warning, sometimes on alternating cheeks, sometimes five in a row on the same side. At 20 Sharon paused and reminded me it would then have been done had I minded properly, and then brought down the hardest spank yet. I squirmed as the blows landed, and my cock was working back and forth between Sharon's thighs. I was just about to come as Carol called out, "Forty." Sharon spread her thighs apart and rolled me off her lap. I stood there for a moment, rubbing my burning bottom while my aching member bobbed up and down to my roommates' obvious amusement.

"Not so fast," said Sharon as I reached for my pants. "You've still got a good switching coming." Then, to Carol, handing her the riding crop: "Would you like to do the honors?"

"Gladly," she said, taking the switch. She tapped the center of the couch with the end of it and said, "Put your knees here." I did so without hesitating, preferring not to double my allotment, and knelt there with my hands at my sides. "Now bend over at the waist and rest your head on the couch." I did, and Sharon again pushed down the small of my back, rotating my bottom into the proper position. I felt Carol rub the switch up and down the back of my thighs a few times, obviously relishing her position of authority. Then she drew it back, and I heard a loud "whoosh" as she whipped it across my bare bottom.

The hairbrush had stung. The thin switch positively burned. Carol spaced her lashes at long intervals and used the time to drive her points home. "When I tell you you are going to be punished, will you get the hairbrush?" (Whoosh) "Yes," I said through clenched teeth, fighting back tears.

"And assume the proper position?" (Whoosh)

"And bare your bottom?" (Whoosh) "Nineteen."

"And when you are very bad, will you get the switch without being told?" (Whoosh) "Twenty."

The last blow landed, but I held my position with my bottom up in the air, knowing I had not yet been dismissed. (Carol's instruction before lash number seven.) With a finger under my chin, Sharon turned my face toward her, brushed away a tear, and kissed me firmly on the lips. I then gasped as Jill rubbed ice across my still-uplifted crimson and swollen behind.

I knew better than to protest when Carol spread my cheeks wide apart and Jill pressed a piece of ice against my anus. I pressed back, and it slid in. As this happened, Sharon stripped off her pants and lay back on the floor. She motioned me to lie on top of her, and as I did, she eased my cock into the hottest and wettest cunt I've ever felt. I slid in all the way up to the hilt on one thrust. She cupped my buns in both hands, and pulled me deeper as I thrusted.

"Still sore?" she asked, as she heard me draw in air through my teeth.

"Guess!" I replied mockingly.

"Don't get smart, young man! There's more where those came from." Jill and Carol teasingly moved their palms in circles over my bottom.

"Okay! Okay!" I protested as the circles got smaller. "But just remember, you three—you're not perfect, and there's nothing sacred about your bare bottoms. Revenge is very sweet."

A "Hmmm" from Sharon was the only reply as Jill spread my cheeks hands and Carol shoved her tongue deep into my rectum, causing the first of many orgasms that night. Very sweet indeed . . .—*Name and address withheld*

"The Lord spoke to me last night, Margaret. He said, 'Go get yourself a young broad and have some fun!'"

Sexy riders

Your "Forum" letters have always been one of my favorite sections of your magazine. I'm a female and work in a used-car lot, and in the winter things are slow. One morning I picked up a *Penthouse* and thought how nice it would be if some of the stories contributed by your readers would happen to me. Little did I know that within the hour something would.

I was daydreaming and getting a little hot when these two guys came in. Nice, nice-looking guys—big, strong football players. One had blond hair, the other brown. Just looking at these guys got me even hotter than before. The blond one came over to my desk and told me his name was Bob, then asked me for my phone number. His energy caught me a little flustered, but I gave it to him.

We talked a little longer, and then my boss asked me if I would pick up some guys at an auto auction about 20 miles away. I got into the car to go, and Bob came running out and asked if he could go with me. I said sure, and as he went to tell his friend, he planted a big kiss on my neck. "Whew," I thought, "now what am I getting myself into?" He ran back to the car and, with me driving, we left.

We were almost on the freeway when Bob was back at my neck and ears with

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big, wet kisses. He started running his hands along my body, playing with my tits. He unzipped my pants and slid his hand under my underpants. His stroking was getting my already hot pussy even hotter. He whispered, "Lift up your ass," and down slid my pants. We were driving along a pretty busy freeway, and I was being passed while trying to keep some sort of control of the car. Bob took my pants all the way off my right leg—so I was accelerating with my left foot. He raised my right leg to the top of the front seat, and before I knew it, he'd buried his face into my cunt. (Now I've given guys head on the road, but I didn't think this was possible!) I was close to coming but was afraid I would lose control of the car, so I pulled off the freeway. I found a very convenient dirt road and came as I pulled to a stop. Bob opened his door and unzipped his pants. Oh, the magnificent cock that popped out! Only half in the car, he pulled me down on the seat to bury his cock deep inside me. Pumping wildly, we both came. I was weak from all of this, and we lay there until he finally slid out of me. Later we picked up the guys at the auction and headed back. We said our good-byes with smiles on our faces.

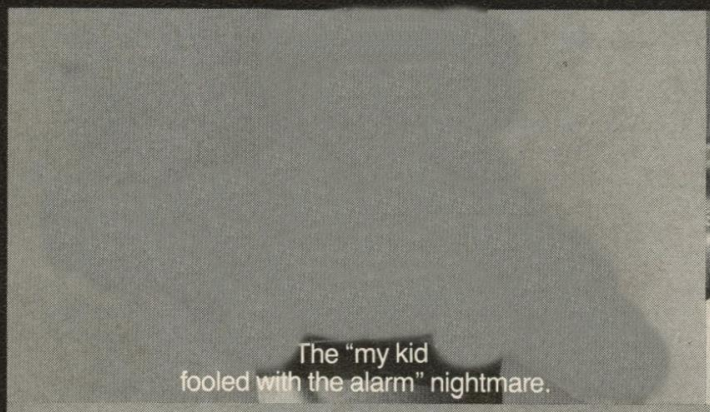
The next morning I came into work and who was there but Bob and his friend. I thought, "Oh, shit!" and went into the back room to pour myself a cup of coffee. Bob followed me back there and put his arms around me as we lustfully kissed. He unzipped both our pants, but I protested, because there were five people in the next room! He grabbed my hand and led me into the bathroom. He pulled down my pants and his and turned me around. I leaned over the sink as he speared me with his huge cock. It felt so good he was actually lifting me up with it. I tried to muffle my cries and gasps of pleasure as I came. He was pumping into me like there was no tomorrow. I could barely stand up as he came with a loud shudder. I thought for sure that someone heard us, but by this time it didn't matter. I pulled my pants up, incredibly weak at the knees, and went back to my desk. His friend smiled knowingly at me. They left, and I haven't seen them since. With crazy guys like that running around, I wouldn't be surprised if you get some more letters from other ladies who have encountered them!—*Name and address withheld*

Going up

I am a 19-year-old sophomore attending a large midwestern university and have been reading "Forum" ever since my father has been buying *Penthouse*. Sometimes, I find myself reading your letters over and over but not believing that things like that really happen. Recently, though, I've become a believer.

I was still a virgin when I arrived at the university, and I was anxiously awaiting the first chance to blow my cork—other than by my own hand. I tried scoring on many occasions with a few chicks in a

4 nightmares you won't have with a Panasonic clock radio.



The "my kid fooled with the alarm" nightmare.

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The "two different wake-up times, one alarm clock" nightmare!

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RC-65 with childproof time and alarm.

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dorm near mine without much success, and this particular night was no different from the others. Pondering my misfortune, I noticed I was hungry. I went to a snack bar in my dorm to get a burger. When I got in line, I found myself behind a couple that was furiously Frenching. This made me feel even worse.

While in line, I heard the manager tell the cashier they were preparing to close and the couple in front of me would be the last to order. As I turned to go, I heard a soft voice from behind me beckon me back. "It's all right," she said, smiling. "I'll serve you." I turned to look, and it was the cashier. She was a petite coed, a blonde with silky, shoulder-length hair. Her body was deeply tanned, and she had rich blue eyes. Her lips, glossed and pink, really turned me on. She wore a thin, white blouse with no bra, and when she moved, it looked as though she had two restless puppies snuggled in her top. After noticing her, I realized how hungry I really was. I quickly changed my order from a mere hamburger to a big quarter-pounder.

As I sat there finishing my last few bites, the cashier came out to wipe off the tables. She was still wearing her apron, which covered her front but left her rear in full view. Her jeans molded her full, round ass as if sculpted fine, and she always made sure it was in full view. I think she enjoyed taunting me like this because when she caught me looking, she smiled proudly. She was almost done wiping the tables, because she was approaching mine. Her perfume hung well in the air as she proceeded to wipe my table clean. I rose to leave, and as I walked away, I heard her whisper very softly to me, "Have a nice night."

I went back to the dorm and waited for the elevator. I pushed the button, and the door began to close. It had closed almost all the way but suddenly stopped and began opening again. To my surprise, standing there with her hand still on the button was the cashier. She came inside, and as I went to push the button for her floor, I asked, "How far are you going?" "All the way, I hope," she replied.

As we began to rise, a cool breeze began flowing through the elevator shaft and her nipples were soon protruding outward. Suddenly, she pushed the "stop" button, and the elevator jerked to a stop. "Boy, am I beat," she groused as she decided to get the ball rolling. The bulge in my crotch had already begun to swell to massive proportions. She quickly unzipped my pants and backed me against the wall. She pulled out my big eight-inch cock as a grin slowly spread across her face. Wrapping both her hands around my thick, pulsating meat, she said teasingly, "You've had your dinner, honey—now I'll have mine!" She started gliding the tip of her tongue over the huge head of my prick, giving attention to the very tip, spreading the hole with the force of her tongue. She then took my entire cock into her hungry mouth, nearly swallowing all eight inches. She was playing with my balls with her stroking fingers, and I soon shot my never-ending load as she cocked back her head, waiting for each spurt of hot jism to satisfy her female needs. After this session, by the expression on her face I could see I was in for more, but first she insisted on being repaid.

She unzipped her already moistened jeans, pulled them down, and took them off. She wore bright pink panties with exquisite black lace. They were already soaked with her sweet juices of love. She had beautifully formed legs, which were deeply tanned also. She licked her finger and innocently pointed it down to her beautiful, furry love box. Being somewhat inexperienced and coy, I hesitated. "Fuck me with your tongue, you shy stud," she commanded with obvious impatience.

I knelt down slowly. With her moistened fingers still hidden within her fine forest, she spread her dripping vaginal lips. She then put her hands on the back of my head and drew my trembling tongue close to her quivering pelvis. I was sweating, and she chuckled at my innocence.

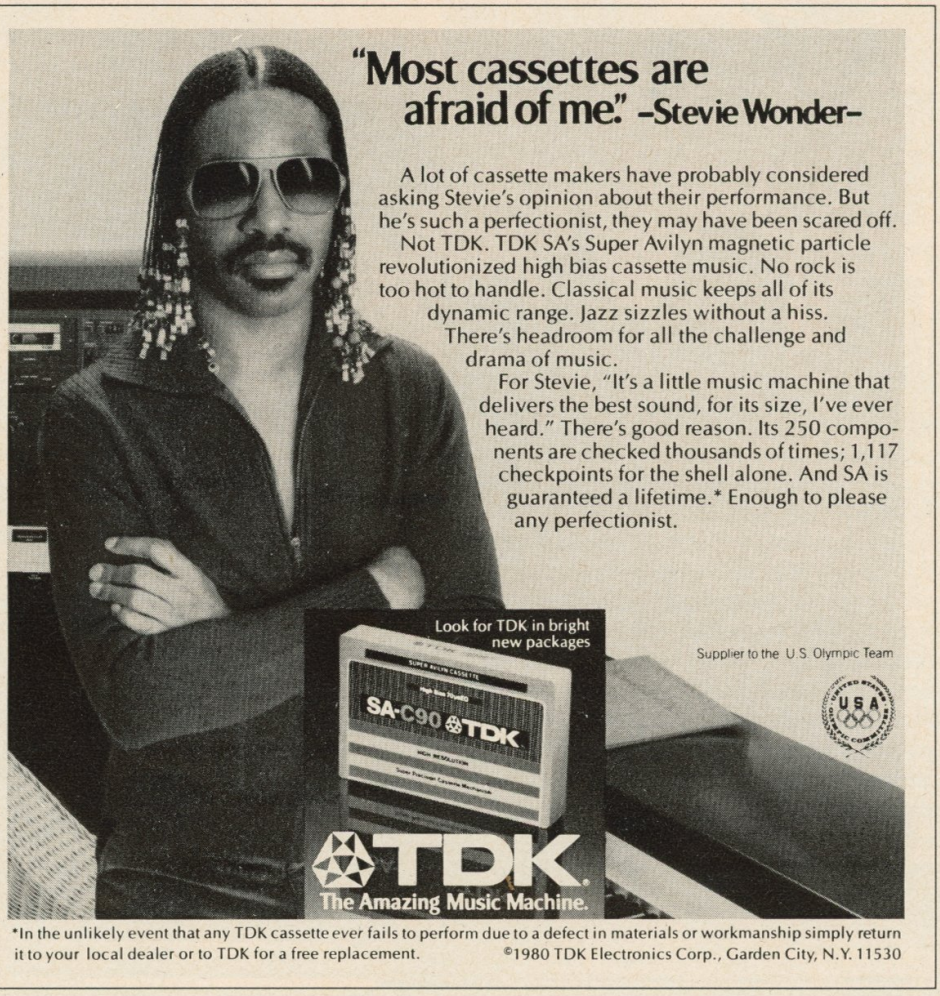
I started eating her out, and in no time her sweet river of nectar was flowing. I darted my tongue in and out, and she kept her hands behind my head, burying my face deeper into her silky brown forest. Her clit was engorged and erect, throbbing to each flick of my tongue. She was moaning with intense desire as I cupped each tender cheek with my roaming hands, caressing her smooth flesh. Her moans were more regular and louder, suddenly culminating in an incredible scream as she had her first orgasm.

My obligation had been fulfilled, and she removed her hands from my head. During all the action, I hadn't noticed that my cock had become harder than ever before. I was ready for serious action now.

We undressed each other completely and lay on the cold, bare floor of the elevator. I gently crawled on top of her and kissed her tender lips. Then I focused my attention on her cream-white twin peaks, two mounds of pure pleasure, with skin as soft as her voice.

I started sucking her tits, teasing her already erect, cherry red nipples with my talented tongue. "Fuck my tits, you shy stallion!" she exclaimed. I obeyed without hesitation this time.

I got up and lowered myself over her. She took my throbbing, now sticky cock and ran her experienced hands up and down the shaft until I was on the verge of exploding. She pulled my hips toward her beautiful firm tits and placed my throbbing organ between them. As I began pumping steadily, she squeezed her big breasts together, tightly sandwiching my meat between them. As she encouraged me on, my heavy breathing became a moan and



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then a yell as I released my hot come onto her chest. As I leaned back to admire my work, she rubbed her hands through the puddles of love and spread my sperm all over her clean breasts and then licked her fingers dry.

Even after lovemaking of such fierce intensity she wasn't satisfied. She still wanted me inside her, and I was certainly ready to oblige. As I knelt beside her, she put her hands on my shoulders and eased me back until I was lying down. She leaned down and lightly licked the head of my rock-hard member. Then, holding the shaft, she began to kiss and fondle my balls with her talented tongue. I could feel myself recharging for yet another fierce eruption. She put each one of my balls in her mouth and then opened her mouth wide enough to accommodate both. She eased up just before I was ready to let go. She got on top of me, straddling my taut cock. She lowered her smooth, white buttocks closer to my huge, erect rod. Then, reaching behind her, she found my prick with one of her hands and guided it into her hot love oven.

We became a true pumping machine. We began to hump in perfect harmony, almost as though we had been carnal partners many times before. Our strong, thrusting rhythm made her grab my ass and pull me even deeper. She was moaning like a bitch in heat. "I want it! I want it all!" she exclaimed wildly. I could feel that it would not be much longer, and I was right, as I soon found myself in utter ecstasy while coming deep inside her for what seemed like days.

I pulled out of her, and she "complimented" me with a nice wet kiss on my big cock. She then advised us to hurry and get dressed before someone noticed that the elevator was stalled and called someone to check it out. We both dressed, but I noticed that she left off her panties.

I pulled out the stop button and pushed the button for my floor as well as pushing her button, too. The elevator started its ascent once again to my floor. As I walked out, ready to ask my companion whether she would like to "see my room," I noticed that there was no need to; she was following close behind me. As we got out, we met a large group of angry, restless people waiting to use the elevator. They got in, and the door started to close, but before it shut all the way, my clever nymph tossed in her drenched panties and winked at the stud whose face they hit. We proceeded to walk to my room for what turned out to be the most thrilling night of my life!—*Name and address withheld*

Familial familiarities

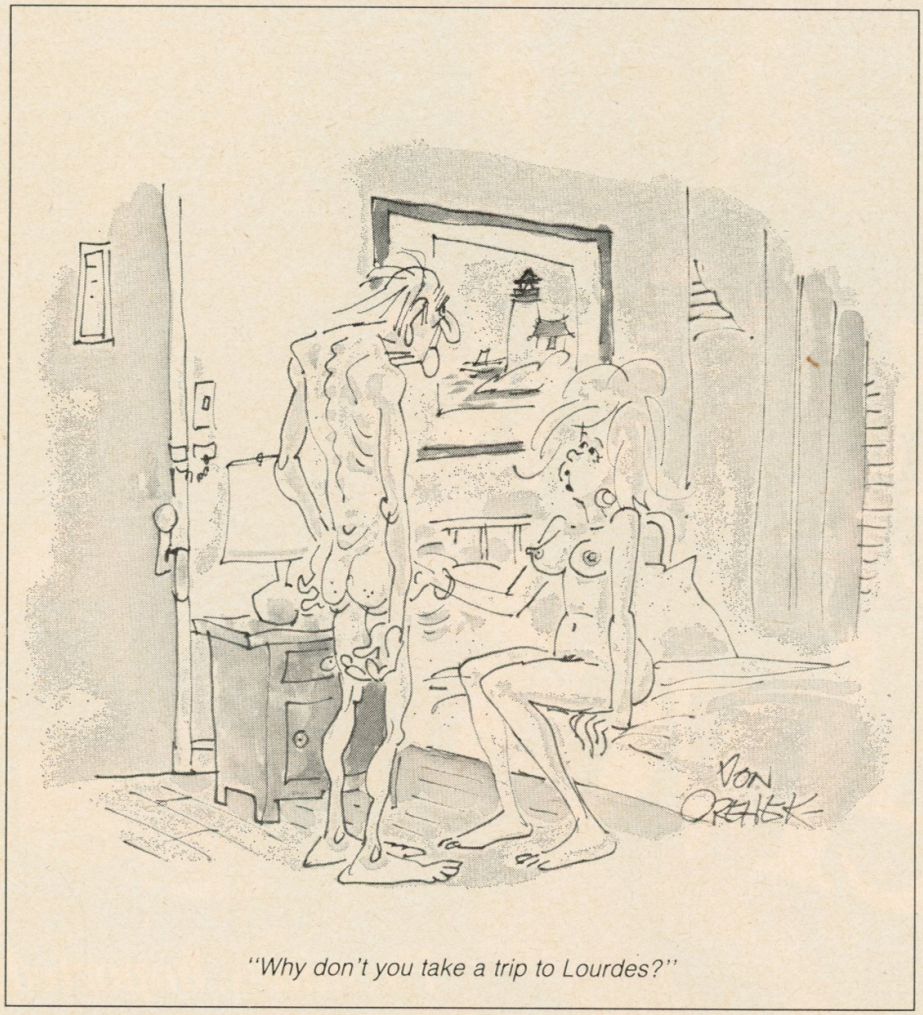
I've been reading your magazine for about two years now and especially enjoy the "Forum" section. Reading of other persons' experiences really turns me on. It was hard for me to believe how lucky some people got when it came to sex—but that has changed now that I have had some of my own luck.

It all began two months ago, when a new family moved into our neighborhood, across the street. I hadn't noticed much about them, what with work and activities with my friends. One Saturday afternoon I was all alone at my house, washing my car in the driveway. I was wearing only a pair of faded Levi's shorts, hoping to get more tan while working on the car. I might add that I keep myself in good physical condition and so was also enjoying the stares of women as they drove by. I was almost through with the car, shining the hubcaps, when I looked up to see a girl about my age—18—ready to cross the street. Even at that distance I could tell she was one of the foxiest chicks I'd ever seen. I assumed she had come from the new family, since I had never seen her before. To my surprise, and delight, she came over to introduce herself. She said her name was Jenny and that she had just moved here from across the country with her older brother and mother. We made small talk, but all the while I could not take my eyes off her.

She wore cutoffs, with a tube top that really showed her large boobs. Her long, slim legs were tanned evenly all the way down to her toes. Her brunette hair fell softly on her smooth shoulders. Jenny had a wonderful smile, a smile I hoped wasn't coming from her notice of the now obvious bulge in my pants. I offered her some refreshment from inside, an invitation she readily accepted. After a few drinks, I gave her a quick tour of our small house, making sure to emphasize the areas of greatest interest (bedroom, bathroom). I told her to sit in the living room while I cleaned up. I really wanted to take a piss to relieve the tension of being so close to this babe.

When I came back into the living room, there this beautiful girl was, stretched out on the sofa, completely naked. The little clothing she had worn was now on the floor beside her. Jenny said in a luscious voice, "I don't believe in wasting time." I could not have agreed more but answered only by pulling down my cutoffs. Jenny smiled slyly when she saw my pulsating member, all of its eight inches dying for its first fuck. I stood there for a moment, my pants around my ankles, just looking at Jenny. My mind was telling me that this was only a dream, but my prick told me what to do next.

Finally I moved to her. Although I wanted to screw her badly, I thought it only proper to get into some foreplay. I had always wanted to eat a girl's pussy, and now was my chance. I moved to Jenny's open legs, zeroing in on her bushy brunette cunt. My tongue darted in and out of her lips. I just could not get enough. I continued licking and sucking, gradually increasing the tempo. Faster and faster I went, in the same manner as her moans of pleasure. Suddenly her cunt juices flowed all over my face as I furiously



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lapped away at my first taste of this wonderful fluid. I could stand it no longer, so I got up on all fours and rammed my cock into her. She screamed with delight, encouraging my actions with demands of "Fuck me harder, Bill, harder!" and "More, more! Screw me, ball me!" It didn't take long for me to come, but when I did, it was an explosion I had never experienced before. I continued pumping until I came once more, and so had she. I lay exhausted next to her and began to gnaw at her large tits.

After a while Jenny suggested that we take a shower. The hot water felt good and brought me back to full sexual awareness, as was evidenced by my telephone pole. Jenny began soaping my cock and balls, saying she wanted me clean before she began her work. My face glowed, for I knew perfectly well what she had in mind. I leaned against the shower wall as Jenny knelt down and began licking and sucking. I was amazed at how much of my dork she could get in her mouth—but extremely glad. I reached down and kneaded her tits while she made use of her fantastic talent. When I finally erupted, Jenny swallowed as much come as she could handle and then licked off what she had missed. We dressed and promised we would get it on as often as we could.

The next three weeks were unbelievable heaven. We fucked every chance we got. We took advantage of the local drive-ins, not to mention the local make-out point. On the weekends in which my parents were away, my house was converted to our private love nest. Once, I even rented a motel room to fulfill our sexual appetites during the week. I never knew how Jenny could get away from her family so frequently without them becoming worried about her in her new surroundings. One day I found out.

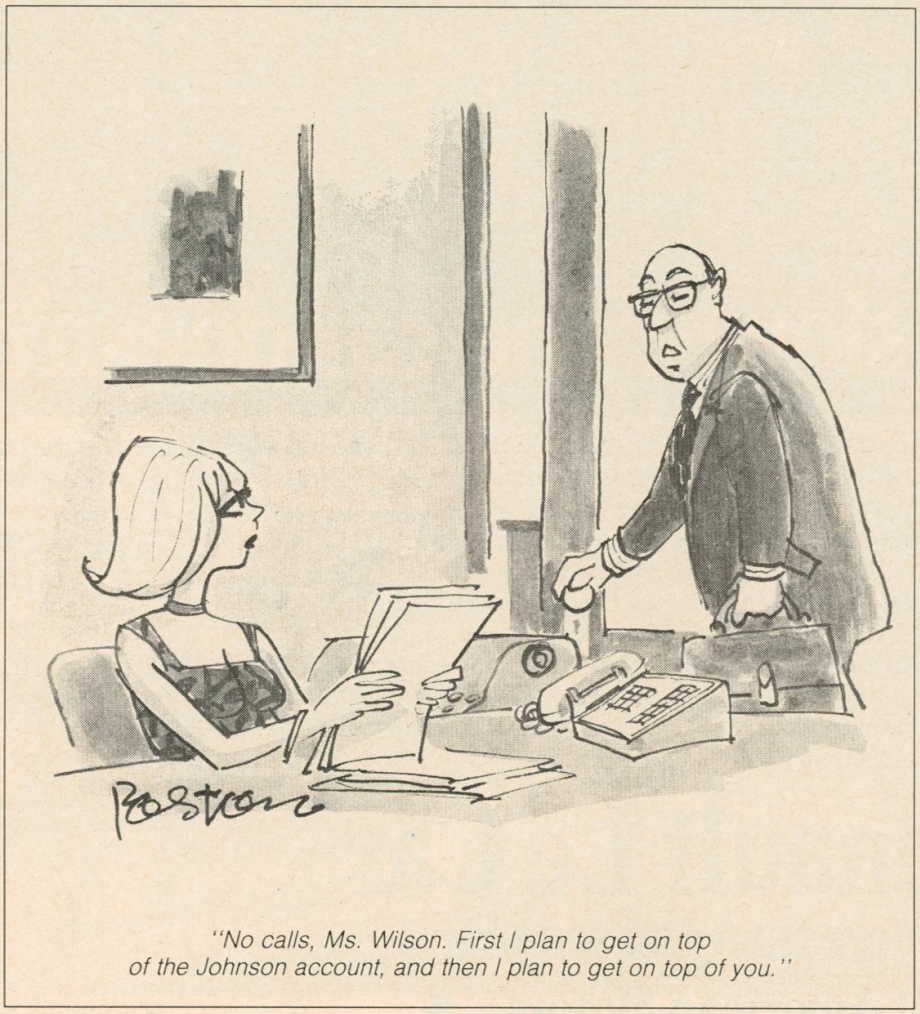
We had just fucked up a storm by a stream we found in the country. We were lying next to each other, looking up at the sky, when she said she had something to tell me. I said jokingly that if she was going to tell me that I was a great lover, she had already done so before. "Well, that does have something to do with it," she said. "You see. . ." She hesitated, apparently not knowing if I would like what was coming next, but I coaxed her on. Jenny told me that our exhibitions had been somewhat of a test. She asked me to keep an open mind about what she was saying. Jenny said that she was a "recruiter" for her family—a recruiter for a lover. The three members of her family wanted a mutual lover they could use when needed. They had had someone else perform this "duty" in their old hometown but now needed someone new. Jenny wanted to know if I would "fill" the position. Of course, I was shocked. "You want me to fuck your mother and your brother besides you?" She calmly nodded and began to try to persuade me to say yes. She reached down and took my prick in her hand, rubbing up and down the shaft. All the while she was talking, saying that her family was all as sexy as herself. She also told me that if I turned her down, she would be forced to stop seeing me and look for someone else. I lay back, thinking about the times before I met Jenny. I remembered masturbating while fantasizing about sucking some guy's cock or screwing an older woman. Just before I came in her palm, I agreed to give it a try. Jenny was delighted.

On our way home she said that I was to go to her house the next night at eight. I was to walk straight in and go to her brother's room. I had been inside the house previously and knew just where she meant. I hadn't realized I was to start so soon, but at least it didn't give me time to change my mind.

The next day I did not see Jenny at all. I was so nervous about what was to happen that I was ill, but I felt I had to go through with it. I tried to recall what her brother looked like but could remember his car better than him. The time came. I made my excuses to my parents and snuck over to Jenny's house.

The house was well lit, but no one was to be seen. My heart pounded as I opened the bedroom door. Jenny's brother was working at his desk when I interrupted him. He got up to introduce himself. His name was Joel, and he had just finished college. He was very cool about the whole matter, a great difference from myself. After talking a bit, he calmly told me to get undressed and get on the bed. Joel returned to his desk as I stripped completely and stretched out on the king-sized bed. Joel had his back to me, still working. After what seemed an eternity, he got up and came near the bed. "I see my sister has made an excellent choice," he said to me. Joel started to undress. He was a football player in college, and had the body to prove it. Joel is about six feet three inches, 190 pounds, with broad shoulders to match his bulging biceps. I later found out that Joel can get all the female companionship he wants but occasionally feels a hunger for a man. This was a nice, safe way for him to satisfy these urges.

I could only stare as Joel finally got down to only his briefs. He pulled them off to reveal a beautiful ten-inch cock. It was already erect, apparently from his looking at me all the while. He lay down on top of me, not saying a word. He began to kiss me, a forceful kiss I had never experienced before. His tongue plunged into my mouth, and I returned the action. His arms wrapped around me, taking my breath away. All the while we were rubbing our cocks together. Joel broke away and went straight to my ready prick. He began licking the tip but quickly progressed to lapping the entire length. I, meanwhile, had positioned myself so that we were in a 69 position. Now was my chance to do what I had always wanted to try. I took as much



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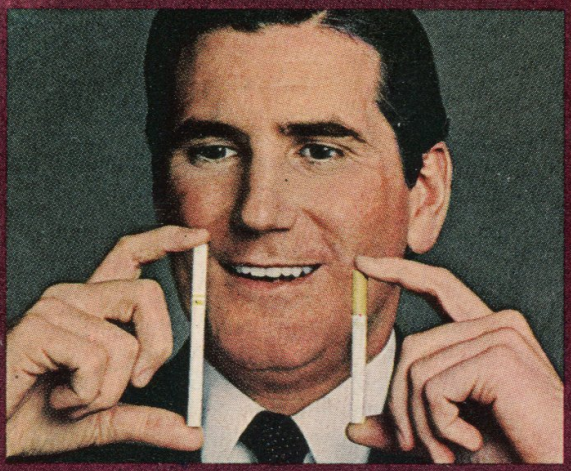

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of his massive member as I could without choking and started to suck. The feeling was sensational. I never wanted to break our love link. I came first and was followed closely by Joel. I don't particularly like the taste of come but swallowed anyway. This was difficult, since Joel seemed to come by the pintful.

Suddenly Joel shot up and ran to his dresser. He returned with a jar of Vaseline. I knew just what he had in mind. I looked at his giant tool and told him I didn't think I was ready to have his cock up my ass just yet. He appeared disappointed. I took the jar from him and rubbed some Vaseline on my dork. He positioned himself on all fours on the bed. I got behind him, marveling at the tightness of his buns. I took one hand and spread his hairy cheeks apart, and with my free hand guided my organ into his hole. I couldn't believe how tight it was. Gradually, I worked most of my eight inches up his butt, to his great pleasure. I bent over his arched back, my hands roaming over the forest of hair on his Herculean chest. Joel told me to pump slowly. Through his instructions, I massaged his balls and jacked him off as I pumped faster and faster. Our rhythm was great as we came together. He went limp on the bed as my cock came out of his rectum with a snap.

Surprisingly, I was still quite game. I sucked his nipples and armpits while he rested. I had him roll over so I could massage his back. Again I saw those hairy buns of his. I took my cock and put it between his buns, pressing them together with my hands. I was jacking off just as I had done with Jenny's tits a few times. Soon my come was spurting all over Joel's back. I obligingly cleaned my mess up with my tongue. We continued experimenting into the middle of the night. My feelings at the beginning of the evening and at the end had been totally reversed. I shall never again have any qualms about making it with another guy. It was a night I shall never forget.

I met Jenny and Joel's mother the following week. Again I was instructed in the same manner. When I entered the house this time, there this woman was, lying in the den, watching television. She stood up as I came in the room. Let me tell you a little about her. Her name is Vicky. She is about 42, five feet nine inches, approximately 120 pounds. Vicky has shoulder-length hair, about the same color as Jenny's. She is a widow who dates occasionally, but she likes to get her kicks from "young studs," as she calls them.

I introduced myself, but she said there was no need. She had already heard all she cared to about me. She had been wearing a robe up to now but let it fall to the floor. I took a long, good look at her perfectly shaped body. I now understood where Jenny got her great chest, naturally inherited from her mother. Vicky's globes hung firmly from her chest, her nipples standing at attention. I began to get undressed myself, but she stopped me. She wanted to do it for me. First, she took off my shirt, stopping to suck my nipples and lick my chest. I reached down for her cunt, but she again told me to stop. She instructed me to sit down, which I did. Vicky pulled off my shoes and socks and sucked on my toes. I never knew how exciting that could be. I nearly came in my jeans. Ever so slowly, she pulled off my jeans. I had purposely worn a jockstrap instead of underwear. Vicky was very glad and showed it by a sly smile. She acted very surprised and pretended to "discover" what the small patch of material contained. She pulled the strap off to more closely examine her discovery. All of a sudden she grabbed my erect cock and led me like a dog to the middle of the floor. She pushed me down to the floor. Like a savage she went straight to my organ. She exercised her great talent until I exploded in her mouth. Her moans echoed through the entire house as she lapped up my love juices. I pulled her over so that she was sitting on my face. I moved my face all over her steaming pussy. My five o'clock shadow grazed against her smooth thighs, which made her go more wild than she was before. Shortly, gallons of her juices were all over my face. We got into many positions that evening, including a great and wet session of 69.

Jenny, Joel, and Vicky are all very different when it comes to sexual techniques. It works out great since I love variety. I will be very disappointed when I have to leave for college in the fall, but maybe I will meet with some new experiences there. Still, I'm already looking forward to the college breaks.—*Name and address withheld*

Flying Nymph Brigade

We are seniors at a small liberal-arts university in central California. With only one year left to go at college, we were beginning to think that all the stories about good, clean college "fun" were just that—stories. Boy, were we wrong! To celebrate the Fourth of July holiday, six of us decided to visit an out-of-the-way but hopping bar about 40 minutes outside of town. After the long drive there, we were only to be disappointed when the bouncer would not accept two of the girls' fake I.D.'s.

Determined not to let this spoil our holiday, we picked up some beer at a liquor store and headed back to Pete's apartment. Spirits were high and got much higher after a sudden "indoor snowstorm" passed quickly through the living room. We found the conversation unusually stimulating and soon lost track of the time. We were both trying to think of ways to convince our dates to stay the night when Karen exclaimed, "Have you guys heard about the new law they passed last week?" We hadn't heard and asked, "What law?" Her answer caught us all by surprise. "Jerry Brown says all the girls

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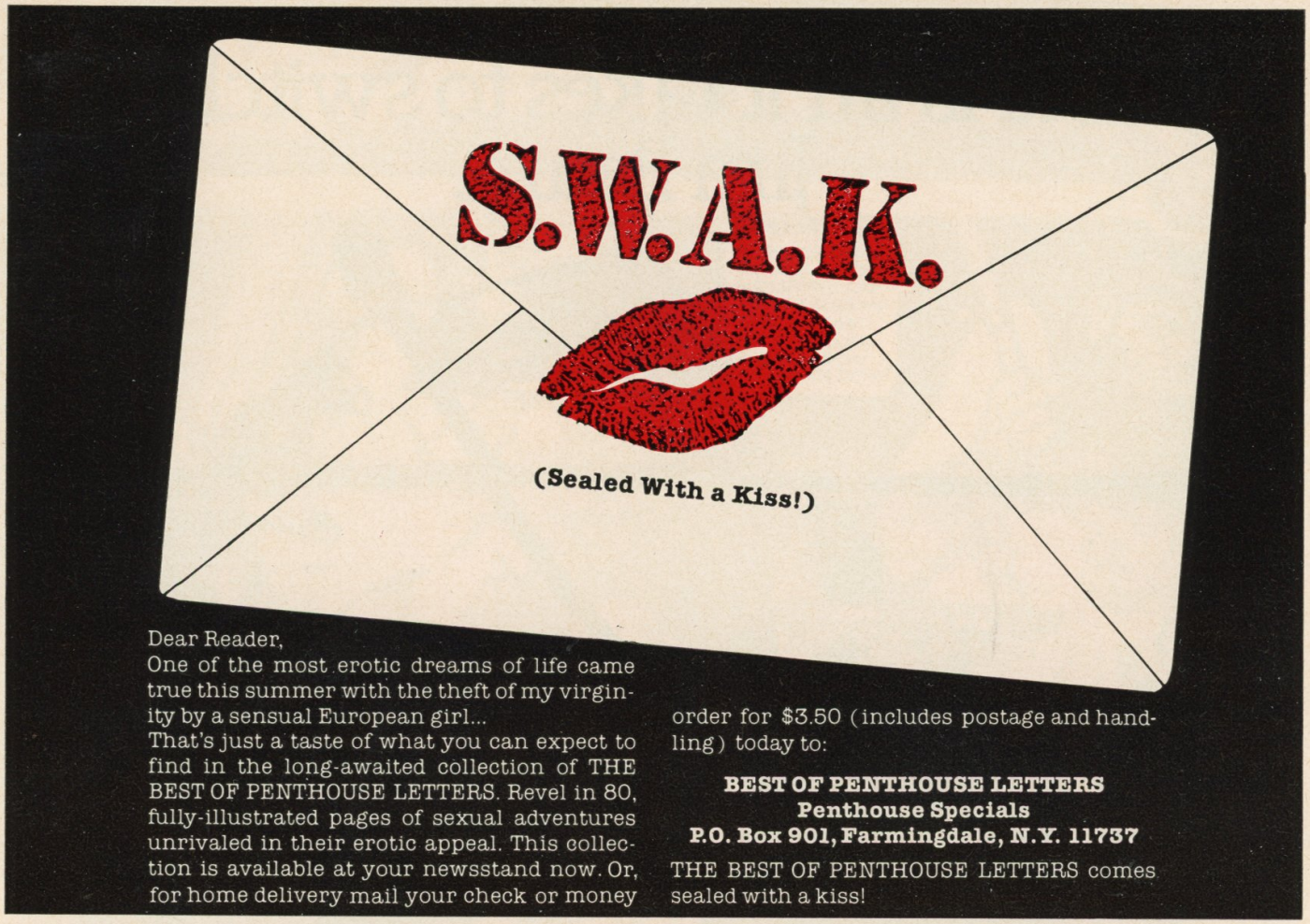

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THE BEST OF PENTHOUSE LETTERS comes sealed with a kiss!

have to take off their shirts!"

Shirts began to fly around the room so fast we hardly knew what had hit us. Three years of college education hasn't exactly made us dumb, though, and we quickly followed suit. Within seconds there were six beautiful naked bodies on the floor. Pete immediately grabbed Laurie and rubbed his tongue all the way down her tan body. When he reached her blonde box, I thought the whole neighborhood would come running to hear the screams. Mike acted quickly and stuffed his tool into her contorted mouth. Robin grabbed my balls and started to suck me off like there was no tomorrow. Soon everyone was involved after Karen pulled Mike away from Laurie and jumped on top of him. For the next five hours we fucked and sucked in every imaginable way.

Just when we thought we'd all have to rest because we were getting quite sore, the entertainment really began. We opened another bottle of wine and blew more snow off the table. Then, to the amazement of all, we saw Karen and Robin going at it 69 style. Neither of them had ever had a bisexual experience before, and it was very moving to see two beautiful young women discovering another side of their sexuality.

Before we knew it, the sun was starting to come up, and we all realized that we had been screwing for hours. We drifted off to sleep in each other's arms and spent the whole next day together, getting high and talking about our wild night.

Jeff thought that we should make up a name for the group, and now we covertly refer to ourselves as the Flying Nymph Brigade. The most profound memory of the entire weekend was the realization that group sex between good friends can be the most satisfying, emotional, and tender experience that one could have. Sometimes we find it hard to believe what we did that wild and crazy night, but all of us are patiently waiting for the next meeting of the Flying Nymph Brigade.—*Name and address withheld*

Happy hot-rodding

I am an avid and faithful follower of your columns, and I have read many different types of subjects that I have found fascinating. A few have even intrigued me to the utmost, these being in the automotive area. I am a car buff. so to sort of repay my fellow grease monkeys, I would like to share one of my experiences.

I was working on my small, oval-track stock car one afternoon to get it ready for the weekend of fun to come. My wife usually lends a hand with whatever needs to be done, but on this particular day her helping hands played with my favorite tool. I was leaning over the fender, trying to finish the final adjustments, when I felt the wheel turn. When I looked up, I could see that my wife, Dawn, was responsible. So I went back to work, paying her no attention. At this point I felt a hand fumbling at my groin, and my cock began to cramp up in my jeans. I just relaxed against the fender while she unfastened my pants and slowly pulled my rod into the open air.

Living in the country, privacy is no problem, so while she fondled me I just enjoyed. Dawn has very good hands, and her touch is the best I have ever found. My car has a heavy cam in it which causes it to rock perceptibly even at an idle speed, and now the rocking motion of 1,100 horses added to the activity in a subtle and very unusual way. When I felt her lips close over my shaft, I almost fell down from the shock of vibration and her warm, moist throat. Slowly, ever so slowly, she took every inch deep into her throat. She held it there for what seemed forever, moving in and out less than a half inch while the feel of the engine vibrations and the rocking motion did all of the work. Every few minutes she would back off far enough to breathe and then come back to let the engine do the work.

My mind began to reel, so I reached over and pulled off two of the sparkplug wires, which really made that engine rock. Dawn took it as if she did this all the time. My nuts were beginning to ache for relief, and I knew I just had to get into that snatch of hers quickly. I maneuvered around so I was sitting on the fender, leaning back over the engine and braced with one hand

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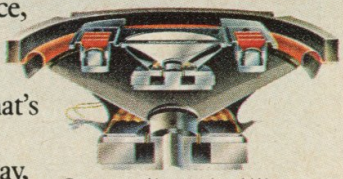

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against the top of the fire wall. Dawn stripped without removing her lips and then straddled me. I braced my other hand on the reenforcing frame so she could let her weight ride on her legs on the front of the fender while the car did all the work.

My balls returned to the danger level once again. I could hear her moans faintly over the sound of the monster underneath us. We didn't have to do anything except enjoy the ride. Dawn began to massage her voluminous tits while her head rolled back and her tongue moved over her lips. She started to bounce out of time with the rhythm of the car, and then she caught the stroke, two from the car and then one from her. She bit her bottom lip and clenched one breast hard. I was held at bay at this rhythm. I couldn't climb to or fall away from climax, so I reached around and grabbed the accelerator linkage. I opened it up slowly and then quickly increased the ride to an exploding orgasm.

Just as I was about to push her off like a water rocket, Dawn exploded her own rocket, sending a flood of hot honey over my cock. I threw the engine wide open at just the right time, much to my surprise, and this blew the cork like there was a ton of TNT behind it. My vision began to fade a little, but all my senses were wired for sound. I blew my nut into her cunt with unlimited force, which made Dawn bring the house down again. The fire in my groin felt like a warm cascade flowing continuously. I let go of the throttle quickly to keep from ruining the engine, and the decrease in the vibrations felt like I was falling into a black void. The numbness of being totally spent was indescribable.

We sat for a while, letting the easy thump of the engine wind us down again. Then, shutting the engine off, we retired to the shower, which is another story for another time and place. But to all you knuckle-busting grease monkeys, you'll never know the thrill of being pushed along by 1,100 ponies (if you get my drift) until you've tried this.—*Name and address withheld*

She does windows, too

I am a college sophomore back for the summer after my second year at Cornell. While I was away, my mother hired a new maid to come once a week and clean up after my younger brother. She comes every Thursday morning.

A couple of Thursdays ago, I was sleeping late because I'd had some of my old high-school friends over the night before to drink a few beers and talk about girls and college. They hadn't left until after one o'clock, so I was still sleeping when the maid came in to vacuum the rug, but she woke me up. She saw an old copy of *Penthouse* magazine lying on the floor beside my bed, where my friends and I had been looking at it the night before. I looked up at her in an embarrassed sort of way and noticed that she had a nice face and a truly superior body. And *she* was looking *me* over as well.

Glancing at the bulge under my sheets (I always wake up with a hard-on), she said, "It doesn't take much to wake you up, does it?" I answered glibly, "Well, you know what they say: early to rise . . ." She laughed and left the room. After showering, I returned to my room naked and dripping wet to find her "innocently" lying on the bed. "Surprise!" she said, grabbing my cock, which was handily growing in length. Startled, I jerked back but soon came forward to join her on the bed. She began to undress while lying down, but this was too slow, so she moved off the bed and stripped while standing, offering me a beautiful view of her smooth, round white ass.

I was unable to resist, so I got off the bed and stood behind her, my cock slipping through the vee under her cunt and between her thighs. She sighed and began to grind her ass against my legs, pushing me into the wall. Then she began to tickle and squeeze the head of my prick, and I almost came immediately. Not wanting to drip all over the carpet, I moved forward, with her in front, and we fell down on the bed, with me lying on her back. I came close to bending my cock painfully in falling, but luckily she had put her hand down there to ease it into her cunt. We started doing it doggie style—something I'd never done before but plan to do again. I felt most of my cock sliding in and out of her hot, squishy pussy while the upper rear half of my dick rubbed firmly against the crack below her ass. She apparently found this excruciatingly pleasurable because she came after only 30 seconds or so, and then I did, too, because it's such a turn-on to have a girl squirming and panting and coming while you fuck her.

The preliminary orgasm out of the way, we moved on to the other, less energetic methods of lovemaking. She rolled over and took most of my cock in her mouth, licking it clean like a Popsicle while I stood by the bed. She commented on its size (my dick displacement is 17.9 cubic inches: I measured it at college a few weeks ago—but that's another story) and then said something about it being a bit bigger than my little brother's. Startled, I was about to ask her what she'd been doing to my 18-year-old brother but found that I had lost the urge to talk amidst the excitement of one of the better blowjobs of my life.

She didn't deep-throat me but more than made up for it with her mobile tongue. She worked me up to a fever pitch, and just as I was about to come, she pulled my cock out of her mouth and squeezed it tightly just below the head, stopping me from reaching orgasm. Then, smiling, she reached around my neck and began to kiss me, moving her tongue inside of my mouth. I was curious why she had stopped me from coming but decided to wait until my mouth was free before I be-

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Volkswagen's new Pickup: It's built like a truck, but drives like something else.

Where is it written that a truck has to drive like a truck? Certainly not on that brand new Volkswagen Pickup Truck. When it comes to going, a VW Pickup can pick 'em up and lay 'em down with the best of 'em. Under its aerodynamic hood is a very dynamic engine. A fuel-injected, overhead cam powerhouse that can outaccelerate even an MGB.

And should you ever catch up to a VW Pickup, you'll never catch it wallowing through corners like other trucks. Its front-wheel drive and front-mounted transverse engine help keep it moving nimbly. Even when the road throws it a curve. The steering is precise and quick because it's Volkswagen's rack-and-pinion system. What's equally impressive is how good a pickup a VW Pickup is. It's the only truck in its class with a fully unitized body and double-wall bed construction for extra strength. And its heavy-duty suspension takes the tension out of hauling over 1100 pounds of stuff. So a truck is a truck is a truck, eh? Well, not if it's a Volkswagen Pickup Truck. Then it's something else.

VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN

gan to ask questions. So far, she had been taking all of the initiative, and as I soon found out (and am still finding out), this was her overriding sexual preference. I think what made the experience so exhilarating was its spontaneity.

She rolled me over onto my back, and straddling my legs, moved my cock slowly toward her pink pussy, all the while rubbing it over her warm, flat belly. Finally, I felt my dick enter her hot cunt; as soon as it went in, she stopped kissing me and, using her arms, braced her upper body above mine so that as she moved her hips, her small breasts just grazed my chest. Yellow hair hanging around my face, she stared fixedly into my eyes, moving above me with short, side-to-side motions as I moaned in bliss. After a few moments of such gyrations, I felt myself nearing orgasm and began to thrust my cock as deeply as I could into the warm haven of her contracting, rotating pussy. I kept trying to raise my head to engage her mouth, but she turned her face aside continually, frustrating my attempts to kiss her on the lips.

In a more abrupt, frenzied series of movements, we both came almost simultaneously amidst noisy panting and her excited exclamations. As we lay gasping on my bed afterward, I thought I heard someone going quietly down the stairs. She must have heard, too, because she sprang up and dressed quickly. I wiped the sweat from my body with a small towel, silently, as she made a dash for the vacuum cleaner. My mother shouted from the kitchen that it was long past time for me to get up out of bed. I snickered and glanced in the maid's direction as she kicked the vacuum cleaner into action.

After dressing I went downstairs to eat, and as I was drinking some orange juice, my mother made a comment about my looking disheveled, smelling of sweat, and needing a bath. I had to go upstairs and shower all over again. A couple of hours later my brother came home from his driver education class with a grin a mile wide and said, "I heard you meeting the new maid this morning!" Laughing, I reached out to give him a brotherly punch in the stomach, and only then did I realize, in a trite sort of way, that I'd never even asked her name.—*Name and address withheld*

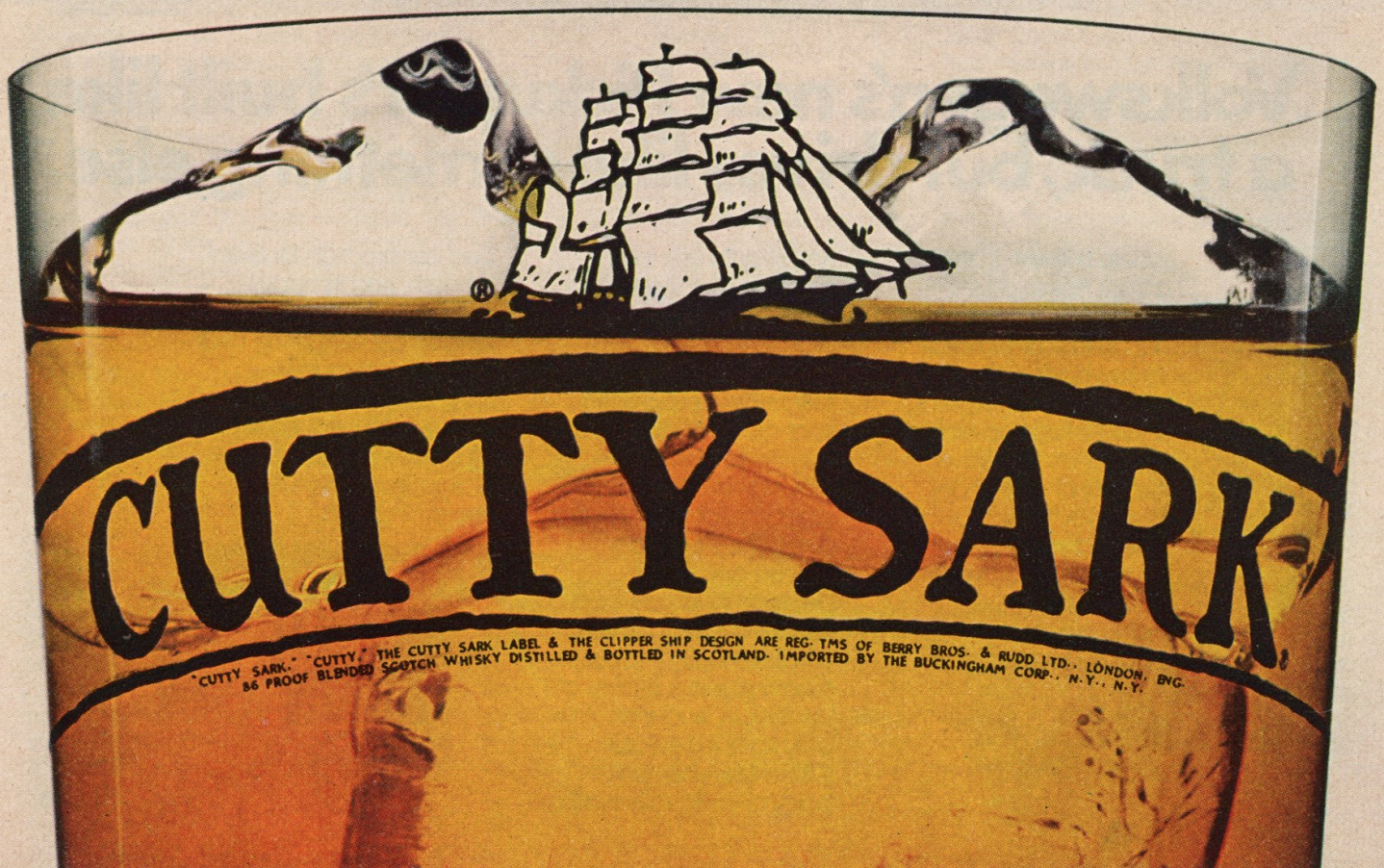
"Long distance—the next best thing to being there"

This sexual event took place in a hotel room late one night. After being given an hour-long body massage, I asked my very imaginative lover (whom I'll call Bill) what I could now do for him. What he came up with was not at all what I had in mind. I should at this time mention that Bill is the most exciting, passionate, and experienced lover I have ever been with. Bill's brilliant idea was for me to call his best friend in Texas, whom I have never met, and seduce him over the phone while Bill made love to me.

Fortunately, Bill has a great talent for persuasion, because I soon agreed. I have to admit the idea did excite me. Bill dialed the number and handed the phone to me. After introducing myself to Bill's friend, Don, I explained the purpose of my call. Needless to say, Don was anxious to begin. We spent a few minutes getting somewhat acquainted, and then I just began describing myself to him. I have short brown hair, big beautiful brown eyes, large breasts (according to Bill), small waist, tight cunt, and a high firm ass. By this time Bill was already beginning his lovemaking. My own embarrassment was soon replaced with excitement. Bill kissed and licked his way down my neck to my breasts, kneading and sucking each one very thoroughly.

Bill trailed his tongue and fingers down my stomach to my inner thigh and from there to my now extremely wet pussy. He expertly tongued my clitoris while shoving his finger up my cunt. My words became short and my breathing heavy. Don asked me if Bill was eating my pussy, and I described exactly what Bill was doing. He continued eating me until I was moaning loudly while coming in his mouth. As I started to come back to earth, Bill kept licking my cunt while Dan's excited words described what he was doing to his stiff

OCEANS APART FROM ORDINARY SCOTCH.



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SA-616	$680	80 watts, 20 Hz-20 kHz	0.005%
SA-818	$850	110 watts, 20 Hz-20 kHz	0.005%

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Technics New Class A receivers. They give you more of what you want and less of what you don't. Cabinetry is simulated woodgrain.

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cock as he heard us over the phone.

The combination of Bill performing cunnilingus and Don describing himself massaging his cock and balls was more than I could handle. I was begging to be fucked by both of them. Bill obliged by putting his large cock in my tight cunt and his Vaseline-covered finger in my ass, and he began fucking me long and hard. Don was telling me how he would love for me to have his hard cock in my warm mouth while Bill fucked me and also how he'd love to fuck me in the ass while Bill ate my pussy. Don sounded so convincing I actually felt like I was physically being made love to by both men. By this time the three of us were moaning and groaning beyond belief. It was the most incredible turn-on to be seduced by a sexy voice via long distance while at the same time being made love to by an absolutely edible man. I had more orgasms that night than ever before. I spent the evening in a constant state of frenzy. We stayed on the phone almost two hours, taking turns making love to each other.

Although I think Don enjoyed himself, I can't help feeling he got the short end of the stick. So, before hanging up, we agreed to meet this summer and try a ménage à trois in person.—*Name and address withheld*

A model life

I am a male model, 29, and have done work for all the major fashion magazines. Recently I had an assignment in Dallas, and since I hate hotels, I arranged to stay at a buddy's apartment while he was away on vacation on the West Coast.

On the flight down there was an attendant who semed to be paying special attention to my comfort. I wasn't about to complain, since she was uniquely attractive and carried herself as if she knew it. While I dozed, I fantasized about cornering her in the galley and fucking behind the curtain while a hundred people, only inches away, were completely oblivious of our passion. The fantasy seemed so real to me that it was almost palpable, and I had to adjust myself in my seat to accommodate the yearning hard-on that it caused me to raise.

After a while she tapped my shoulder and asked if I would like anything to drink. She glanced significantly at my lap, and I knew there was no hiding the obvious. When her eyes met mine, I was rendered almost speechless by their profound, violet clarity, and I'm sure my request for a gin and tonic was only a stammer. As she was about to set the glass down, the plane hit turbulence and she dropped the drink into my lap. Horrified and apologetic, she hurried to get a couple of towels, but the liquid had already soaked through to my skin. She got me another drink and told me it was on the "house."

The rest of the flight was uneventful, and she apologized again as I deplaned, saying that she'd take better care of me next time we met. I assured her that I hoped that occasion would be sometime soon. After I arrived at my friend's apartment, I unpacked, then decided to spend some time at the pool, catching up on my tan. As I neared the pool, I saw that there was only one person in the water and that she was swimming nude, even though it was two in the afternoon. You can imagine my delight to find out it was my stewardess! She swam to the edge of the pool and said she wished she had known we were headed in the same direction because we could have shared a taxi. I asked her whether it was the custom in Texas to swim bare-assed at high noon, and she explained that this was a singles-only complex, and the tenants made no secret of why they lived there. Besides, she said, everyone worked during the day, and she was rarely bothered by "visitors."

She invited me to strip and join her in the water, and I hesitated, checking to make sure nobody else was around. She asked whether I suffered from modesty (me, a model!), and as I pulled off my suit, I assured her that it was only discretion and not embarrassment. I slipped into the water with her, and we played together, getting to know each other better.

She was excitingly lovely, with a slim, smooth golden body that seemed to shimmer as the sun glinted off her wet skin. She was assertively physical, and more than once she made deliberate contact with me. At one point she commented that had she known on the plane what my clothes had been hiding, she would have taken my pants off to dry, and I replied that I would willingly have given them up. I confessed my fantasy about fucking her in the

galley, and she answered that she would have obliged gladly. There was no pretending now, and we both knew where we were headed.

I invited her to my apartment for drinks, and we went up, with only towels to protect us from the prying eyes of decency. I rummaged around and found the liquor, and when I returned to the living room, all I saw was her towel, heaped on the floor. I followed her into the bedroom, where she was sitting up against the headboard of my friend's bed, her knees drawn up, paging through a magazine. I handed her the drink, and we toasted each other silently. Finally the moment had arrived. She said, "Remember my promise to take better care of you next time?" Then, pulling off my towel, she invited me to sit by her. When her fingers touched my thigh, my skin leapt as if jolted by electricity.

I lay on my back beside this bewitching woman and allowed her intimacies that I had never experienced with a stranger. Her hands were like velvet as they traveled lightly over every inch of my skin. With devilish intent, she never once touched my cock, which by now lay stiff and heavy against my belly, aching for the attention of her body.

She sucked gently on my nipples, murmuring quiet sounds of pleasure as her hot tongue brushed them into tightened arousal, and her cushiony lips tenderly tugged the hair on my chest. I held her head to my body and writhed with the pleasure her mouth gave me. Soon not a bit of my body had been left unexplored by her tongue save my steely cock, which bobbed crazily, searching for the warmth of her touch.

After far too long—or so I thought—she straddled my legs and lowered her cunt onto my burning length of flesh. Driven mad by the fantastic sensation, I moaned aloud, not caring whether anyone could hear. Infinitely slowly, she raised herself, only to descend onto my shaft once again, over and over until I felt myself slip into the insanity of lust. She never let me come, but whenever she sensed me approach my orgasm, she would pull herself off and I would groan my agony. When the ultimate had subsided, she would lick her juices from my cock, sending indescribable spasms through my entire being. Then she would mount me again only to repeat the delicious torture.

I was amazed at her ability to bring me to levels of passion I had rarely before experienced, only to deny me the release I now craved more than life itself. Meanwhile, she came repeatedly, her entire body shuddering again and again as my cock triggered in her the finality I so desired. I had no concept of time by this point, but I am sure this magnificent torture went on for hours. I was blinded by the fiery ache in my loins, and tears ran uncontrollably down my face.

Finally, I could bear the denial no longer, and I threw her onto the bed, forcing her legs apart, and split her cunt. She had reduced me to little more than an animal full of singular lust. I fucked like a wild man, shoving myself into her again and again with a fury that surprised me. Sweat streamed from me as I rushed toward my Omega, and she screamed, "Fuck me, fuck me! Fuck me like a beast!"

The orgasm shattered my mind, and as the liquid fire spewed from me, the intensity of its passage caused me to holler with primal triumph. She laughed madly, sucking the juices of my explosion into her body. Never had I been so controlled by a woman, and I felt magnificently raped.

Wasted utterly, I fell onto her, heaving and gasping for breath. Still within her, I succumbed to a deep, hard sleep, and when we awoke, it was late night. We fucked again, this time slowly and tenderly, then returned to the pool, where it had all begun. She left me then and returned to her own apartment, and I to mine, where I slept in more profound satisfaction than I had since childhood.—*Name and address withheld*

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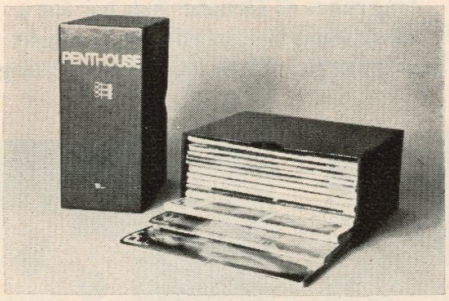

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Alternative answers

First thing off the ribbon, my wife and I owe her life to your publication and its profound reporting of your "cancer" series. Secondly, I owe *Penthouse* an apology, for I had always thought of it as only a "girlie" publication. I have, gratefully, been proven wrong.

In October 1979 my wife was diagnosed as "terminal cancer" while on the operating table in Oceanside, Calif. Alone in my home while she was recovering from the surgery and in a despondent mood, I turned on a radio program and heard an announcement concerning the *Penthouse* article "Alternative Cancer Therapies," by Gary Null with Anne Pitrone (November 1979). This led me to investigate the alternatives. The research and success of Dr. Stanislaw R. Burzynski in Houston, Tex., seemed the most likely and promising.

Five days of chemotherapy had wasted my dear wife away—yes, I said *five* days. The audacious oncologists had insisted there would be no side effects, but she left the hospital closer to death than to life. It took a month at the Weimar Health Center to restore her appetite and detoxify her. In my opinion chemotherapy should be outlawed, for it does more harm than good, and they promise nothing!

On May 12, 1980, we entered the front door to Dr. Burzynski's modest office. I was not quite prepared for the shock of human suffering that greeted us there, but conversations, open and frank, with other cancer patients sent our hopes soaring. They continue to rise as her therapy progresses.

I should pause to say that her doctor, a typical skeptic, cooperated in sending her records. We were intent on this course of action, regardless of obstacles presented by the "established" medical community. My wife's doctor continues to cooperate, albeit with reservation and lack of interest. My own cardiologist and her surgeon are both enthusiastic spectators, however, having inquisitive and open minds.

The first day at Dr. Burzynski's clinic was a mixture of anxiety and optimism, culminating with a thorough physical examination and review of medical history. This was followed by blood and urine samples and an angiogram, all performed by Dr. Mohammad Omar. In the meantime, Dr. Burzynski had been reviewing the records forwarded by my wife's physician. His was a precise interview and orientation meeting, explaining all facets of the treatment. He also covered the financial aspects and requested a $2,000 deposit plus the cost of the original blood and urine tests ($192). At this point she was scheduled to see a Houston surgeon for the insertion of a subclavian catheter. On May 13 the catheter was installed in the surgeon's office, an almost painless procedure. Lillian was then x-rayed to substantiate a correct positioning, and we returned to the Burzynski clinic. (This all cost $185.)

That same afternoon she received her first injection of antineoplaston AS2-1 (the newly synthesized medication). The dosage was gradually increased to 40 cc's, and by the third day she had quit taking the pain medication prescribed for her. That was over two months ago, and every day she shows improvement. We stayed in Houston for three and a half weeks, during which time she was checked regularly and the dosage increased to 50 cc's every six hours. Blood and urine tests were made weekly and thoroughly scrutinized.

Lillian's local physician followed through with weekly blood and urine tests and scheduled a fifth liver-spleen scan on June 16. After one month of medication, liver function tests indicated that her liver was working normally, and blood and urine tests came back "normal" (except CEA, which indicates tumor involvement *or* the breaking down of same). The liver-spleen scan indicated that all progression of the tumors had ceased. These tests were made locally, in the same hospital where she was given up as "terminal."

Lillian is still on the medication, and every day she exhibits marked improvement and is involved in a normal household routine. Her jaundiced look has faded completely, and her weight remains fixed at 115 pounds. Her appetite is exceptional, and the side effects have been minimal: muscle aches of the neck, shoulders, and arms; tolerable pains in the abdomen; and rapidly disappearing headaches at the time of injection. These symptoms reappear with each increase in dosage and leave after about three days. There have been no nausea, suppression of appetite, ulcers, hair loss, or other debilitating effects such as those experienced with chemotherapy. We are convinced that it is the only safe treatment for people with cancer, the AMA notwithstanding!

Some of the additional costs, other than those previously described, are as follows: syringes, sodium chloride, heparin, needles, etc., amount to $185 a month. Then there is the cost of blood and urine

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tests: $129 a week. Scans are $180 every 40 days. The stay in Houston was about $1,000 plus transportation. There is now housing available through the doctor's office at a much reduced price, which includes local transportation. Our insurance is paying the major portion of the medical expenses, including the $160 a day for the antineoplastons AS2-1 and AS2-5 (a new, stronger medication).

I am appalled at the opposition the doctor receives from his peers in the medical community. If advanced education produces such pious skepticism, then give me blundering imprudence! If the AMA were in charge of our technical advancement, we would be up to our eyes in horse manure and up to our hips in leeches. What happened to the open-minded curiosity that is the essence of American ingenuity? Why are doctors so reluctant to investigate the fantastic results that Dr. Burzynski is achieving with his nontoxic antineoplaston? Are millions going to be condemned to death just to satisfy the egos of a small minority? Will we citizens have to wrest the power of control of medicine from the hierarchy of that profession by initiative referendum?

After several months of study of various cancer therapies, I have one burning question. Why are there *no* results published regarding the ineffectiveness of chemotherapy on such tumors as those in the liver, pancreas, spleen, and lungs? Why do doctors continue to administer this lethal substance to the terminally ill? Is it actually just a way of milking the last dollars from the dying and bereaved? My wife was given a twenty-some-year-old F5U substance that has a *proven* track record of *failure* in the arresting of liver cancer. This was a $400-per-day therapy that served only to deteriorate her body beyond belief. Even the theory of its application (death to all dividing cells) would be suspect in the minds of the discerning and informed recipient. Still, an ambivalent FDA continues its support of this archaic substance while it turns a deaf ear to treatments of a less harmful nature. I am aware that there is *nothing* that ever works 100 percent on *everything*. But ignoring Dr. Burzynski's obviously successful antineoplaston in the light of chemotherapy failures is akin to treason or murder for hire.

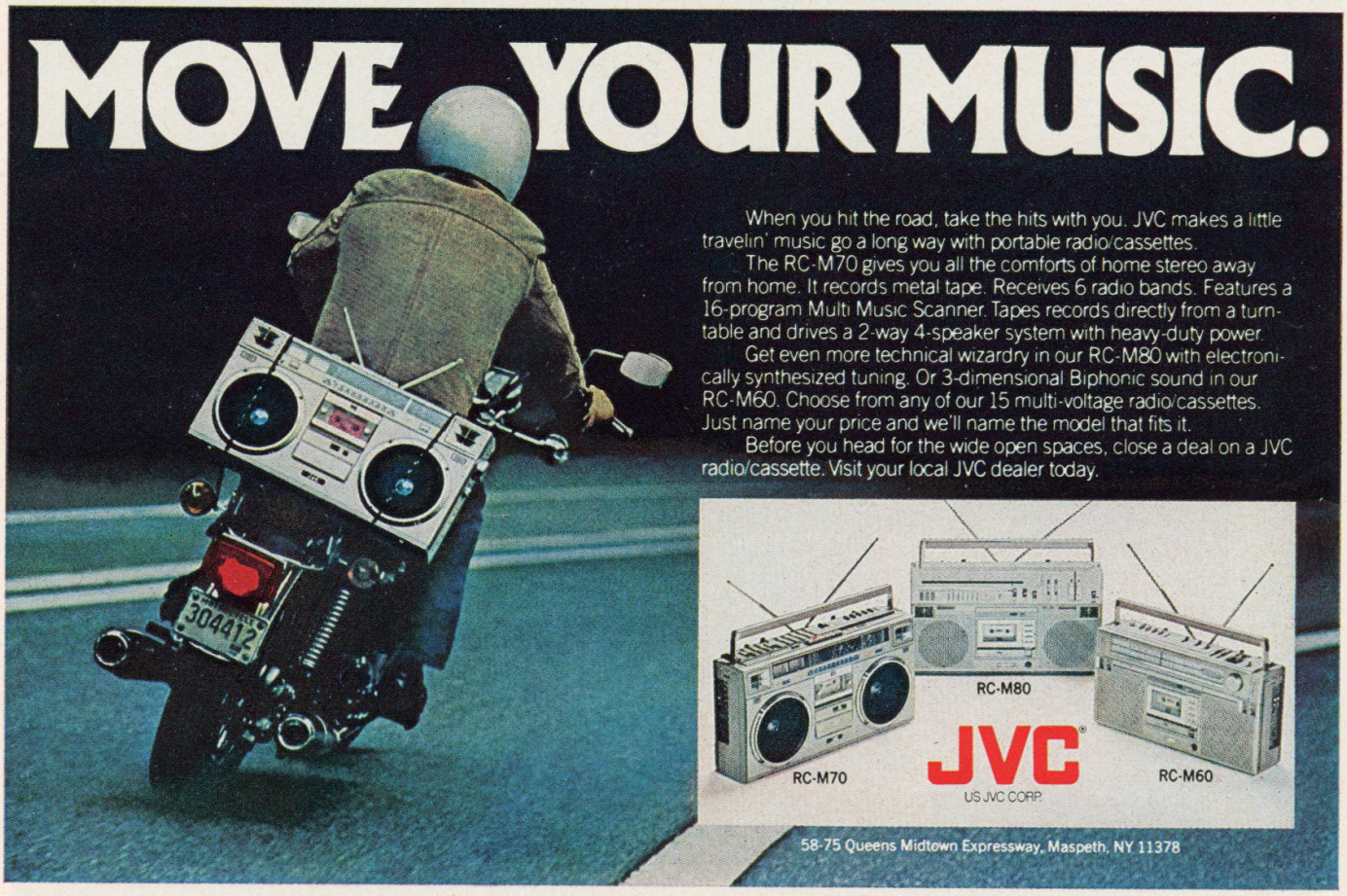
In my opinion, Dr. Stanislaw R. Burzynski is sorely in need of an affluent and discerning patron, someone with enough stock in humanity and stock in energy to assist him in this one-man crusade. He needs a hospital for those who come to him but are too ill to proceed with therapy on their own (local hospitals refuse to assist him in these cases). He needs a laboratory to perform the blood tests needed. He needs scanning equipment, and he needs other doctors who are more interested in humanity than in money. God help us if he should leave this country to continue his research in the more favorable climate of a European country.

It goes without saying that if a number of cancer victims, even so few as a hundred, sought his help today, he would be very hard-pressed to accommodate them. His research laboratory is complete and is being modernized as quickly as the funds become available, but he needs more funds! A venture such as his should be turning away investors, and philanthropists should be flocking to his aid. Where are the so-called men of vision who pour millions into paintings, museums, libraries, and tax-free foundations? Dr. Burzynski is living proof of that old adage: "Important discoveries are made by lonely men, in back rooms, unaided by their contemporaries."

I would love to see more written on this amazing story. I must say, however, that the doctor is so busy that he himself has little time for anything but his research and his patients. He truly could not handle a great number of victims of this dread disease. Like perpetual motion, this therapy is almost too good to be true. Yet Dr. Salk proved that such cures are possible!—*Ted R. Williams, Oceanside, Calif.*

I read the article "Suppression of New Cancer Therapies: Dr. Lawrence Burton," by Gary Null with Leonard Steinman (July 1980), and let me say I was so pleased

CONTINUED ON PAGE 216



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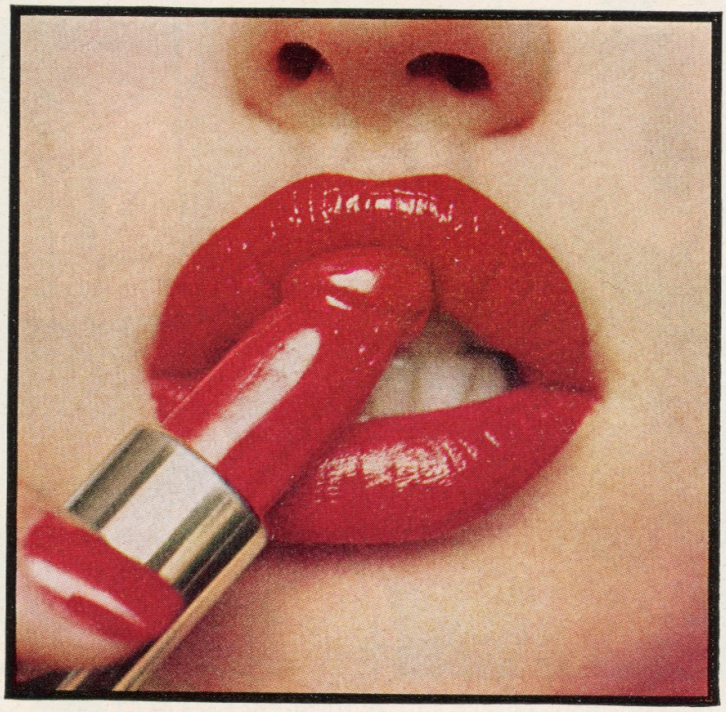
My present lover makes me want to rewrite the things I've written regarding the size of a man's hands and the length of his cock. My lover's hands are rather tiny, but his cock has to be the longest I've ever seen.

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

As a faithful reader of your column each month, I think that I know your position on cockteasing. I'm a 26-year-old woman and agree with you that the practice is distasteful and even dangerous. However, I hope that you will agree that there are certain occasions and circumstances where the tease is justified. My best friend had been engaged for six months to marry a man, who suddenly called the wedding off. I was distressed at her sadness and quite surprised to find her ex-fiancé at my door one evening, just a week later. My attitude was one of extreme coolness, and he apologized for causing my friend hurt and disappointment. Ken soon began to come onto me and suggested in a roundabout way that we could be "good for each other." I made the split decision to encourage the man and make a fool of him.



After a few drinks we began to play a little kissy-face, and I allowed my kisses to be just passionate enough to lead Ken to believe he had a chance. I had not deliberately teased a man in years, but I was mad enough to want to make Ken sick with lust before I pulled the string on him. I feigned passion and reluctantly allowed him to remove my bra. I was amused and flattered at the look of awe on Ken's face as my breasts presented themselves. I'm rather ordinary-looking in the face but have been blessed with a lush body, and my breasts are one of its highlights. They are milk white, with impudent, high-seated coral nipples. I can recall that in my college days more than one young man mistakenly assumed that removing my bra was tantamount to removing my panties. I had something along the same line in mind for Ken.

Anyway, Ken immediately bent to pay homage to the perfect pair, and I countered by gently removing his cock from his slacks. Ken's cock was not all that long, but it had a quite hefty girth to it. It was fully aroused but not nearly as hungry and desperate as I had in mind for it. I began a slow and lazy handjob as Ken slurped and feasted and moaned. Ken soon eased an arm up under my skirt, but I removed his hand and excused myself for a moment. I had forgotten to wear panties that day, as I do about half the time. I went to my room and slipped a pair on and returned to the couch. I don't particularly enjoy wearing panties, but they are quite effective in preventing accidental penetration when intercourse is not in the cards. The little interruption had been good for Ken in any event, as it gave him a little time to stew and sweat and wonder. I nearly laughed as I caught Ken stroking his cock when I came back into the room. I knew that he would be stroking it again before the night was over—the next time in the privacy of his own home.

Anyway, I bent over the edge of the couch and gave Ken a light kiss, drawing teasingly away as he sought more passion from it. My breasts swayed before his eyes, and I caught the first undeniable look of desperation on his face and knew that the tease was taking its toll. I countered Ken's now serious and desperate mood by being playful and frisky, knowing quite well that it was the last thing he wanted. I resumed my seat beside him and stuck my tongue in his ear and giggled playfully. When he attempted to move back to my breasts, I stopped him and demanded that he think of a name for each of them before he could again kiss them. He stared at them in frustration as I shimmied them slowly until he responded. As he thought of names, I bent to his now inflamed cock and brought my lips to within

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inches of it and announced that I was naming his cock Kawliga, as in the old country-and-western song wherein poor, old Kawliga never got a kiss. Ken was not the least amused by this antic, and I detected the head of his cock throbbing involuntarily in anticipation of the feel of my lips and tongue. He instead got a feel of my warm breath for a few seconds before I sat back up with an impish look on my face and laughed knowingly. Ken's face registered his frustration and bitter disappointment, and I decided to add a little fuel to the fire. I sweetly whispered in his ear that I didn't believe in blowjobs, as if they were a religion or something. But simply hearing me mouth the word blowjob *had its desired, mind-inflaming effect. Ken was becoming quite anxious because of my playful manner, and my bobbing, swaying breasts continued to taunt him, as did the fact that my skirt had somehow managed to ride up considerably high. Ken's poor cock wasn't faring too well and lolled, heavily swollen, like an obscene sausage. I doubted that it had begun to ache yet but knew that it would be a source of considerable discomfort to Ken before he got it home and "tended" to it. It had taken on that hair-trigger look, and I reminded myself to be careful that Ken didn't lose his load and ruin my handiwork. I let him have another session with my breasts and was amazed at his hunger.*

The little leg display that Ken had received had now prompted him to run his hand up under my skirt in search of Miss Puss. Miss Puss was nice and damp and hot and snug and capable of giving a man intense pleasure. Miss Puss could also be maddening and elusive and capable of causing a man pure hell. Poor Ken met the latter Miss Puss. As Ken rubbed his fingers around my crotch and felt the heat through my panties, I began to prepare to pull the string on him. I allowed him to slip my skirt off but kept the panties on. The gauzy material served the dual purpose of inflaming and containing Ken's passion. As he slobbered and kissed my legs and belly in a desperate attempt to arouse my passion, I very coolly began to bring his load to the brink with a handjob designed to almost get the job done, but not quite, if you know what I mean. Once I had Ken's load where I wanted it, I began to play with it like a yo-yo. Ken was face to face, almost, with Miss Puss, a scene I was pretty sure that he would remember with bitterness later that evening. Ken suggested that we remove ourselves to my bedroom, and I knew that the time had come. I laughed a bit and said, "Not this time, Ken." I jacked his cock one last time and then released it forever. It was an angry, plum color as I slipped it back into his slacks and gently tugged the zipper up.

Miss Puss had now turned from an object of love to one of torment for Ken. He hoarsely asked my why he couldn't have any, and I very frankly told him exactly what I thought of him and the way he had treated my friend. I saw the panic in his eyes as he stared helplessly at the coral-tipped teasers that still swayed mockingly. I quickly stood and bent from the waist with my back to Ken and picked up my bra. The view that I presented was designed to hurt, and it did. Ken groaned audibly, and I settled into a chair opposite him and began to fasten my bra very slowly, then turning it around and fitting each breast into its cup. Ken began to plead for sympathy and understanding, but we both knew that sympathy and understanding were not what he really needed. Ken's problem was plainly visible in the form of a huge, bloated lump in his slacks. The tease was going to be rough on him. He was a man used to getting what he wanted when he wanted it.

I had taken no real pleasure in teasing Ken's cock, but I had had to do something in response to his gall, and washing his mouth out with soap or spanking him seemed unlikely. The tease was more practical, appropriate, effective, and efficient. It's also deliciously long-lasting. I would be willing to speculate that Ken does not soon forget the exact hue and shade of my coral nipples or the steamy warmth of Miss Puss. Indeed, he continued to stare with self-pity at the never-never land between my legs. I mused to myself that Ken was in such a state of desperation that even if he were able to find an agreeable woman, the odds were great that the first pleasurable sensations of juicy tightness would cause a premature ejaculation. I sent Ken home to study his problem and quickly dressed for a late date. I was suddenly getting quite horny.—Cathy

"It's a mink that types like a secretary!"

Ken probably got what he deserved, but I'm just relieved to know that you didn't get what perhaps you deserved. Let me give you rule number one when it comes to cockteasing: don't tempt when it's one on one.

It's safe to shake your ass on a crowded bus or to eye a man suggestively across the aisle of a packed 747. But when you're alone in a room with a horny fellow, I'd be afraid to leave nothing more between my pussy and his hard dick than the fiber of my panties. Really! Do you think most men will stop there once you've got them all hot and bothered?

I prefer the more public setting for raising the center post of a man's lap. Like the time I was in Rio during Carnival and pressed my body up against a number of men who just happened to be in my way. Or when I ate a banana in a restaurant while eyeing the "maître-dee" as he tried, quite unsuccessfully, to remain aloof and professional. Then there was the cop, trapped in the middle of a traffic jam, whom I excited with the rapid motion of my hands as I suggestively masturbated the shift lever on my car's steering wheel.

Yes, cockteasing can be fun. It can also

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be dangerous. I prefer it to be fun. I prefer living so I can tell my tales.

COCK CRAZY

I just love cocks, I enjoy sucking them, jerking them off, or being fucked by them. Although there is a lot more to a man than his penis, I just can't seem to get that organ off of my mind. My favorite fantasy, when I first meet a man who appeals to me, is to speculate on his cock size (I believe that there is a correlation with hand size) and then seduce him. After we remove our clothes, I love to play with his flaccid penis and get it hard and big in my hands. I then do my best to get him to jerk himself off. Many men don't want to jerk off in front of a woman, but I usually get my way. Seeing a man "pull his root" is one of the biggest turn-ons that I've ever experienced. As they are about to reach orgasm, they almost totally lose control of themselves. More than once I have been afraid that a man was going to pull his cock right off.

In addition to having men jerk off for me, I enjoy measuring them and commenting on their size and ability to "shoot a load" a certain distance. Most men are interested in how they compare with their peers. Although I experience a sense of power over them, I am careful not to damage their egos.

Since you are also a lover of the male sex organ, I would like to ask you several questions. How long was the largest cock you have ever seen? Also, what were the sizes of the thickest, shortest, and thinnest cocks you have actually seen? Is there much difference among the men you have known and in the way they shoot their loads of hot come? How do you measure your man—with the ruler on top of his cock or underneath his cock, by his balls? Do you believe that men with smaller cocks also have smaller balls, relatively speaking?

I could go on asking you questions about my favorite subject, but I have to go out and find the real thing. I prefer the real thing to words. I am looking forward to hearing about your experiences.—H.B.J.

I, too, enjoy a good-sized cock, but that does not mean that men who are less generously endowed will not make good lovers. As far as measuring cocks is concerned, several years ago I wrote a book called *The Best Part of a Man.* This book tells all about cocks and how to treat them.

The longest cock I have ever seen must be the one of my present lover, young J.R. Measuring from the front of the base upwards, it is 11 inches long and four inches in width. J.R. makes me want to rewrite the chapter of my book where I say that you can recognize the size of a man's penis by his hands. J.R.'s hands are rather tiny, and so are his feet. (I had claimed that if the hands, feet, and nose are sizable, you can be assured of a large penis.) The size of the scrotum is often irrelevant and does not always correspond with the size of the penis. I have come across men with long, slim penises who had a set of fabulously heavy, big balls. I find a set of droopy balls to be a turn-off, just about as bad as a set of droopy tits. This often happens at an older age. A girl friend once told me, however, that she does not care so much about the size of a cock so long as it is "meaty," because the sides of her vagina are always itchy.

Regarding masturbation—my young J. R. also was reluctant to masturbate in front of me, but when I added some juicy body lotion between my tits and asked him to sit on top of me and masturbate his organ between my tits, he could no longer refuse. When my man jerks off in this manner, I love to have him either shoot his come between my tits or else aim it right into my mouth. Another nice way to masturbate is for the man to be on his knees in back of the woman, who is lying flat on her belly, so that he can jerk off between her buttocks or on her back. My little J.R. is one of the few men who can actually suck himself off, but he does not like the taste of his own sperm. Some men hate it, while others find it a great turn-on.

SUBLIME AND PUNISHMENT

I enjoy cockteasing, and I would like to relate an incident in which my girl friend and I participated.

My girl friend Sara was dropped by her steady boyfriend, Alan, after almost six months of going together. And when Sara tried to save their relationship, Alan told her to get lost. At this point Sara confided everything to me, including Alan's intense foot fetish. When I learned about his weakness, I conspired with Sara to seek revenge.

I "accidentally" ran into Alan at his favorite disco and started a conversation with him. He had always found me attractive, and after I dangled my high-heel pumps from my stocking toes, it didn't take long to get him alone in my apartment. There I slipped off my shoes and then pranced around in my stocking feet. Poor Alan—he could barely concentrate on his drink! The bulge in his pants seemed to grow each second. I then turned on the stereo and got Alan on the couch, where I innocently positioned my feet in his lap and moved them to the beat of the music. He was climbing the walls! I was driving him nuts, and I was fully clothed! We necked for a few minutes and then quickly made our way to my bedroom. Then I asked if he would mind if I "gently" tied him to my bed "just for fun." Needless to say, my teasing had made him so hot that he agreed immediately.

I tied his wrists and ankles to the bedposts. Then, pretending to go out to lock the front door, I called Sara. Within minutes she arrived, and we both entered the room. Alan's mouth dropped. He wasn't

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sure what we were going to do, but he didn't have to wait long. I waved my stocking feet right under his nose while Sara sadistically teased his helpless cock and balls with a feather.

We administered this torture for at least an hour, switching roles. Alan was trying to thrust and move to get relief, begging us to let him come, but we just smiled and continued the punishment. So that he wouldn't get "bored," we varied his agony by tickling his underarms with our stocking toes while our fingers fiendishly tickled the soles of his feet. Soon we were ready for the grand finale. We showed him a jar that had once contained acid. We had filled it with some ordinary cold cream that we use. We told him that we were going to let him come but that we would use a lotion that worked as an acid when it comes into contact with sperm.

When Alan heard this, he tugged at the ropes like a wild man! We just laughed and proceeded, slowly, to masturbate him. I teasingly waved my stocking feet over his face while Sara began stroking his cock. Alan was desperately trying to hold back and not come, begging and pleading with us "not to do this to him." Sara could feel his cock throbbing violently while poor Alan was pleading for us to stop. What a power trip! When he finally came and we dabbed his cock with the cream, he began to cry, screaming for us to wipe off the "acid." We finally told him the truth about the the cream, untied him, and sent him home.

Revenge is sweet! Let's hear it for foot power!—A.S.G.

You seem to have arrived at an excellent means of getting back at someone who's dropped your best friend, if that's your idea of games. In my opinion, revenge is just a waste of time, and I wouldn't recommend that you try your game again. Some man just might go berserk on you—and the shoe will be on the other foot.

BAD LICKS

I have had the worst luck lately! I don't like to generalize, but the last three guys I've been with have been just awful. They refuse to give me head. What is the matter with these men? I just love to suck a guy off—it gives me great pleasure. I always make it a point to be very clean for sex, so why do these guys always refuse? Are they embarrassed or just plain selfish? I'm tired of men expecting to get it but unwilling to give it. Ms. Hollander, please, please give me any advice you have as to what I should say to these guys. I'm sure I'm not alone in having this problem.—E.A.F.

You have pretty much answered your own question. There are quite a number of men who are simply too selfish to think of giving pleasure, and they think that just by getting sucked off or by putting their stiff cock inside a woman's vagina they are giving the ultimate pleasure and that we women ought to be quite thankful that they are "giving" it to us. Some simply lay back with their hand behind their heads and let the lady do all the work, whereas another might, with a bit of luck, devote a minute and a half to sucking her tits, briefly caressing her body, and, as a bonus, throwing in some tongue-kissing that lacks any sensuality. It is up to you, my dear, to *make* those kind of men into good lovers and to teach them how to be considerate and spend more time on foreplay or else. In short, tell them to "shape up or ship out."

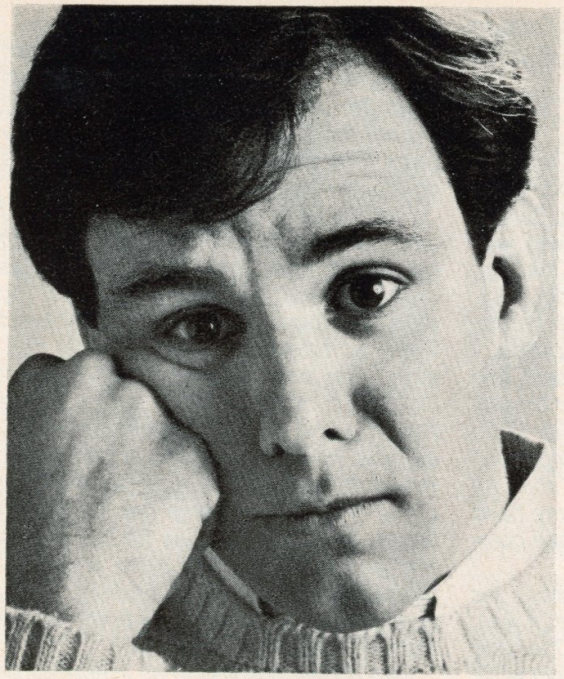
Maybe you have not been selective enough, since I seldom make it with men who are so selfish. Some men refuse to have oral sex with a woman, because they have had some bad experiences with women who have not been taking care of themselves in the hygienic department—they don't even want to come close enough to a woman's vagina to check the situation out. This reminds me of the joke about the blind Englishman who, passing a fish store near Chelsea Market, politely takes off his hat, bows toward the store, and says, "Good morning, ladies." So much for hygienics and fishy-tasting pussies.

How about every now and then applying a douche bag to yourself? Don't overdo it, since most doctors are not agreed on the question of how often a woman ought to douche. In Europe it is very uncommon—most women there have never ever seen a douche bag.

As for any guy who refuses to suck your pussy, tell him you won't give him head unless he reciprocates. You might take a shower together to convince him of your cleanliness or at least demonstrate your good intentions. If you are in bed with a shy man who has never even thought of doing such things to a woman, gently instruct him, without being pushy. Or, if you want to be even more subtle, gently raise your crotch to his face; or "straddle" slowly up his body until he's face to face with the real thing; or, while you're sucking him off, position your pussy so that it says hello to his face. If he doesn't get the hint, well . . . fuck 'em and leave 'em.

THREE CAN PLAY

I'm a 30-year-old professor at a "typical" midwestern university. I'm average in terms of most of the stuff people talk about in your column—height, weight, general looks, and cock size. I was married to a nice-looking lady who was rather conservative about dress and sex, although she was very enlightened about certain things. That is to say, we shared the housework. She liked getting head, although not giving it, and I tried to educate her gradually. But she wouldn't give in, and the situation became more and more tense. Things finally became intolerable, and we got divorced, much to our mutual relief.



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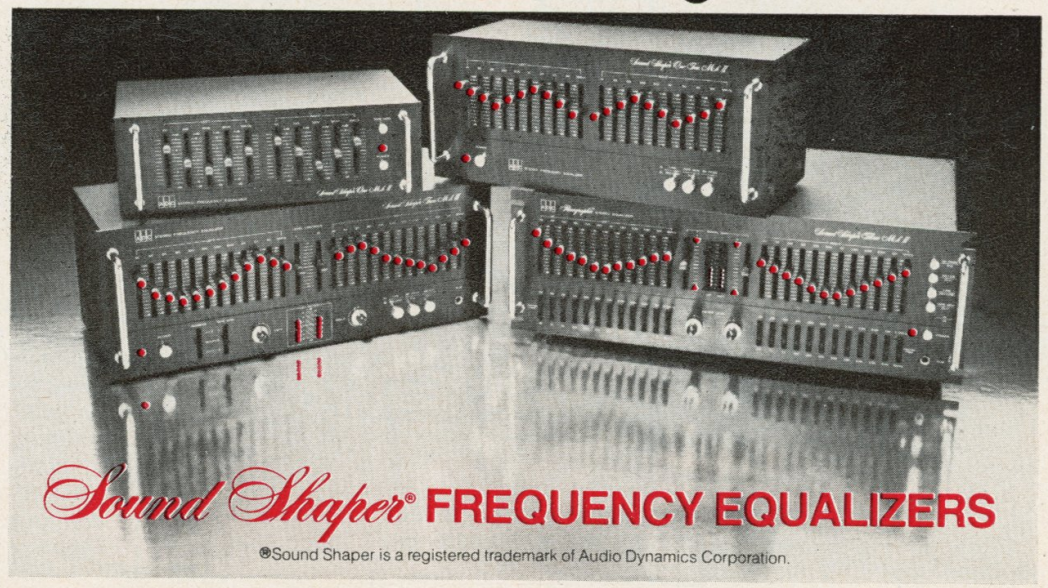

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About a month after the divorce had become final, and thus public knowledge, another professor invited me to dinner. Nan was in her late twenties, nice-looking, single, and worked in a related department. Dinner was at her place, accompanied by very nice mellow jazz and soft lights. The situation did have possibilities. After dinner we quickly cleaned up and took our drinks into the living room to listen to a new album. She sat close to me, then moved closer, and soon we were necking like a couple of high-school kids.

It had been years since I had kissed anyone but my wife, and I wasn't sure just how to proceed. It quickly began to come back to me as she sighed and snuggled against me. I slowly caressed her arm while she played with my hair, and of course I got turned on by the gentle pressing of her breast against my chest. I tentatively cupped her breast in my hand. Nan squirmed a bit, looked straight into my eyes, and asked, "Do you give head?" as though it were the most natural question in the world. The question threw me for a minute—girls hadn't asked things like that when I had dated years ago, much less when the parties concerned were still fully dressed.

"Sixty-nine is my favorite number," I responded, trying to cover my surprise quickly and sound suave. This time I was going to get as well as give.

"And my favorite form of birth control," she said, smiling. "Although I don't rely on that alone. You want to play here or in the bedroom?"

Such questions! "Whatever," I said, waiting to see her preference.

"That's what I love about new relationships: people are so accommodating," she said with a grin. "On the rug, then."

She pushed the coffee table away with her foot and slipped down to the rug, reaching up for me. I lay beside her, kissing her and slowly unbuttoning her blouse to prolong the sense of anticipation. I kissed the blouse off her shoulders and then went to the gentle swell of her breasts above the tight cups of her bra. Her sighs told me that she was enjoying things, and her hands slowly unbuttoned my shirt. As I kissed and tongued her, I ran my hand up and down her legs, each stroke coming nearer to the ultimate target.

Her skirt was soon flying across the room to join her blouse, wherever it was, and I began working on her bra. One hand found the smooth slope of her groin while the other loosened her bra. She sighed again as her breasts were freed, and the bra joined the other clothing.

She stripped me to my shorts in a very gentle, teasing way. She still hadn't touched my bulge, and that was the most exciting thing of all. She also knew that my own chest was sensitive. She cupped and molded my chest as lovingly as I did hers, descended and turned my navel into an erogenous zone, and then went lower. I kissed my way down her belly and began easing her panties down. I wanted her to relish the sense of being stripped, of having her most private part exposed to my gaze. She then slowly pulled my shorts down until my cock sprang free.

"Let me be on top. It will last longer that way," she murmured. I saw her staring at my naked cock, then felt her lips close over the head, her breath warm on my balls. We began giving each other head like I had never even dreamed was possible. She was talented beyond belief! Licking, sucking, kissing, stroking, one hand fondling my balls, she lifted me to incredible heights and then held me there, squeezing my cock in a certain way that drove my lust back deep into my belly. I licked, sucked, and blew on her clitoris and was rewarded with sighs and tremblings that let me know I was doing things right. We turned each other's body into the most incredible sex machine!

I felt myself building to an irrepressible climax. I then felt one small finger press quickly against my ass, enter me, and find the small target there, and suddenly I exploded into her mouth. As I began to feel tender, she trembled, clutched my head between her thighs, and came in a fantastically powerful orgasm.

"Taste good, hot lips?" asked a sarcastic voice, one that wasn't Nan's. I tensed suddenly, wondering what the hell was happening. Nan rolled off me, still fondling my now limp cock, and said, "Yeah, actually he does."

I looked over in the direction of the sound of the voice. I saw a beautiful young girl, perhaps 20, looking at us like a man who had just found his wife in bed with someone else.

"Bruce, meet Lyn, my roommate and lover. I think she's jealous." Nan's voice was teasing, and suddenly I began to feel used, realizing that I was just a pawn in their hassle.

"Jealous?" Lyn screamed, showing clearly that she was. "Why should I be jealous of some stupid cock? He can't possibly love you as well as I can!"

"Well, he's not bad. Needs a little coaching, but not bad." I felt stupid, to put it mildly.

"Bullshit!" Lyn yelled. "You're just trying to make me angry."

"What's the matter?" Nan answered. "Can't two play at that game?"

"Oh, but that was really nothing . . . not like what you're doing." Lyn's voice had taken on a pleading tone.

Nan leaped up, her eyes blazing. "Look, bitch, I do what I want! If I want to fuck a man, that's my business, not yours. I pay the bills here, not you, and I'm not about to take orders from some stupid little cunt just out of high school."

"Is that all I am? A stupid little cunt?" Lyn's tears quickly melted Nan's anger, and soon they were hugging and caressing.

I couldn't believe what I was seeing. The

"Pardon my trembling hands, little fella.
I've never done this with a puppet before."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 190

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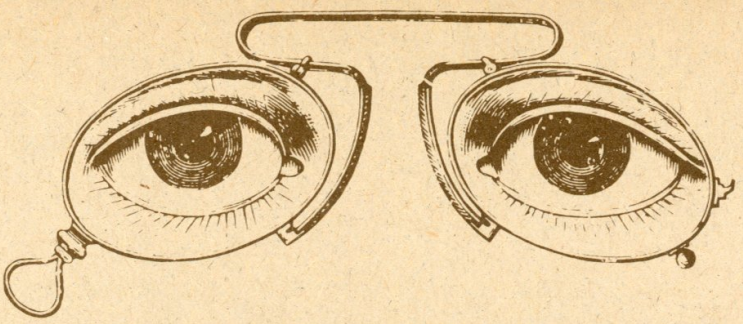


VIEW FROM THE TOP

DON'T VOTE!

BY NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN

The old political gag still holds about Mrs. Murphy and the campaign worker. "And who'll ya be votin' for this time, Mrs. Murphy?" asks the worker as he stands on a street corner, handing out leaflets for his candidate. "Oh, I nivver do it, Mr. O'Brien. I nivver vote. It just encourages 'em, ya know."

Give Mrs. Murphy a Ph.D. in political science. She's absolutely right. The more you vote for them, the more they'll behave as they have in the past. That's because people who vote don't understand what they're doing. They think they're electing someone, choosing between the candidates, putting someone in office. In reality, each vote is an endorsement of the total bipartisan, nonpartisan setup; it is a sign of approval to continue with the general flimflam.

That's why, over the long haul, the major power groups and interests are concerned about how many people voted rather than about whom they voted for. Think of this ridiculous slogan that gets blasted and blared at us the fall of every election year: "It doesn't matter who you vote for so long as you vote." You'll never hear that on French or Italian or English television during their election campaigns, because it does matter, and it matters dreadfully whether or not you get a capitalist or a socialist or a Communist government in office.

The righteously ardent ladies governing the League of Women Voters haven't thought their way through to the fact that if it doesn't matter whom you vote for, it just plain doesn't matter. Therefore, the important decision isn't which but whether you vote.

Nonvoting by individual citizens has, thanks to years of propaganda by fink front groups like the Ad Council, gotten a bad reputation. They've sold us on the idea that nonvoting is the civic equivalent of desertion in the face of the enemy. Only cowards, cads, and curs do it.

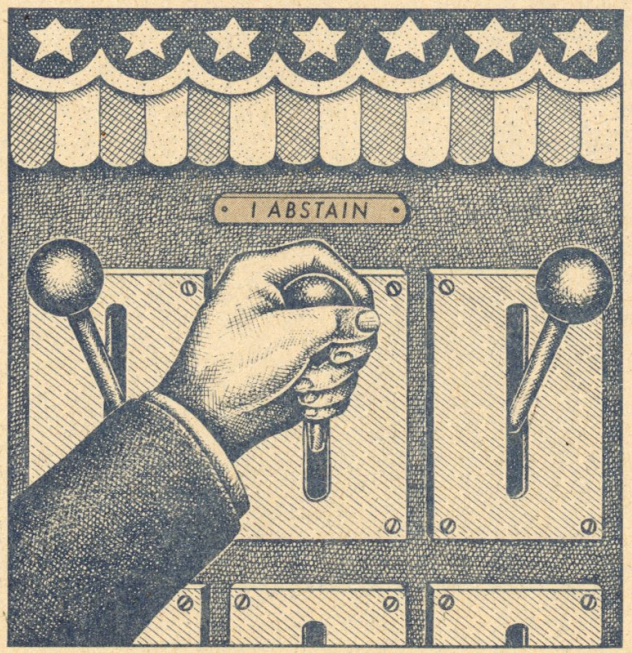
The truth is that the United States government does it all the time at the U.N. Security Council; only there, in the rarefied ambience of Le Corbusier's glass high rise, it's called abstention. We do it, the Russians do it, every nation does it; and never do you hear a word about such nonvoting being the act of an irresponsible nation that doesn't give a hoot for the well-being of the international community. To the contrary, it is regarded as a perfectly understandable political move.

Therefore, the way to escape condemnation of friends and fellow employees is to avoid expressions like "I don't vote" and "I'm not voting this year." Instead say, "I am abstaining," and, bango! faster than an old-time pol can stuff a ballot box, the person you're talking to will inhale and respectfully exclaim, "Oh, you are?" Then you can launch into your spiel, explaining that abstention is just as much a political act as voting. A few states already recognize this fact by having a none-of-the-above category in their primaries. In general elections, however, it's still a case of having to choose between Tweedledum and Tweedledumber—to borrow a phrase coined by Franklin Delano Roosevelt, a man whose career certainly gave him a chance to make an informed judgment on the quality of American elections.

One thing we could do to improve that quality would be to agitate for a lever on the ballot that would simply say, "I abstain." Abstention would be ever so much more powerful if you went down to the polling place to do it. As it is, people who vote think people who don't vote are merely lazy, which is why we need a formal method, stating: "I wouldn't vote for either of those bums."

The politicians are going to resist the introduction of an I-abstain lever. A heavy I-abstain vote would be a repudiation of them as an order, a class. It would also open the way to another long-needed change that might end the monopoly of mediocrity in our politics.

Under an I-abstain election system—that is, one where every election is between a Democratic nobody, a Republican nobody, and a nobody-nobody—you could require the winner to get at least 40 percent of the vote. Thus, when the abstentions made that mathematically impossible, another election would have to be held, with the candidate who got the lowest vote dropped out in favor of a new entry. The voting would continue until the politicians finally cried uncle and capitulated by slating a nominee that someone other than burglars, muggers, and corruptionists could conscionably vote for.

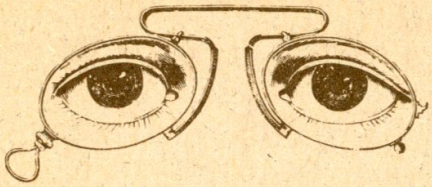


Charles Waller

Most people are terrorized into voting on the lesser-devil theory. You've heard it often enough: "My God, if you don't vote, that beast Jones'll get in. I know Smith is no great shakes, but he's better than that monster Jones."

It has begun to dawn on many people that the lesser evil is still evil. Hence the *Time–Newsweek–*Brooks Brothers candidacy of a John Anderson. If Ronald Reagan and Jimmy Carter are lesser and greater evil, or vice versa, then John Anderson is average evil, the guy who has placed himself between the two. That's a novelty but not a difference.

History refutes the notion that voting against letting the bigger menace into the White House works.



Without exception, in every crucial election in the twentieth century the winner has embraced the loser's politics. In 1916 Woodrow Wilson ran on the slogan of "He kept us out of war" against prowar candidate Charles Evans Hughes. Six months later Wilson asked Congress for a declaration of war. In 1932 Franklin Roosevelt promised that, if elected, he would balance the budget and stop the dangerous concentration of power in Washington brought about by Herbert Hoover and the Republicans. In the election of 1940, another in which war and peace was a major issue, Franklin Roosevelt and his Republican opponent seemed to have had a gentleman's understanding to pursue a prowar policy no matter who won. In 1964 Lyndon Johnson warned America that if Barry Goldwater was elected, he'd drag us into a war.

So it works out that anyone who didn't agree with the prevailing policies in these critical elections would have had more effect by abstaining than by voting. Politicians get very nervous when the percentage of nonvoters climbs too high, so nervous that they're inclined to pull back, do less, and debate among themselves whether it might not be a good idea to share some of the boodle with the citizenry. Doing less is no substitute for doing better, of course, but it is better than their misdirected, larcenous activism.

There are other, solid advantages to not voting. You escape jury duty, since jury lists are frequently compiled from voting lists. Not being on a voting list may also be an aid to cheating your way out of state and local income taxes. You also get to feel smug six months after the elections, when your sincere, if numskull, friends begin to realize that they have been taken yet one more time and that the monster they thought they were voting against is the monster getting his picture taken in the Oval Office.

Lastly, your election day abstainer can save money on his year-in-year-out bumper sticker, the one that reads DON'T BLAME ME! I DIDN'T VOTE.

SCENES

THE ROAD TO WASHINGTON

To your catalog of costarring couples—Laughton and Lanchester, Bogart and Bacall, Wagner and Wood—add Reagan and the missus in ***Hellcats of the Navy*** (1957). In this story of American submarines penetrating wartime Japanese waters, Ronald Reagan played a naval commander of questionable authority, and Nancy Davis Reagan, his jilted amour. (In *Nancy*, her autobiography, she inaccurately recalls having played his fiancée.)

Reagan impressed producer Charles Schneer as heroic. In a scene calling for his falling wounded from the deck of his vessel, Reagan refused a stunt double. "He said, 'Nobody's going to make this jump but me,' and dove off. He wasn't even being paid for it! That showed me a very stalwart character." Of Nancy, Schneer recalls, "She fit the part."

Ronald Reagan first arrived in Hollywood 20 years earlier. At 26 he was already a well-known sportscaster from Des Moines. "That was his big sale," one casting director remembers, "his warmth and his voice." Warner Brothers offered him a standard contract starting at $200 a week, with increments over seven years to $1,000 a week. His first year he worked in nine pictures. All were B's except two, ***The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse*** and ***Hollywood Hotel***, in which he played roles of radio announcers.

Before World War II Reagan averaged a film every seven weeks for five years. Eventually he escaped the B-picture syndrome and was awarded the role of George ("win-one-for-the-Gipper") Gipp in ***Knute Rockne*** (1940), a part that justified the studio's faith and investment in him. His success as the ill-fated football player was his entrée to the world of A pictures. Cast in the company of leading Warners stars Errol Flynn and Olivia De Havilland in ***Santa Fe Trail*** and carefully exposed as a reformed playboy who loses his legs in the sensational ***King's Row***, Reagan was shortly in a position to have his original contract renegotiated: $1,650 a week, with increases over seven years up to $5,000. He was, finally, a star.

Before he could use what he had learned, World War II began. Reagan spent the war years in an air force film unit as a personnel intelligence officer, investigating his fellow officers and appearing in training films. Because of a landmark legal decision condemning studio contracts as a form of slavery constitutionally prohibited, the contracts of most actors-become-military-men were renegotiated before war's end. Reagan's called for a flat $3,500 a week.

After the war it was a year before the studio had a picture for the actor. Reagan yearned to perform in outdoor adventure yarns, but in

Movie Star News

Ron and Nancy in Hellcats of the Navy: *the politics of acting.*

It was then that Reagan worked in ***Million Dollar Baby*** and ***Juke Girl*** with director Curtis Bernhardt, a Viennese émigré. In Reagan Bernhardt saw "a healthy, natural guy who used his charm, appearance, and personality to great advantage. Ronnie was like a good horse: you let go, and he ran by himself." Theretofore Reagan had unfurled a skein of moods and gestures that only occasionally were knit properly into a coherent pattern, a character. Under Bernhardt the actor discovered his characters within himself.

a series of comedies (***The Girl from Jones Beach***, ***She's Working Her Way through College***, etc.) assigned to him over the next five years, he gave a good account of himself. He was romantic, gracious, and mature. A new director, Don Siegel, chuckled, therefore, at his perverse miscasting as an epileptic scientist in a moody character study called ***Night unto Night*** (1949). "Reagan represented the all-American boy, and there he was, possibly getting his tongue caught in his mouth. The popular thing to say about Ronnie is that he's not good. I think he is good. He watches himself and

never overacts. If he doesn't know which way to go, he'll always go under, which tends to make him appear a little stiff. But he knew how to play the game. He knew that within the limits of his talent the safest thing for him was to do as little as possible. It's a very popular way of acting for many American stars."

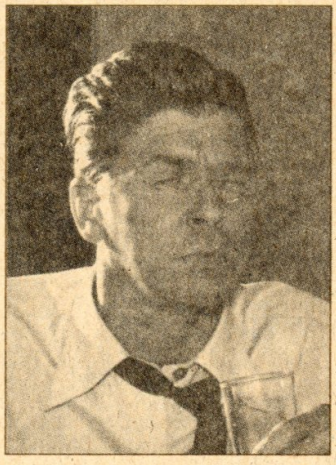
At the point where the studios began dumping their exclusive talent rosters (as a result of antitrust decrees necessitating cuts in overhead), Reagan's agent renegotiated his contract once again and got him three pictures at Warners at $75,000 apiece. He was also to do five at Universal and three at Paramount. But he was nothing more than a second lead in his last Warners films, and his Universal pictures were embarrassingly cheap. In the infamous ***Bedtime for Bonzo*** (1951), he played opposite a chimp. As a psychology professor Reagan was convinced that "even a monkey brought up in the right surroundings can learn the meaning of decency and honesty."

Reagan was Don Siegel's first choice to play the villain in an early TV movie called ***The Killers*** (1964). (Because of its excessive violence, the film was given a theatrical release.) "I loved the fact that Reagan doesn't look like a killer," recalls Siegel, "and he doesn't act like a killer. He looks like a businessman. Did he do the part well? I think he did, and I think that was the kind of part that would have given his career a little more electricity. It's pretty hard to be a goody-boy all the time, and that's what he was."

Thereafter Reagan dropped out of view—at least, as an actor.

What Reagan achieved as a screen actor was set in motion by forces over which he had no control: the tough competition for roles at the studio, the labor discord that followed the depression, the Second World War, and the antitrust decree that irrevocably diminished the studio system. The same forces shaped the Hollywood careers of the majority of his contemporaries.

As with Reagan's acting, Nancy



Movie Star News

Less than sober in College.

Davis's style of performing was unaffected, but where he was uninhibited, she was disappointingly restrained. As a consequence, you could clip her part from one film and drop it into another; but for the costume, the character would fit. One coworker after another remembers her as a lady, but courtly manners and good grooming do not become a legend most.

Nancy's minor abilities and matronly mien precluded stardom. Her favorable start in pictures was nepotistic. Her mother, Edith Luckett, had been a popular stage actress, as self-assured and ebullient, friends say, as her daughter was restrained. By request of her good friend Spencer Tracy, Nancy's screen test was directed by George Cukor. It was photographed by topflight cinematographer George Folsey, who had just finished four pictures in a row and was looking forward to some time off when he was called to an empty stage. "A lady came up to me and said, 'I bet you wonder why you're on this test.'

" 'I do,' I replied.

" 'My name is Nancy Davis,' she told me. 'My mother is a close friend of Colleen Moore [a former MGM star], and Colleen said if I ever come to test in Hollywood, have George Folsey do it.' "

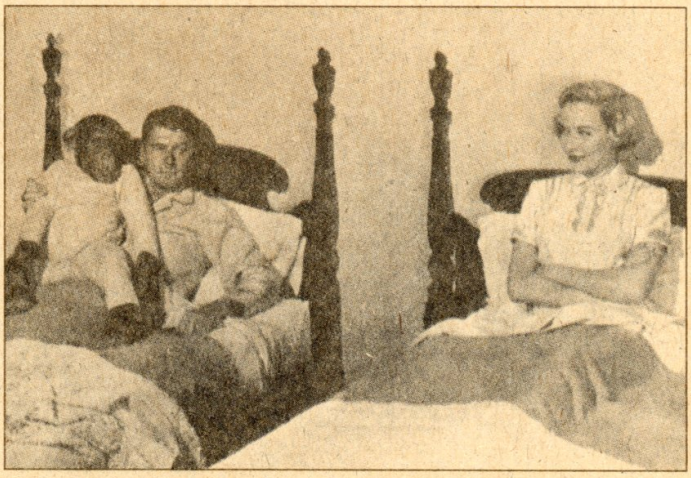
Dore Schary, then easing studio control away from Louis B. Mayer, had consulted Nancy's stepfather, Dr. Loyal Davis, about his persistent back problems. Soon afterward he recommended her for a role in *Crisis*, Richard Brooks's film about a surgeon. Brooks found her "amiable and attractive. She seemed, in the world of Hollywood of those days, quite harmless." (Another actress got the role.)

Nancy Davis Reagan dismisses her film career in ten pages of *Nancy*. Her account is marred by error and forgetfulness. "It was like a tea party she went to and can't quite remember the details," screenwriter Ben Maddow observed. "Metro," she reported in *Nancy*, ". . . paid $250 a week to start." (It was $300.) "That was the summer of 1949." (It was March 7, 1949.) "I escaped the usual starlet and bathing-suit routine." (The studio planned a round of the fan-magazine offices for her in 1949. In 1950 she did glamour shots for Deltah Jewelry, and soon after her first date with Reagan she took part in a radio program, "Hollywood Salutes the American Legion," with other young talent. In 1951 she visited the wounded at a naval hospital in San Diego, and later that year magazine readers learned she used Lux toilet soap and flakes.) "I was padded to appear pregnant more times than I can recall." (Twice: ***The Next Voice You Hear*** and ***Talk about a Stranger***. "She was always pregnant *before* the film began," said one director. You could picture Davis pregnant; you could not picture her getting pregnant.)

MGM talent executive Lillian Sidney selected ***East Side, West Side*** for Nancy's screen test. The role was that of a society matron unlucky in love. "It suited Nancy," says Sidney. "It was a warm-dramatic scene, not heavy-dramatic." Later, when the picture was actually produced, Barbara Stanwyck played the lady, and Nancy, a devoted friend. She remembers, "My one big scene was with Barbara." She was seated in a wing chair, half the time with the camera behind her, her left forearm playing her part.

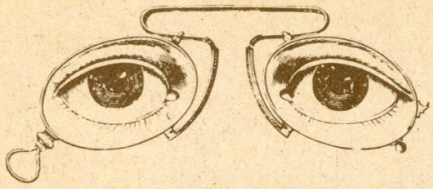
In her first picture, ***Shadow on the Wall***, she appeared as a psychiatrist. "I wish I had your professional calm," her costar confessed. It was the essence of her performance. In ***The Doctor and the Girl*** she was the least rebellious of Charles Coburn's offspring. "Mariette worships domestic routine," a sibling cooed.

After missing out on *Crisis* and the patient-wife role in *The Magnificent Yankee*, she was cast in *The Next Voice You Hear*, one of the little message cheapies that Schary had made part of the MGM product line. Those who remember any Davis picture remember this commercial flop about people hearing God on the radio. "It was certainly a case where we must cast the story, not story the cast," wrote Schary in *Case History of a Movie*. James Whitmore was to play Joe Smith. "Mrs. Schary had suggested Nancy Davis to play [his wife] Mary. This idea took a bit of getting used to. This would be an exacting star role, and Nancy had had only three small parts in



Movie Star News

Starring with a chimp in Bonzo: *"the meaning of decency."*



the pictures, and all of them had been on the 'society' side rather than as a middle-class wife and mother. But in her favor was the fact that her looks and manner and inner self were 'nice' rather than cover-girl glamorous. And she was an actress by profession rather than by accident."

Nancy's plainness was her stock in trade. The studio kept her hair off her broad forehead to compensate for her prominent chin. Folsey used the highest angles he could to keep her face "looking like a heart instead of a cream puff."

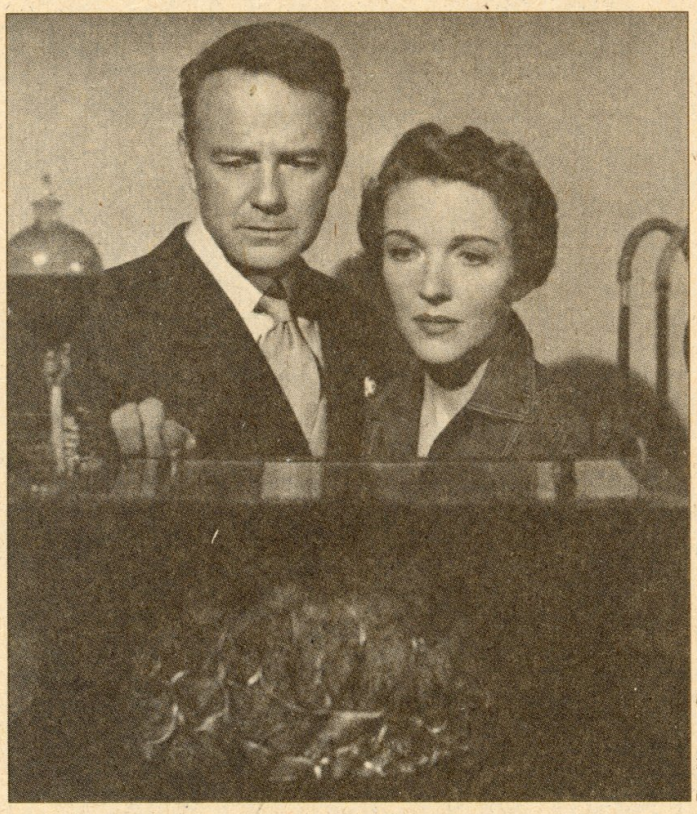
Ever after she played Mary Smiths: nurturing matrons, ladylike drudges. In ***Shadow in the Sky***, written by Maddow, she was forced to choose between nursing her psychotic brother (Ralph Meeker) and endangering her husband (Whitmore) and kids. She captured the conflict adequately, if not imaginatively, without shedding her hauteur. In ***Night into Morning*** ("maybe my best film"), she was a widow "just born to look after stray cats, lame ducks, and college professors." The professors were Ray Milland, an incipient alcoholic, and John Hodiak, her long-run fiancé. "She was cast," director Fletcher Markle recalls, "because Schary felt it was a natural role for her. She brought femininity to the academic background of the picture, and she enriched the clichéd situations."

In the "Four Eyes" segment of ***It's a Big Country***, she was a teacher who insists a pupil needs glasses. Her last picture for MGM was *Talk about a Stranger*, with George Murphy. "We both did it as a favor to the studio. Neither of us has ever seen it, because it turned out to be as bad as we thought it would be when we read the script." If she had never seen it, how would she know? In fact, this story of a boy and his dog was her most interesting movie—and her smallest part, smaller than the dog's. The director, David Bradley, realized the script would antagonize his stars. "I already felt that the studio was treating Nancy Davis badly, so I took her to lunch. We reminisced about Chicago, and finally I got around to apologizing for the brevity of her role. She was rather cold—and in the film rather bovine."

Except for her screen test and two early films, Davis never worked with top directors. At the studio she was finished before she began. Whereas Mayer purchased properties to highlight contract performers, Schary purchased properties he thought were good stories and then cast about for players. No actress who came to MGM during his regime, according to Sidney, who worked with them all, ever became a star. "Nancy hadn't become a star, she wasn't going to become a star, and she was due for a substantial raise [to $600 a week]"—just at the moment when the little pictures with which her career had become associated were no longer to be made. On March 6, 1952, two days after marrying Reagan, her contract was terminated. "I'm sure," says Sidney, "it wasn't by mutual agreement."

The William Morris Agency took her out on interviews but got her only one film, ***Donovan's Brain*** (1953), a remake of *The Lady and the Monster*. In 1956 she made two dreadful films, a sad valedictory: ***Crash Landing***, an early *Airport* with Gary Merrill; and *Hellcats of the Navy*, in which she looked older than her 33 years.

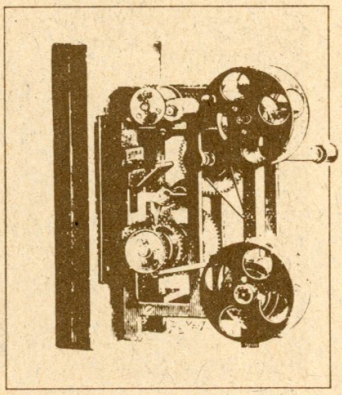
Hellcats was the sixty-third of Ronald Reagan's 66 films (54 features, 12 shorts). It was curtains for Nancy (11 features, two shorts). Now, a quarter-century later, they are costarring once again, he in his practiced role of citizen-politician, she as the aspiring first lady. We look at their pictures with apathy. These 79 films reveal their long-established personae, those inborn traits that cannot be faked. The circumstances of their careers reveal talents that flourished modestly when cultivated by studios but languished grievously when left on their own. Should the Reagans be swept into Washington, they would simultaneously become America's number-one has-beens.—*Mitch Tuchman*



The Memory Shop

Nancy gets cerebral in Donovan's Brain: *restrained and plain.*

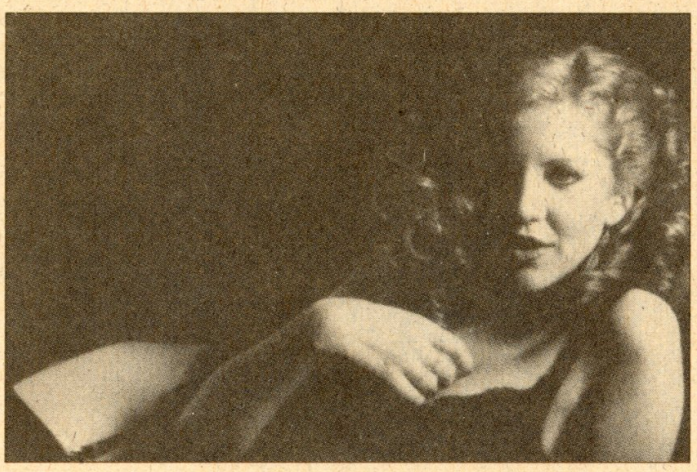
FILMS



DRY-CLEAN ONLY

Dressed to Kill opens with a sexual fantasy and ends with a sexual nightmare in sequences that have so much in common it may take a moment to realize they don't *look* alike at all. The first sequence's slow, sensuous camera movement into the steaming shower, where the stately middle-aged blonde begins the erotic soaping of her body, is one thing. But the montage of overhead shots, the unreal pinpoints of light, and the complex editing of the nightmare sequence, in which a beautiful young woman showers, not yet aware of the murderer just outside the door, are something else entirely. This pattern of repetition—of doubling events and images that are at once different and the same—surfaces everywhere throughout *Dressed to Kill*. It becomes the basic motif in Brian De Palma's latest, brilliant, unsettling exercise in intellectual terror.

Dressed to Kill is about a dark-coated mystery lady who feels inclined to cut up sexually provocative women with a man's straight-edged razor. De Palma's film pays homage to Alfred Hitchcock, mainly *Psycho*, and, more important, recapitulates ideas from De Palma's own screen career, especially *Obsession, Carrie*, and *The Fury*, and even his recent Sarah Lawrence College comedy, *Home Movies*. Indeed, the young stars of *Home Movies*, Keith Gordon and Nancy Allen, show up again as the strangely matched pair of junior sleuths who break the case in



Jests and con games: Nancy Allen in Dressed to Kill.

Dressed to Kill.

Gordon, a teenage electronics whiz kid, wants to discover the killer of his mother (Angie Dickinson), who is brutally slashed in the elevator of a Manhattan apartment building where she had gone for an afternoon of impromptu extramarital sex. Allen, a breezy, high-priced call girl, wants mostly to save her own neck. She happened to see the killing, and the police think she may have done it. So, while running from a homicidal maniac, who prefers no witnesses, and trying to elude the cops, who'd like a suspect, she teams with Keith Gordon to investigate the patients of the psychiatrist (Michael Caine) whose appointment book may hold the key.

A parent's death, a kid's revenge, a squaring off between the fairly young and the middle-aged—these are elements so typical of De Palma as to form a thematic constant upon which individual films are partly variations. In Nancy Allen, whose forthright realism replaces Angie Dickinson's aging, semisuppressed eroticism (she enters precisely as Dickinson dies), the generation gap seems to be bridged—or, better, straddled. But *Dressed to Kill* is full of look-alikes that are really psychic opposites, with never a prayer for reconciliation.

What keeps the film moving, even on the level of murder mystery, is a series of sexual provocations. Some are funny, some are deadly, some are also very beautiful indeed. For example, Angie Dickinson's last afternoon alive. The sequence begins with a silent flirtation with a handsome stranger in the modern-painters galleries of an art museum. He will lead her to Greenwich Village and to her death. It is a bravura passage, a half-acknowledged chase in which the quarry invites her pursuer through a maze of public rooms, while De Palma's camera keeps discovering the perspectives, promoting the slight visual tricks and illusions that define the seduction. Later, when Angie Dickinson is dead and the world has changed, the passage will be recapitulated, in terror, as Nancy Allen flees some would-be rapists in a cavernous subway station. She experiences as immediate, menacing reality what had seemed a seductive dream for Dickinson.

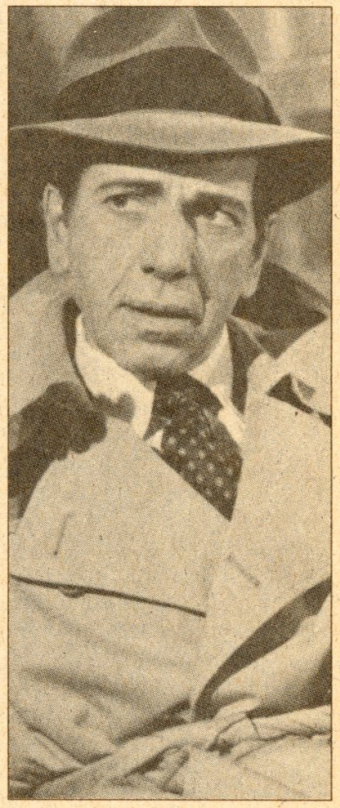
Although his approach is cool, witty, and, despite the plentiful graphic gore, almost abstract, Brian De Palma's commitment to the terms of his horror movies seems absolute. He offers no happy endings, at best a waking up from the nightmare. Nothing so unusual in this nowadays: witness the collected works of John Carpenter or George Romero, or such agreeable, imitative trivia as *Friday the 13th*. But De Palma's style proves his seriousness—and by style I mean both the elegance I've been discussing and the often rather quirky vitality he gets from his performers. Everybody in *Dressed to Kill* shines. But there is something especially wonderful about Nancy Allen, something of the breezy 1930s movie ingenue, but without the unreal naiveté and with an overt, optimistic sexiness. She is the perfect fall guy for the jests of De Palma's malevolent universe. To observe her as she trades phony niceties with Dennis Franz, who gives a terrific performance as a post-Kojak homicide detective, is to learn that a hopeful con game may be the bravest form of personal affirmation.

I suppose you could approach *Dressed to Kill* without preparation, and understand it well enough. But those who will understand it best will have had plenty of preparation, by way of its director's career. In fact, the film is unimaginable without all the De Palma movies that go before it and establish not just a reputation but a whole way of making sense on the screen. The ad campaign promotes De Palma as "The Master of the Macabre," a kind of junior Hitchcock. This seems fair enough so long as you recall that, as with the real Hitchcock, the shocks come by way of a vocabulary that deepens movie by movie, and this turns De Palma's special blend of sleaze and high art into a lucid means of communication.

As for the extent to which we've come to accept all this, notice how many of the most durably popular movies refer back to other movies—whether in De Palma's intricate self-parody, or in the audience assumptions behind *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*, or in the gag lines and visual puns of *Airplane!* Whatever the problems of *Airplane!* it at least plays free with a degree of pop-cultural literacy that would numb the mind if you had to get it in college rather than at the movies.

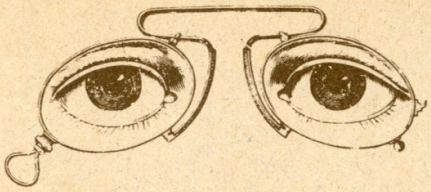
But more interesting to me than *Airplane!* is Robert Day's oddity ***The Man with Bogart's Face***, in which a Bogart double named Robert Sacchi plays "the Man" throughout an improbable private-eye melodrama that re-creates the character types and the moods, along with half the ideal situations of, say, *The Maltese Falcon* and *The Big Sleep*. The film's success is partly a balancing trick: playing funny games with identities (*everybody* comments on Sacchi's resemblance) while taking the mystery story refreshingly straight. Against many odds, it continually manages not to become the ham-fisted takeoff it might have been. And if it sometimes suggests an animated wax museum, it is nevertheless a wax museum full of wonderful constructions, one in which, for a couple of hours, you won't be wasting your time.

Not so incidentally, there is a fabulous collection of leading ladies—Michelle Phillips, Olivia



Sacchi doubles as Bogart.

Hussey, Misty Rowe, and Sybil Danning. And the secondary cast—Victor Buono, Herbert Lom, George Raft, Yvonne De Carlo, Mike Mazurki, and more—reads like an honor roll of old B-movies. It's good to see them all again, if only to recall the magical way a double feature could turn the afternoon into evening without your ever having to watch the sun go down.—*Roger Greenspun*



WORDS

NOT PULP, JUST PRIME

Congratulations are in order to the editors and publishers for putting out a crop of very fine new books this autumn. Now, admittedly, these fine new books are all written by well-known and best-selling authors, so the editors and publishers didn't go that far out on a limb. But the fact remains that this is a business, and editors and publishers are a big part of it, as responsible for the output of their authors, shall we say, as race-car mechanics are for the winner of the Grand Prix. Well, perhaps that's going too far, but hell, these people never get any credit, and any author will tell you that a good editor, like a good man, is really hard to find.

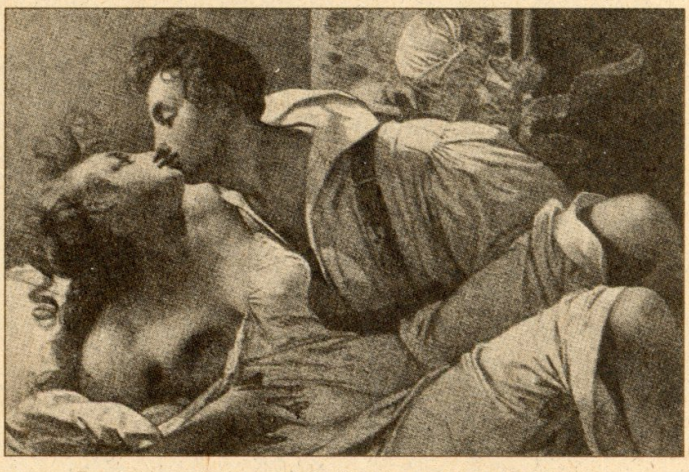
I mention this because in some of these fine new books, the authors have themselves gone out on limbs, departed from their proven styles and tried new things. *New things*, folks, that might confound the masses used to pulp, that might not fill the coffers to the brim. Or might. We'll see. But it took guts—guts from the editors and publishers and guts from the writers—and it fills me with the hope that writing as an art of exploration might return. Could we but see the end of prefab fiction, who knows what new, young voices might appear?

Erica Jong's new book, ***Fanny, Being the True History of the Adventures of Fanny Hackabout-Jones*** (New American Library, $13.95), is perhaps most illustrative of this adventurous trend. *Fanny* is a combination parody of Fielding's *Tom Jones* and Cleland's *Fanny Hill*, with an eighteenth-century feminist lady as its central figure and narrator. Done precisely in eighteenth-century style, with lots of capitalized words and apostrophes, chapter synopses, and a cast of characters along with comments on their stations, *Fanny* is a brilliantly researched and heartfelt piece of work. In her epilogue Ms. Jong says she began it or wrote a short version of it as her senior thesis in eighteenth-century literature at Barnard. Others will surely savage her for this admission. I, however, also while at Barnard, wrote a second "Wife of Bath's Tale" in Middle English for my term paper. I understand the sentiment and applaud it.

If you like bawdy, you will covet this book. If you don't know what bawdy is, you'll still like it. It's a lot of fun to read. But the most important thing about it is that it's what Ms. Jong wanted to do. And it shows. There is more love and effort in this book than in any I've seen in a long time. And if it is highly esoteric and overly literary to write a 500-page parody in this day and age of Kentucky Fried fiction, well, so be it.

Tom Robbins's new book, ***Still Life with Woodpecker*** (Bantam, $5.95, softcover; $12.95, hard), is his best yet, with thanks, I think, to his editor. In the back, under the heading "About the Author," Tom says he's still trying to figure out what a British critic meant when he said, "Tom Robbins writes like Dolly Parton looks." Top-heavy, Tom, is what I think he meant. Top-heavy. Let me explain.

I like Tom Robbins's voice. I am impressed by how much he thinks. He's got a good sense of humor, a love of sweet-natured fantasy, and he writes with enviable ease. But he does like to preach. I couldn't finish *Even Cowgirls Get the Blues*, even though I longed to know how it ended, because it got so damn preachy. I kept getting the feeling that Tom wanted to be Tolkien or something. But *Still Life* is much better, much cleaner, much tighter, and consequently much more fun. I think he got an editor who said, "Hey, keep it down. Tom. Whoa, stay out of it." And he did. I won't even try to describe the plot to you, except to say it takes place in Seattle and Hawaii and concerns a Princess Leigh-Cheri, a woodpecker, and a pack of Camels, and the central theme is: How To Make Love Stay. I think Tom Robbins is getting better and better. Keep it up, Tom, and someday you may even write like Raquel Welch looks.



The Bettmann Archive

Fanny Hackabout-Jones: *a bawdy parody by Erica Jong.*

In the preface to Truman Capote's new book of short stories, ***Music for Chameleons*** (Random House, $10.95), Mr. Capote describes the development of his writing. In my opinion, it is the most important part of the book, for it gives us a succinct little history of the nonexistential side of the writing business, particularly as it applies to those American writers who blossomed during the 1950s. The literary catfight over the merits or nonmerits of the "nonfiction novel" seems curious to me, coming as I do from an era chaperoned by television. A bit old-fashioned, somehow, a matter of etiquette. And I wonder about the term *nonfiction*. If I, the writer, choose the nouns, verbs, adjectives, and grammatical constructions in describing an actual event, an objective reality, have I not, by virtue of these choices, fictionalized the facts? Isn't it unavoidable? At any rate, Capote says that in these new short stories he has honed down his comments to the minimum, and he has. "Music for Chameleons," the title work, was my favorite, the portrait of a lady whose piano playing is beloved by lizards. There are other portraits and meetings, and then there is a novelette called "Handcarved Coffins," which is about a crime, but I don't remember what crime or why it was committed. I think this is because of television. I am, unlike Capote, tired of the bleary facts, worn out by the mere existence of American perversity. Escape, for me, is in the intelligent connective tissue that puts it in perspective, and the more of it, the better. "When God hands you a gift," says Capote, "He also hands you a whip; and the whip is intended solely for self-flagellation." With this, however, I couldn't agree more.

There are few modern writers who can summon up the atmosphere of an era like E. L. Doctorow. And it is not an easy task, for we are not talking about particulars here, like rooms or moments, but about time, spans of years, literary archaeology, if you will. In the case of ***Loon Lake*** (Random House, $11.95), Doctorow immerses us in the 1930s so ingeniously that we are at once at home and in awe. As he weaves together the lives of F. W. Bennet, millionaire auto manufacturer and owner of the upstate New York Loon Lake estate; Warren Penfield, student of Zen and poet protégé of Mrs. F. W. Bennet (world-renowned aviatrix); Clara Lucacs,

gangster's plaything and stunning beauty; and Joe of Paterson, N. J., whip-smart, wise-ass young depression drifter ensnarled to his heart's content by fate, Doctorow makes us privy to a whole society. The construction of the novel, too, is like that of an era. More than one voice tells the story. There is poetry and prose, obit, song, and news brief. Time progresses, pauses, leaps forward and back, explains itself, reexplains itself, and sometimes refuses to explain itself at all. Like a period in one's life, the memories are disjointed but so crystal clear. I could almost smell the woods around Loon Lake.

The Origin, a Novel of Charles Darwin (Doubleday, $14.95), by Irving Stone, is such a delightful book that I hated to finish it. The story of Darwin's life, his voyage on the *Beagle*, his painstaking investigations into plants, animals, and minerals, and his eventual formulation of the theory of natural selection and the origin of species could have made for the dullest reading yet were it not for the complete absorption, fascinating detail, and sparkling writing of Mr. Irving Stone. *The Origin* is a chronicle of nineteenth-century English family life and of the beginnings of modern science, showing us the enormity of effort required of scientific men before the invention of the camera, the high-powered microscope, the typewriter, and anesthetics. All becomes startlingly clear and is simply overwhelming. This book achieves something admirable in my opinion, for not only is it a brilliantly researched history of Darwin and his time, but also it is a kind of gothic novel, easily accessible and highly appealing to those who read only Barbara Cartland. I cried at the end. I did. And I haven't done that since *Wuthering Heights*.

Another hopeful sign that perhaps we are entering a new age of writing, of experimentation with voices, concepts, and color—and leaving behind, please God, the tedious, masturbatory tales of joggers puffing their way to the top, of show-biz moguls who delight in anal sex, the apotheosis of abuse—is the publishing of ***Dream Palaces*** (Viking Press, $14.95), a collection of three early novellas by James Purdy.

There is a myth that's lingered for some time that books of any pith are hard to read. This is a strange belief and one based on statistics, and not on truth. Take James Purdy, for example. In *Malcolm*, the story of a boy discovered on a bench as on a lily pad, the writing could not be any simpler or more concise. In *The Nephew*, a sad but funny tale of the postmenstrual obsessiveness of a midwestern woman, the dialogue is so precise and real you hear the tone of voice. In *63: Dream Palace*, a lonely piece, to put it mildly, about a drifter and his simpleminded brother, there are no lofty Latin words, and any ghetto child could get the point. Mr. Purdy's people are as solid as rocks. A quirky group: undertakers, midgets, bums, victims of writer's block, strong-willed women who dominate their men, funny in their literary way and familiar in their boredom with themselves.

There is no rotted stench of television here, and yet it's easy. There is a show to see, but it's the one behind your eyes, the mental movie that clicks on when you are in a book and not just holding it. But there are concepts here; concepts, thoughts, and feelings are provoked. Is that why Purdy has not received the critical attention he deserves? And can it be that with the publishing of all these good and brave new books, we just might see the dwindling of the nonexpansive pap they tout as best-sellers? If there is one born every minute, then there are enough people to make the publishing of fine, strong writers, whether they be known or unknown, a multi-million-dollar business.—*Emily Prager*

MORE FINE FICTION

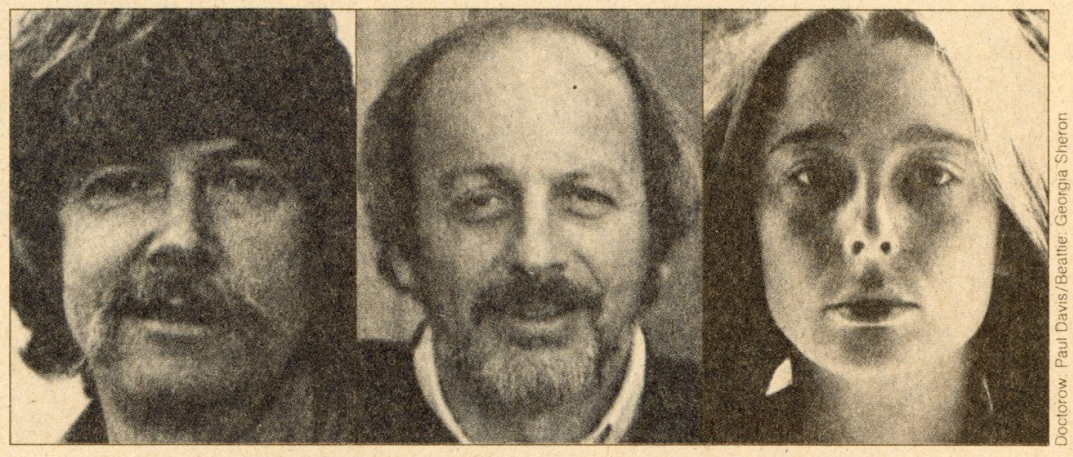
There is a new Lost Generation in America. Many educated, upper-middle-class children of the sixties and early seventies have become shell-shocked victims of affluence and boredom, clever enough to realize that their lives are empty, with no direction, but lacking the energy or motivation to do anything about it. They are the subjects of Ann Beattie's brilliant new novel, ***Falling in Place*** (Random House, $10.95).

It is the summer of 1979: *Skylab* is falling, everyone is seeing *Moonraker* and *The Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, and the disco rhythm of Blondie's "Heart of Glass" is unceasing. The book's two leading characters, John Knapp, an advertising copywriter who lives in Connecticut, and Cynthia Forrest, his teenage daughter's English teacher, meet only once, but they are surrounded by—and connected by—a great many secondary characters, all of whom are brought vividly to life.

This is what makes *Falling in Place* so special—Beattie's staggering ability to create and animate people and situations in a way that often seems almost careless, as in this description of two young teenagers: "Angela had tried to find out, earlier in the day, whether Mary had ever French-kissed somebody. She knew that if she asked, Mary would tell her that she was a pervert for asking, so she had done it subtly, talking about another girl they knew. Mary didn't say 'yuck,' so Angela decided to assume that she had done it. . . . Angela wanted her to do it at the party. Everybody did that at Lloyd Bergman's parties."

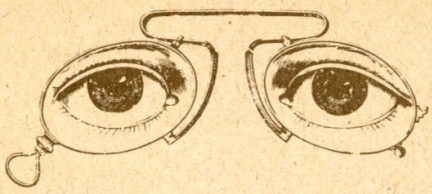
And while she treats every one of her many characters with compassion and even occasional sentimentality, Ann Beattie never hesitates to drive the knife of truth home, often in an almost backhanded way: "John could slam balls into a wall for a million years, and it would never get rid of his frustration that he had married the wrong person and had the wrong children. His friend at work, Nick, said that the real killer was when you married the wrong person but had the right children."

Although Beattie is courageous enough to defy expectations by leaving John and Cynthia happier at the end of the book than they were when it began, there is really no ending at all, and there are no answers, either (for those people who think that novelists should tell us how to live). *Falling in Place* is simply a totally honest, yet always entertaining, picture of how some of us are living—or not living—as we enter the 1980s.—*Peter Bloch*



Doctorow: Paul Davis/Beattie: Georgia Sheron

Tom Robbins, E. L. Doctorow, Ann Beattie: good novelists in this age of Kentucky Fried fiction.



SOUNDS

REGGAE ROCKERS

Down in Jamaica, an island with a population of a little over 2 million, people who often don't get enough to eat consume reggae records at a staggering rate. The Jamaican record industry is a bewildering maze of one-man companies and backroom distributors, so overall sales figures aren't easily come by. But in an average week as many as 20 or 30 new singles are released, all of them showcasing homegrown talent. That's more record releases per capita than in any other nation in the world.

You can get some idea of the way the reggae business operates from *The Harder They Come*, the classic film that starred vocalist **Jimmy Cliff** as a Johnny-Too-Bad character and spawned a sound track album that's still one of the best of the recent reggae collections (*The Harder They Come*, Mango). *Rockers*, a new film whose title is the latest Jamaican slang term for reggae music, fills in more of the picture. Again, reggae musicians play leading roles, and again, the Jamaican record business is portrayed as a hotbed of cutthroat competition that exploits the island's musical talent even as it's defining Jamaican popular culture. Again, there's a sound track album, *Rockers*, on Mango.

Reggae has changed tremendously since the release of *The Harder They Come* in the early seventies. Jimmy Cliff, who made his first recordings in 1962 when Jamaican pop music was known as ska or bluebeat, reached musical maturity during a period when reggae singers were still basically entertainers. The field was particularly attractive to young men from the poorer classes because of the hope, at least, of substantial financial rewards. Often, the singers were content to do what commercially minded producers told them to do; record producers usually controlled manufacturing and distribution as well, and singers were a dime a dozen. But throughout the sixties and seventies, Jamaican pop musicians asserted themselves more and more. Artists like **Bob Marley** and **Peter Tosh** became something more than entertainers; they became spokesmen for the island's downtrodden slum dwellers and its rural poor and for the Rastafarian creed that an increasing number of Jamaicans were embracing. In 1980 reggae is almost entirely an expression of Rastafarian music.

Black Uhuru: exploring heavily electronic reggae.

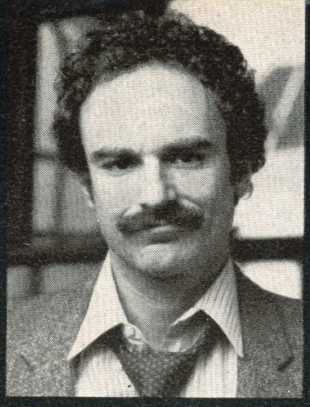
Rastas believe that Western civilization (which they call "Babylon") is corrupt and will soon fall and that the individual can know God through "meditation," which usually involves smoking enormous amounts of marijuana.

Even well-meaning outsiders, like the Greek filmmaker Theodoros Bafaloukos, who wrote and directed *Rockers*, tend to romanticize the Rastas, to see them as likable but essentially childlike innocents. The more negative aspects of Rastafarianism—its virulent male chauvinism, for example, and its substitution of marijuana fantasies for direct action—aren't dealt with in *Rockers*, but they are being dealt with by certain reggae musicians, notably **Linton ("Kwesi") Johnson**, whose album *Forces of Victory* (Mango) is an ingenious, atmospheric musical experience as well as an attempt to counter the familiar Rastafarian mysticism with some political plain-speaking.

Reggae musicians' fervent espousal of Rastafarian ideals has probably hindered the acceptance of their music in the United States, where the mass popularity of reggae is predicted every few years but never seems to materialize. Actually, reggae *is* popular on a mass scale in America and England, but mostly in the guise of watered-down reggae tunes recorded and performed by white rock artists like the Rolling Stones, Paul McCartney, Paul Simon, the Clash, and the Police. The music Jamaican performers call roots reggae, to emphasize its rootedness in Jamaican culture, or rockers, to emphasize its growing international appeal, isn't heard as widely, but it *is* spreading. Bob Marley and the Wailers, reggae's supergroup, have filled arenas like New York City's Madison Square Garden on their American tours and were recently invited to perform at the first Independence Day celebrations in Zimbabwe, formerly Rhodesia. Peter Tosh, a member of the original Wailers, records for Rolling Stones records and has toured with the Stones.

But reggae's great strengths are its diversity and the imagination of its many performers and record producers. The *Rockers* sound track album includes two masterpieces of late-seventies reggae, **Junior Murvin**'s "Police and Thieves" and Tosh's "Stepping Razor." A much better introduction to the music can be found on a series of six LPs called *Creation Rockers*, issued by the English Trojan label and widely available in the U.S. as imports. Each of the six *Creation Rockers* volumes begins with examples of mid-sixties Jamaican music in the ska or bluebeat style—the music that's now being revived by young English groups like the Specials and Madness—and traces the music right up to the end of 1979. By drawing on a variety of small English and Jamaican reggae labels for material, compiler David Hendley has been able to assemble an enduring monument to the variety and vitality of reggae, from the brassy ska sounds of **Baba Brooks** and the **Skatalites** to the sweet vocal-group harmonies of the **Wailing Souls** and the **Eternals**, from the hard-driving soul/reggae of the **Maytals** to the spacy, psychedelic "dub" style of **Augustus Pablo** and **King Tubby**.

Two albums by individual artists that command special attention are Augustus Pablo's *Original Rockers* (Greensleeves import) and **Black Uhuru**'s *Sinsemilla* (Mango). The Pablo album, reportedly the best-selling reggae import album in the U.S., collects ten of Pablo's influential, mostly instrumental singles from the early and middle seventies. Their lyricism, earthiness, and startling space-age production techniques represent reggae at its most original. Black Uhuru is a vocal trio that features **Michael Rose** but uses the wordless singing of **Puma Jones**, a black American, to create haunting, almost instrumental-sounding counter-melodies and solo lines. The music behind Black Uhuru is heavily electronic, suggesting another direction reggae will probably explore in the next few years.—*Robert Palmer*



No, Mr. Babcock. Yes, Mr. Burns. Never, Ms. Little. Never. Five days of this and I bust loose with Cuervo & grapefruit.

Bust loose with Cuervo Gold.
Dash it on the rocks and
add a splash of grapefruit.
Your mouth's been
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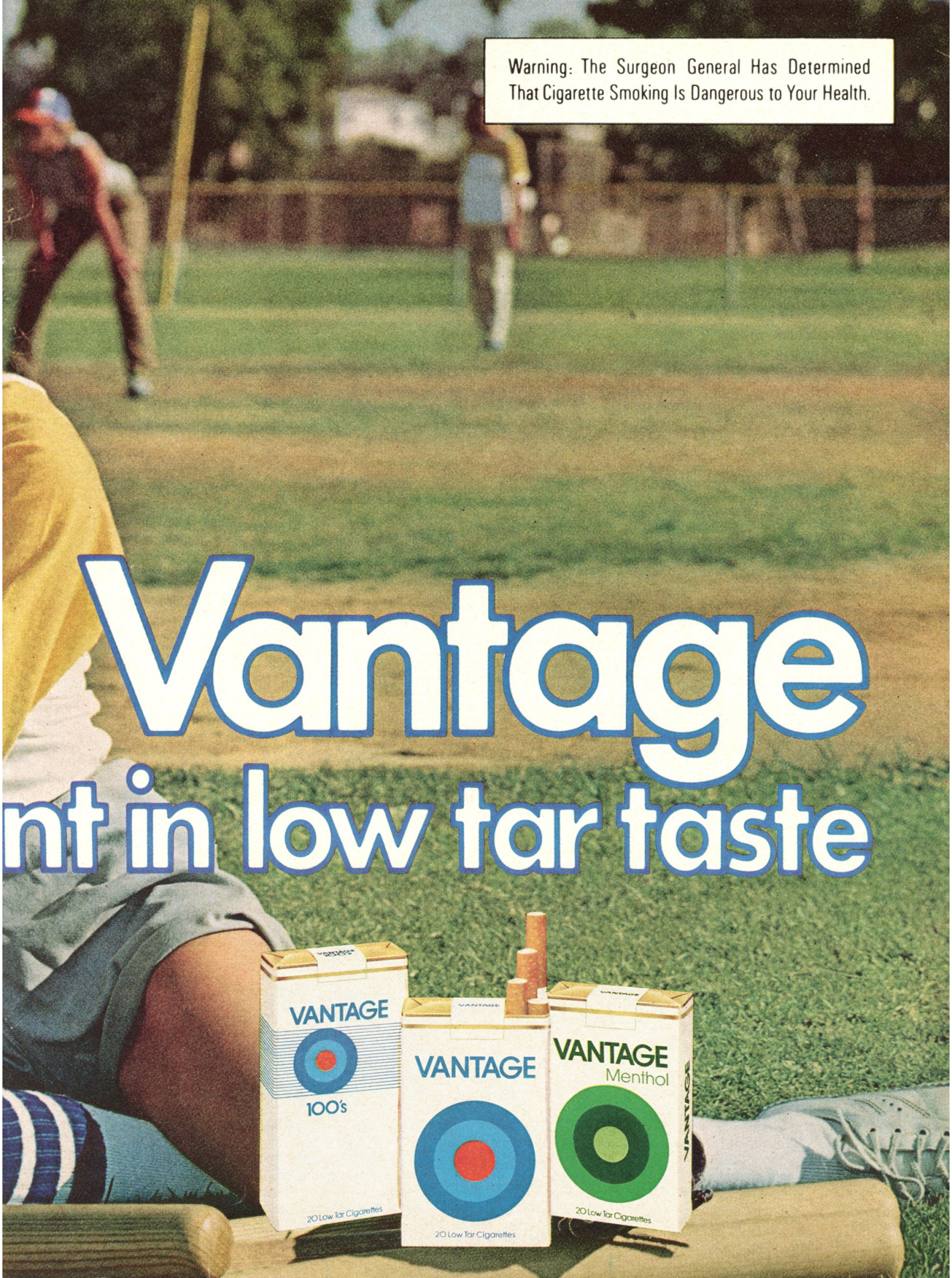
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Somewhere lurking beneath the irresponsibility of television news are two real candidates and the promise of a third. Their actual performance in office might change your mind.

CARTER, REAGAN, ANDERSON OR NONE OF THE ABOVE

BY CRAIG S. KARPEL

In a democracy, a majority can only turn against the government by first admitting to themselves that they were mistaken in formerly thinking well of their chosen leaders, which is difficult and unpleasant.

—Bertrand Russell in *Power* (London, 1938)

This is the year of the unelection. Those who will vote for Jimmy Carter will do so because they can't stand Ronald Reagan. Those who will vote for Ronald Reagan will do so because they can't stand Jimmy Carter. Those who will vote for John Anderson will do so because they can't stand either of them. The number

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of people actually voting *for* somebody will be infinitesimal. Nearly half of those eligible won't vote at all. The real winner in 1980 will be "none of the above."

There is a strong likelihood, however, that one of the men who is running will be elected. Like them or not, not to vote for any is a vote for all three. To decline to choose is a choice. It is our duty as citizens to go into the voting booth, draw the curtain, and pull the handle for the man who will bother us the least over the next four years.

The question is, Who might that be?

JIMMY CARTER

Jimmy Carter has taken a lot of flak for being inept. "There is a lack of confidence in your president," André Fontaine, about to retire as editor in chief of *Le Monde*, says. "He is generally considered a good person, but not very strong, not very intelligent. His handling of the Iran situation has not generated much praise in Western Europe. Even those who dare not criticize him in public hold these views." London's *Economist* groans that "one can now believe practically anything of America's present un-government." Former British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan privately terms the Carter regime "the weakest American presidency of my lifetime." Germany's *Der Spiegel* says Carter's "incompetence is unsurpassed in American history." The German delegation at the Venice summit refers to Carter as "the president of Georgia." Australia's *Brisbane Courier-Mail* calls him "an ineffective symbolic activist." La Jolla Diamond, Inc., a California gem dealer, runs ads noting that "since President Carter has taken office, diamonds have increased in value 185 percent, gold 110 percent, and silver 105 percent," and, tongue not entirely in cheek, urges investors to vote for Carter so that double-digit inflation will continue and profits in tangibles will mount.

It's true that Carter has been embarrassingly incompetent in most areas. Only Carter could send a dozen F-15s to visit Saudi Arabia in response to a Saudi request for a demonstration of U.S. military support in the wake of Khomeini's takeover and then announce the fact that the planes were unarmed. Carter said into an open mike in New Delhi that Cyrus Vance should send a "cold and very blunt" letter about nuclear matters to India's prime minister, and he let world leaders first learn about his call for an Olympic boycott in their morning newspapers. He refused to attend Tito's funeral. In short, his ability to annoy and bewilder other nations has been a wonder to behold.

On the domestic side Carter's spastic flip-flops have been no less disconcerting. He proposed a 1 billion-barrel strategic petroleum reserve to shield us from Arab oil blackmail, but when the Saudis complained, he decided that 92 million barrels—a mere two weeks' imports—would be plenty. "There is every sign," he told Congress on January 23, 1979, "that the state of our union is sound." Six months later, on July 15, 1979, he told us on television that we were afflicted by "a crisis that strikes at the very heart, soul, and spirit of our national will . . . threatening to destroy the social and political fabric of America . . . . These changes did not happen overnight." When Carter is not asking us to share his mood swings, we find him attacking his own seven-week-old 1981 budget as inflationary and requiring $16 billion in emergency surgery, or whipsawing us through a set of credit controls imposed just in time to give the economy a kick in the groin as it is going down.

But there is one area in which Carter's competence ought to be viewed as nothing short of astounding. In his ability to dodge scandals he is unsurpassed by any other modern president.

When asked on January 12, 1978, why Philadelphia U.S. Attorney David Marston had been fired while investigating two Pennsylvania Democratic congressmen for accepting bribes, Carter told a press conference, "This is one of hundreds of U.S. attorneys in the country, and I was not familiar with the case until it became highly publicized." In fact, one of the congressmen had telephoned Carter on November 7, 1977, and asked him to get rid of the prosecutor. Carter should have remembered the conversation two months later, since he considered the matter urgent enough to call Attorney General Griffin Bell on Bell's car phone and ask him to call back immediately. Bell stopped his limousine and went into Washington's Brooks Brothers clothing store to phone Carter, who demanded that Marston be sacked at once. Richard Nixon was evicted from the White House for obstructing justice, but Carter managed to shrug off the whole incident.

> Despite the extent to which it would tax the literary ingenuity of the Washington press corps, maybe what this country needs is a dull presidency.

Carter's ability to survive his association with Bert Lance is a lesson in political competence. First, it became known that as soon as Carter tapped Lance to supervise the federal budget, Lance persuaded the Teamsters to let his Atlanta bank, whose largest trust account prior to election day had been $2 million, manage $18 million of the union's pension funds. Then it was revealed that Lance's Calhoun First National Bank of Georgia was in the habit of making good on the Lance family's bad checks to the tune of as much as $450,000 at a time. Then it was discovered that Lance's National Bank of Georgia had made as much as $9 million in credit available to Carter's peanut warehouse during the 1976 presidential campaign and allowed the business to pile up overdrafts of nearly $500,000 during the president's first year in office. Finally, a federal jury hung 10-2 for convicting Lance on 9 counts of bank fraud growing out of a 71-count indictment that charged him with conspiracy to obtain hundreds of illegal loans totaling more than $20 million from 41 banks as far afield as Luxembourg and Hong Kong. But Carter has been able to downplay the Lance affair by such techniques as withholding the FBI report about the derailing of its investigation of Lance's overdraft violations from the Senate committee holding confirmation hearings on Lance's appointment and stalling his prosecution for three years, until his indiscretions exceeded the media's span of attention.

Carter was skillful in distancing himself from Dr. Peter G. Bourne, the old friend he appointed to head his drug program. Bourne had to resign after it was discovered that he had given a White House aide a prescription for Quaaludes, made out to a fictitious name, and reported that he had snorted cocaine at Washington parties. Carter was able to withstand the Bourne incident and the following allegations of drug use by other White House staffers.

Carter managed to take the heat even in a case that combined favoritism, nepotism, and graft. Rosalynn Carter set up appointments with federal officials for a longtime friend named William Milliken, after which Milliken's two Atlanta poverty programs received grants totaling $1.2 million. Coincidentally, Chip Carter soon went to work for Milliken, and Milliken became a White House consultant. Subsequently it was revealed that Milliken had accepted $10,000 in "contributions" to his nonprofit corporations from a Pennsylvania developer on whose behalf he had interceded with federal housing officials.

Investigators spent more than a year fruitlessly looking for the "smoking gun" in the Nixon obstruction-of-justice case. Carter's smoking gun is available for public inspection at the Justice Department, but Carter has deflected attention from it so masterfully that it might as well not exist. Shortly after Carter was elected, fugitive financier Robert L. Vesco contacted an Albany, Ga., businessman named Robert L. Herring, whose lawyer, W. Spencer Lee IV, was said to be a friend of Hamilton Jordan. Vesco set up a corporation called Southern Ventures, Ltd., capitalized at $12 million, for Herring and Lee's use in obtaining the cooperation of "Georgia friends" in getting the Justice Department off his case. Early in February 1977 Lee went to Washington and met with Jordan

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assistant Richard Harden, a close friend. On February 15 Harden saw Carter in the Oval Office and told him that Vesco had offered Lee "a lot of money" to put in the fix. In Harden's presence Carter handwrote a note to Attorney General Griffin Bell. The note, which later was found in Justice Department files, was signed "J. C." and read, "Please see Spencer Lee of Albany when he requests an appointment." Bell denies that he received the note or saw Lee. But within weeks Justice dropped its attempt to extradite Vesco from Costa Rica. When the incident became known, Carter's Justice Department refused to appoint a special prosecutor to investigate it, as is required by federal law, and instead convened a grand jury. Herring said that Jordan and Carter associate Charles Kirbo were involved. The foreman of the grand jury resigned, accusing the White House of a "cover-up." In May 1977 Carter named W. Spencer Lee IV to a committee for screening prospective federal judges.

Carter's inability to convince Brezhnev to pull out of Afghanistan becomes more comprehensible when one reflects that he hasn't been able to presuade his own brother to stop shilling for Muammar Qaddafi. Billy Carter has met with State Department officials on behalf of the Libyan dictator and urged administration members to sell him eight Lockheed C-130 troop transport aircraft despite the law prohibiting military sales to countries that support international terrorism. The Libyan government paid Billy $220,000 in cash. He claims this was a "loan" but executed no note or agreement. Billy failed to register as a Libyan agent, in violation of the Foreign Agents Registration Act, which carries a maximum penalty of five years in prison and a $10,000 fine. The Justice Department declined to prosecute him. "We regard this as a private matter between the Justice Department and Billy Carter, who happens to be the president's brother," said a Carter spokesman. But Billy Carter also happens to be the president's business partner. And soon after his brother became president, Billy borrowed $148,908 from Carter Farms, Inc. It would be interesting to know whether any of the Libyan money has ended up in the Carter family business. Watergate is far enough in the past for the Republicans to think it's safe to say the words "cover-up" and "obstruction of justice." Where were they when the Justice Department refused to investigate Billy Carter for admittedly having received up to 25,000 gallons a month of "emergency" gasoline that had been allocated to him while his brother was governor—though there was no record of any fuel problem in Plains? Jimmy Carter not only escaped blame but even named the head of the Georgia State Energy Office, who okayed the shipments to his brother, to a $50,000-a-year post at the federal Department of Energy.

Charges of personal dishonesty that stick are the greatest threat to a president's political survival. It was Nixon's lies that finally did him in, not his domestic or foreign policies. Perhaps what appears to be Carter's constant bungling has secretly been a clever scheme to divert attention from the corruption that surrounds him. If Jimmy Carter could find a way to apply his knack for dodging scandals to the actual conduct of the presidency, there is little question that he would be the greatest chief executive in American history.

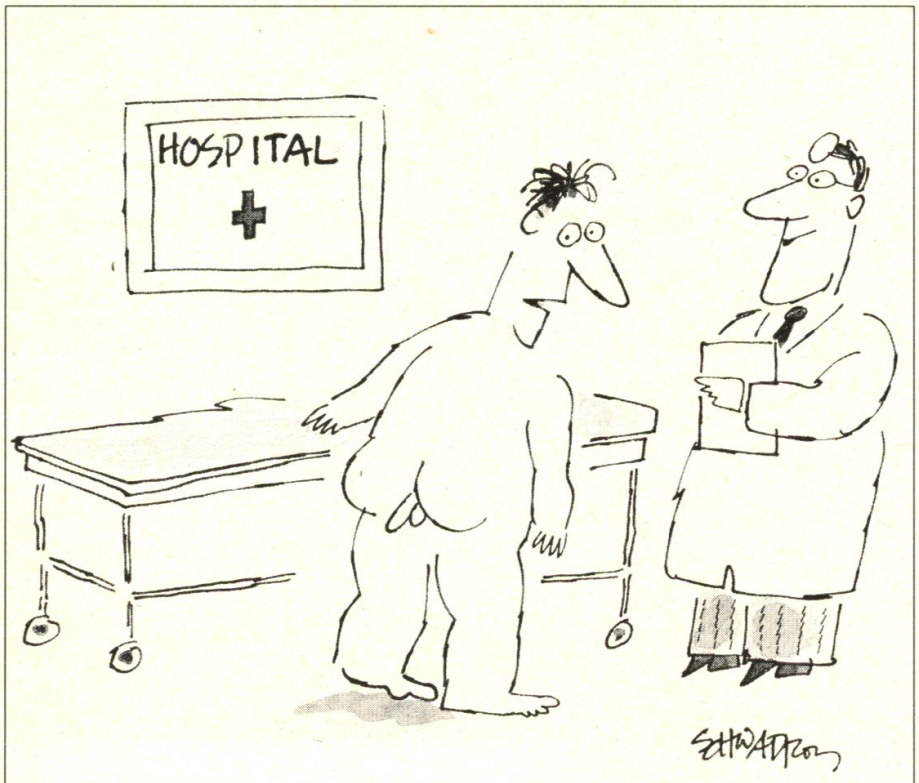
The April 1978 *Penthouse* published this observer's compilation of Jimmy Carter's first 100 lies. Since that time I have kept a running account of the president's untruths. A typical example:

- On December 31, 1979, Carter is interviewed on ABC television: "The action of the Soviets [invading Afghanistan last week] has made a more dramatic change, in my opinion, of what the Soviets' ultimate goals are than anything they've done in the previous time that I've been in office."
- On March 29, 1980, in an interview with the *Washington Post*, Carter was asked to explain the above statement: "It would be good to go back and read the quote to see if you have it accurate. I didn't insinuate or say that my assessment of the Soviet policy or ultimate goals had been changed at all."

I will not present my second tabulation of Carter's lies here because to do so would leave no space to talk about the other candidates. But a sense of his current level of truthfulness can be gleaned from his 1980 campaign literature.

I have before me a brochure entitled "Re-elect President Carter—It's a Matter of Values," published by the Carter/Mondale Presidential Committee, Inc., P.O. Box 500, Washington, D.C. 20044. Under the heading "Tax Relief," the following statement appears: "Taxes paid by individuals and businesses have been reduced by $28 billion." The actual figure, as obtained from the federal Office of Management and Budget, is somewhat different. Between 1977 and 1980 individual federal income taxes rose from $156.7 billion to $238.7 billion. Estate and gift taxes dropped from $7.3 billion to $5.8 billion. Social Security taxes, which are shared by individuals and businesses, rose from $108.7 billion to $162.2 billion. Corporate income taxes went from $54.9 billion to $72.3 billion. Excise taxes paid by businesses rose from $17.5 billion to $26.3 billion. Total individual and business taxes in 1977 were $345.1 billion. In 1980 they were $505.3 billion. Taxes thus have not been reduced by $28 billion—they've increased by $160.2 billion. That a president under whom individual income taxes rose by 52.3 percent should run on claims of having lowered them could well be deemed election fraud. But as the brochure says, it's a matter of values.

Have a look at a glossy ten-page photo essay extolling the Carter presidency, entitled, "A New Foundation for America." "A major scandal at the GSA, which had festered for years," the text reads, "is being cleaned up." In reality, Carter forced the resignation of Joel Solomon, the Chat-



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tanooga businessman he had appointed to head the General Services Administration, because Solomon was proceeding too vigorously with an investigation of employee thievery totaling more than $66 million a year at the federal housekeeping agency. "Actually, I sort of assumed this was coming," Solomon told a *Washington Post* reporter, saying that he had felt a "lack of support" from the White House for his investigation. ". . . Maybe I've been going too fast, too hard. Maybe I've been getting too close to the truth. . . . "

A few sentences later the brochure says of Carter, "He has seen to it that government regulations are fewer. . . . " When Carter took office there were 73,149 pages in the *Code of Federal Regulations*. This year there will be nearly 98,000. In 1976, 57,072 pages of the *Federal Register*, in which new regulations are announced, were published. Last year the figure was 77,497. In 1973, 1974, and 1975, the first three years of the Nixon-Ford second term, the page total was 138,235. In 1977, 1978, and 1979, the comparable period under Carter, there were 204,361 pages—an increase of 47.8 percent. "There's still a long way to go," reads the campaign booklet, "but it was Jimmy Carter who pulled the plug on the regulatory printing press." Presumably the regulatory printing press is now running on wind power.

Jimmy Carter used to say that America deserves a president as good as its people. The president now seems to believe that he deserves a people as good as he. If Jimmy Carter is reelected, perhaps the truth will be that Jimmy Carter and America deserve each other.

RONALD REAGAN

The media hate Ronald Reagan. The *New York Times*, in a front-page story, reassures us that the candidate "appeared mentally sharp as he spoke aboard his chartered plane," but manages to profile the new Japanese premier, Zenko Suzuki, without noting that he is 69—the same age as Reagan. The conventional explanation for the media's hostility toward Reagan—the one advanced by his campaign staff—is that most reporters and editors are liberals. But there is a deeper reason for the media's antipathy:

Ronald Reagan is lousy copy.

What Reagan's supporters regard as his unwavering attachment to principle the working press sees as his boring repetitiveness. Hems rise, hems drop, but Dutch Reagan remains the same. Every national political reporter has to ask himself: "If this guy gets in, how am I going to be able to get it up to write 1,460 stories about him over the next four years?" Jimmy Carter's wife writes unauthorized mash notes to Farah Diba, promising the Iranian empress that the U.S. will go to the mat for the shah at the very moment that a dithering American administration can't even decide what its policy is. Ruth Carter Stapleton's junketing around the Persian Gulf on the tab of an Arab-American corporation as "my brother's ambassador to the world" may be causing Prince Fahd to praise Allah for having granted him the wisdom to reject the Carter Doctrine. But, goodness gracious, does Ronald Reagan even *have* a sister? From a page-one editor's point of view, better a president about whom a steady flow of horrible surprises can be revealed than one about whom the presumed worst is already known.

But despite the extent to which it would tax the literary ingenuity of the Washington press corps, maybe what this country needs is a dull presidency. Unquestionably, Jimmy Carter has been good for circulation. You've got to buy the paper every day to find out whether the Russian combat brigade in Cuba is still the gravest threat to Western civilization since the three-martini lunch, or whether the president has moved on to the next crisis. But the last four years have been too interesting for our own good. It would be a relief to have a president who would do as Ronald Reagan used to back in the fifties, when he hosted television's "General Electric Theatre"—say hello, remind us that progress is our most important product, and then leave us the hell alone.

> It is, of course, absurd to elect an actor president—but no more so, it may be argued, than to elect an amateur with stage fright who makes up the play as he goes along.

That's pretty much what Reagan did as governor of the Hot Tub State from 1967 through 1974. The Gipper's game was to feint to the Right, duck to the Left, and then waltz right down the center.

Reagan's most notorious gubernatorial plank was his campaign against "fiscal fat" in the state university system. "The state of California has no business subsidizing intellectual curiosity," he insisted. But Reagan's legendary budget cuts were just that—legendary. Actually, total state spending on higher education rose under Reagan by 269 percent, while the total state budget itself went up 121 percent.

Reagan's gubernatorial campaign jibes at "head-shrinkers" for running "the biggest hotel chain in the state" stick in the memory. What he really did as governor was to promote community-based outpatient care of the mentally ill, which has since become a nationwide trend. The mentally ill population of the state hospitals dropped from 26,500 in 1967 to 6,400 in 1974. State funding for local mental-health centers was increased from $18.6 million to $162.3 million. The developmentally disabled hospital population was reduced from 13,290 to 10,141, while per-patient funding was increased from $11.08 a day to $32.26. The *California Journal* said that the quality of care provided by the community centers was "probably significantly better" than the treatment in state hospitals.

Reagan ran against the redwoods. "A tree's a tree," he opined. "How many do you need to look at?" But as governor he added 145,000 acres to the state's park system, including, to the dismay of developers, 41 miles of choice oceanfront; signed a smog control law stiffer than federal requirements; created a Solid Waste Management Board to regulate disposal of industrial and nuclear waste; limited highway construction in coastal areas; blocked a bridge across Lake Tahoe's Emerald Bay; prohibited oil drilling off the scenic Monterey and Santa Cruz coasts; and angered industry by supporting stringent water pollution controls. Conservatives criticized him for signing bills that provided for 14 million acres of greenbelts in urban areas, environmental-impact statements for state construction projects, approval of a regional agency to control development of San Francisco Bay's shorelands, and state approval over power plant siting. After a horseback visit to the High Sierras, he canceled a highway that would have gone through the Minaretes wilderness area. Reagan personally stopped construction of the Dos Rios Dam after conservationists complained that it would destroy the Middle Fork of the Eel, one of the state's last remaining wild rivers, and Indians protested that it would flood their lands and burial grounds in Round Valley. "We've broken too damn many treaties," Reagan said. "We're not going to flood them out."

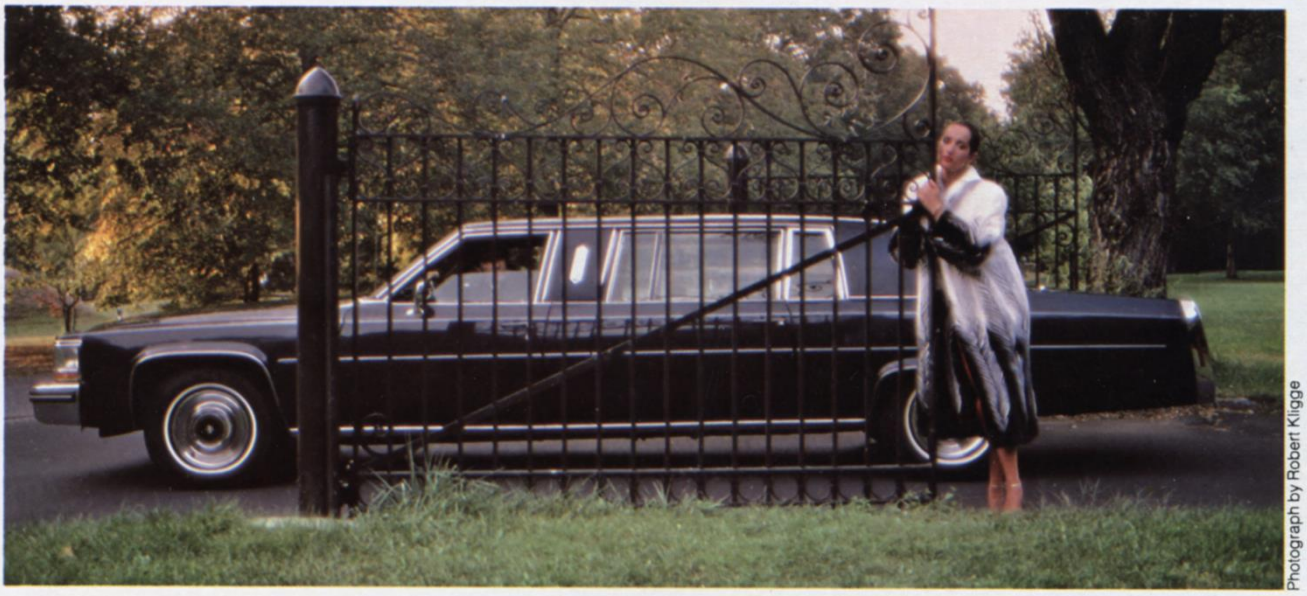
When he was running for governor, Reagan said, "We have received this progressive [income] tax direct from Karl Marx, who designed it as a prime essential of a socialist state." While he was in office, total state taxes—income, sales, bank, corporate, cigarette, and liquor—rose by 14.8 percent on a per capita basis, while the income tax rate in the top bracket went from 7 percent to 11 percent, an increase of 57.1 percent. Reagan gave this bit of Marxism the nod in a compromise that was typical of his way of governing the state. He let Jesse Unruh, who as democratic speaker of the legislature was unable to get such a bill through, have it in return for Unruh's support for temporarily postponing income tax withholding.

Reagan put to a referendum an amendment to the state constitution to limit the portion of total state personal income that could go to taxes. Public employee unions spent heavily to fight it, and it lost by 54 to 46 percent. Reagan called its defeat

CONTINUED ON PAGE 210

PET OF THE YEAR

"My life has been so rich and exciting that being named Pet of the Year is like the icing on a very special cake."



Photograph by Robert Kligge

Pet of the Year

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

Achieving elegance—in body, mind, and spirit—is my greatest priority," our regal 1980 Pet of the Year tells us, and her every thought, attitude, and move echoes the sentiment. Isabella "Concetta" Ardigo's breathtaking beauty and élan have long since catapulted her into the ranks of Italian *Vogue*'s most favored models; now, with her triumphant selection as winner of the world's richest and most prestigious beauty contest, she achieves yet another dimension of public admiration and acclaim.

Isabella is shown here with the Pet of the Year's traditional photographer, Penthouse *editor and publisher Bob Guccione. On the preceding page, some spectacular gifts: one of a fleet of limousines furnished by Kaleco Limousine Service and custom-built by Roy Egidi Motor Cars, with uniformed chauffeur. Her "February" coat of black and white ranch mink is a gift from David Leinhoff, Inc.*

As is consistent with Isabella's nature, she is taking this latest triumph in her stride. "My life," says the Roman-born-and-bred high-fashion model, "has always been so rich and exciting, so full of discoveries and adventure and love, that being named *Penthouse*'s Pet of the Year is like the icing on a very special cake. All I hope," she adds, "is that, like a good cake, I rise to the occasion—and the honor!" Isabella's statuesque 36-24-35" form has also graced several motion pictures, including the Diana Ross film *Mahogany* and the upcoming sequel to *La Cage aux Folles*.

This might be enough to satisfy most stunning young women, but the many-sided and multi-gifted Isabella is a true intellectual, a voracious reader, and a habitual student of life. In college she mastered five languages–English, French, German, Spanish, and Italian; later, our 28-year-old Renaissance woman launched a career as a professional designer.

"I do everything from sportswear to fashion accessories to small art objects," she tells us. "I don't simply want to *be* a pretty object. I also like to *create* them."

For relaxation, Isabella exercises her considerable equestrian talents doing what she calls "cross-country cantering—any country will do." An appropriate remark, since traveling is a consuming passion for her.

"As I travel the world for *Penthouse*, I hope to epitomize the modern woman," says she." If American feminists could see the plight of women in Moslem and African countries, they would see how lucky they are!" Feminists would go even further, she feels, if they modified their approach. "Women have natural power because of their beauty and sweetness–they should *use* it rather than suppress it! Women must survive and succeed on their own terms."

Isabella is quick to admit that she follows her own advice, adding happily, "I know my strengths!" Her major weakness, of course, is the usual one: "Men! Sometimes I fall for a man I know might break my heart, but I plunge right in, because it somehow makes me feel more...*alive*." Gazing at the exceptional beauty and rare sensuality resplendent on these pages does, we confess, much the same for us...

THE WORLD ACCORDING TO KOKO

On a ridge high above the town of Woodside, Calif., inside an old, white, reconverted mobile home, a strange scene is being reenacted for about the millionth time: a black-haired gorilla—naked except for a bright orange rug it has thrown over its head—is racing back and forth, up and down the length of the trailer. A second later the great ape is barreling its 175-pound body into the walls of the structure, then bouncing its head against the plywood roof.

Hanging from the ceiling are toy alligators, seven of them in all. But the gorilla does not seem to mind their glaring eyes, their gaping mouths, their lashing tails. The gorilla seems to realize that these are not real alligators, but it tries just the same to avoid striking them directly. And all the while, in what seems to be a cross between *Bedtime for Bonzo* and *Planet of the Apes*, the gorilla is wildly gesturing with its hands as the building reverberates from a series of shuddering thuds set off by the bouncing.

Also inside the trailer, a woman with blonde hair sits laughing. "Koko, you're a nut." Again, the gorilla begins frantically making signs with its hands. "She says she doesn't want to work anymore," shrugs the woman. "She says she's on vacation."

The gorilla's name is Hanabi-Ko, which is Japanese for Firecracker-Child (she was born on the Fourth of July), but most people just call her Koko. Those who know her best, like the blonde-haired woman, 33-year-old Francine ("Penny") Patterson, call her Coke, which also happens to be one of the gorilla's favorite drinks (just behind sparkling apple juice and Perrier). And at nine years of age, Koko not only is believed by some researchers to be the world's smartest living animal—in terms of her ability to think and understand—but also is the first gorilla to have learned how to "talk."

Though Koko thoroughly understands English—a fact that in itself boggles the minds of some observers—she, like all gorillas, lacks a voice box to express herself verbally. Instead, she communicates by American Sign Language, an idiom that is being painstakingly taught to her by Patterson, who became interested in nonhuman primatology in 1971, while a graduate student at Stanford University.

But the fact that Koko can understand English or "talk" through sign language is not the most remarkable thing about this very remarkable animal. Other primates—a chimpanzee named Washoe that learned 132 signs in the late 1960s, another called Sarah that mastered 130 words, a third named Nim Chimpsky that's being raised by a Columbia University psychologist, two chimps at the Yerkes Regional Primate Research Center in Atlanta, and Washoe's "adopted" child, Loulis—have managed to communicate with humans. But none has come close to Koko's skyrocketing vocabulary—at last count, nearly 800 words, more than half of which she uses on a regular basis.

Not surprisingly, Koko has become something of a media star. In October 1978, she became the first gorilla to solo on the cover of *National Geographic*. Her rather pensive-looking face has appeared in everything from the science pages of *Time* to the gossip section of the *National Enquirer*. In Northern California she's become a darling of the local

Koko using her special PDP 10 computer with voice synthesizer. Each of the 40 buttons represents a different word, which the computer speaks as Koko presses the button.

Photograph by Dr. Ronald H. Cohn, The Gorilla Foundation

Conversations about life, love, and death with the world's most advanced talking ape.

BY GARY HANAUER

press. But few outside reporters have actually had a chance to interview Koko. Most of the stories that have appeared thus far treat her either as a scientific object or as a kind of sideshow addition to *Ripley's Believe It or Not.*

We wondered first if Koko really *feels*, and, if she does, then how she feels about—well, about everything. How does she feel, for example, about herself? Or about love? Who is she most attracted to? Who does she yearn to be near? How does a gorilla feel about death or work or coexistence with humans? And what does she think about creatures who have to live in cages all their lives?

When it comes to determining whether Koko has feelings, the first thing you've got to do is look at how she uses her burgeoning vocabulary. After three years of work, Koko had conquered 184 signs. By four and one-half years of age, she was using 222 signs at least 15 times each per month. Two years later the ape was up to 645 signs. Since that time Patterson's goal has been to teach Koko about 15 new words a month. "She makes up a lot of the words herself," says Patterson. "The other day she decided to invent a sign for "blowing it." Sometimes, when she's naughty, we tell her in English that she's blowing it. Now she can tell us the same thing back."

Some of Koko's inventions are particularly intriguing. By touching her lip with her index finger, she calls herself, as well as any other female, "Lip." Any mischievous person or animal, including Michael, Koko's seven-and-one-half-year-old gorilla playmate and an ardent roughhouser, is referred to as "Devil." Her current name for Barbara Hiller, one of the half-dozen volunteers who work with Patterson, is "Fake Tooth," presumably because of Hiller's gold tooth.

"Koko has a great sense of humor," notes Patterson, "but she can also be quite stubborn." Others who have seen the talkative ape in action report much the same thing. "She just cracks me up," says Hiller, who has been involved in the project off and on for six years.

Hiller knows Koko's antics all too well. She relates that a few weeks before we were to begin our own conversations with Koko, the gorilla watched her carefully as she walked over to a nearby refrigerator, then suddenly grabbed Hiller's cigarettes and the car keys from her lab coat. Hiller, who was knocked over in the process, says the gorilla then "cheerfully" ambled over to a corner and began playing with the cigarettes.

Asked later to explain the incident to a very angry Patterson ("I couldn't believe she'd pull a stunt like that on such a long-time friend"), Koko at first blamed it on "the floor," "Barbara," and anything else she thought might be convincing. Finally, after several days of punishment—including a ban on visitors and treats—the gorilla admitted: "Koko curious coat cigarettes." According to Patterson, who believes the action took at least some planning, "A day earlier Barbara and I had been discussing how interesting the coat was. She must have overheard us."

Another time, Koko signed to a volunteer that she wanted to play tug-of-war with her blanket—one of the gorilla's favorite games. She waited until the young woman was tugging with all her strength, then let go and watched in glee as the technician toppled backwards onto both her butt and a piece of cake that was lying on the floor. "Koko thought it was hysterical," remembers Hiller, "and began grunting, the equivalent of what would be laughter."

Then there are the word games.

Koko is an accomplished poet and punner, not to mention her inventing of metaphors and jokes. Almost completely out of the blue, she has been known to illustrate in sign language her understanding of English words that rhyme. Among them: "squash wash," "pink drink" (when the drink she was pointing to was a different color), "sip lip," "bear hair," and "sweet neat."

Sometimes, her puns are more obvious. When we asked Koko, using Patterson as a translator, whether she thought Michael was good-looking, the gorilla replied: "Know, know." Says Patterson, who would eventually like the pair to mate: "That response is probably a pun on 'no-no.'"

"It's like she's making fun of people," Hiller says. "She can be a real tease. If she's not in the right mood and you ask her to identify a picture of a cat, which she knows perfectly well and has done many times before, she might reply, 'Hat.' Or you can ask her to bring you something, and she'll very carefully, one by one, bring you everything else in the room."

Koko, however, is not content to poke fun at just English. She plays similar word games with sign language. When Patterson asked her for a second word that rhymes with "sweet," Koko responded with the sign for "red." In sign language, the gestures for "sweet" and "red" are the same except for one difference: "red" requires an extra finger to be moved along the lips. Told to come up with a rhyme for "neat," Koko has answered "oil," which calls for a sign very much like that of "neat."

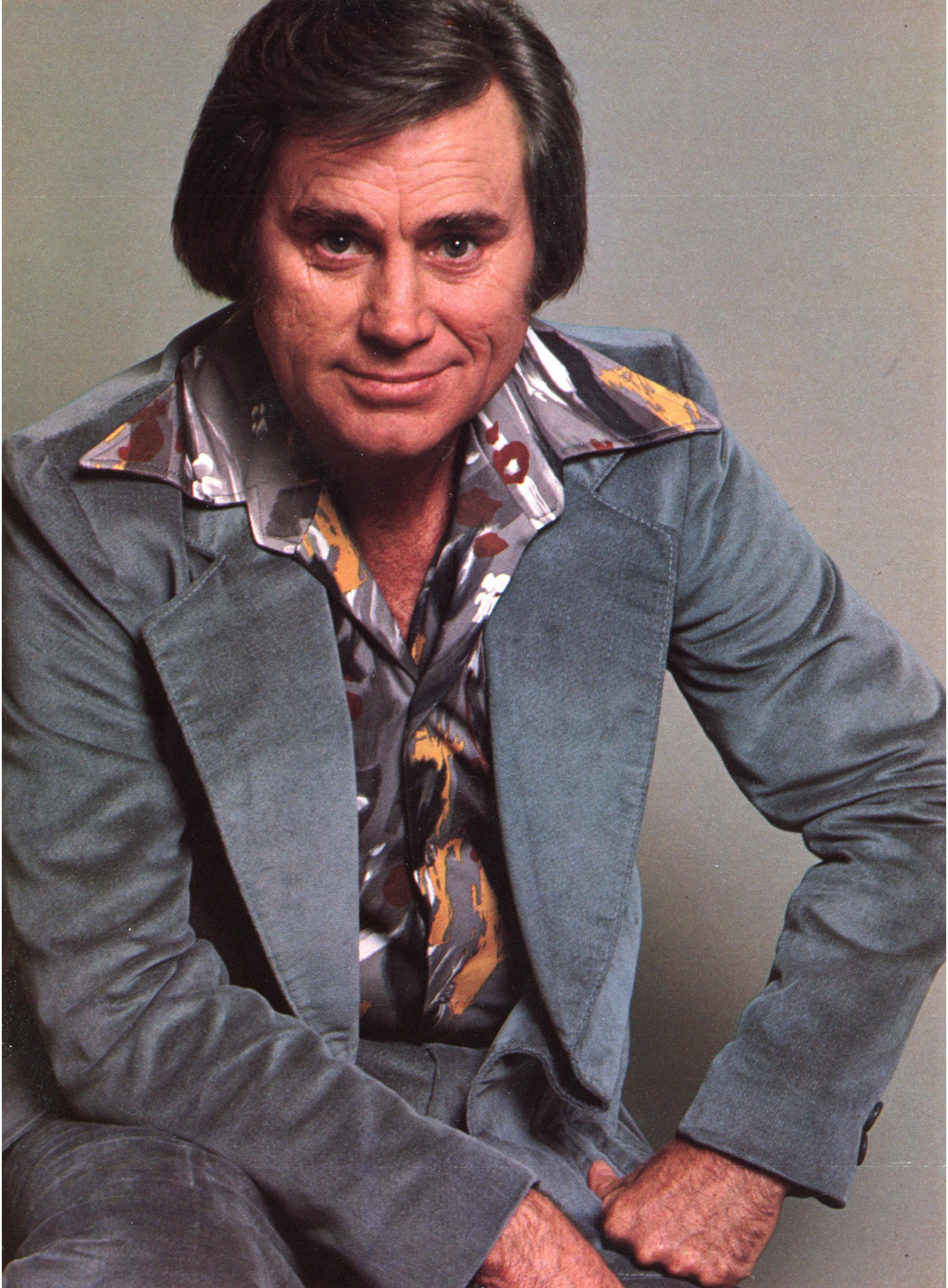
Her list of metaphors includes "finger bracelet" for ring and "eye hat" for mask. Some of Koko's replies even seem to be jokes. Once, when asked to perform the sign for "drink," she did the right gesture—but in her ear. Another time the gorilla—who is often regarded as a "bratty teenager" by her mentor—told a puzzled volunteer that she wanted to be fed in her nose. Pressed for more information, Koko explained that her nose was her "fake mouth." Humor is only one of a whole array of humanlike qualities Koko exhibits. She hurls insults and epithets at people she doesn't like. At times she is also jealous, affectionate, lonely, bored, fearful,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 200

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, we've had a special request to hear Vaughn Monroe singing 'Ghost Riders in the Sky.'"

When it comes to great taste, everyone draws the same conclusion.

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.



Bad deals, bad habits, and bad breaks
reduced one of country music's greats to bankruptcy
and despair, but an inner strength
put him back on the road and into the studio
to record another hit.

The Fall and Rise of GEORGE JONES

BY DOLLY CARLISLE

George Jones walked onto the stage, holding his guitar to his ear and making sure it was in tune. The crowd's applause continued while he smiled at the members of the band. He didn't look like someone who was rumored to be sick on whiskey and hooked on cocaine. But then why was the patriarch of country music appearing at a place like the Chip and Bar in Rendon, Tex.?

The Chip and Bar is an isolated honky-tonk tavern in the backwoods of North Texas. It is in the middle of nowhere, constructed beside a narrow, dreary stretch of blacktop that leads to obscurity. But on this Thursday night the joint was jumping. Dozens of pickup trucks, jeeps, and old Chevy cars sat in the gravel parking lot flanking the prefabricated building. The tavern, reflective of the territory, was austere, its only ornamentation a red-and-white Coors beer sign glowing dimly through the dusty paned window.

Ablaze against the moonless black sky was a rectangular-shaped portable marquee. It featured two specials blocked out in stick-on letters. "Super Star George Jones" and "Wednesday: Beer 25¢ a mug" got equal billing.

It was an unlikely place for a country music giant to play. From an entertainer's perspective, the Chip and Bar is the pits—a place fledgling singers must suffer through on their way up. George Jones's talent belongs at Carnegie Hall or, at the very least, The Roxie in Los Angeles or Bottom Line in New York.

But George's career was on the skids. His booking agent, Shorty Lavender, said George was lucky to be playing anywhere. "It's not been easy. How'd you like to be a salesman for Firestone after the government said they had to take all the tires back because they were bad? All the publicity has almost eaten his lunch."

The decline of George began in 1977. It started with bad-check reports and a few financial problems that resulted in bankruptcy. It continued with Jones's being arrested for an assault-and-battery charge with intent to murder. The last episode was George's month-long hospital stay for cocaine and alcohol abuse.

In three short years he had spawned a notorious reputation as a no-show temperamental star afflicted with bouts of depression and long-running sessions with the whiskey bottle. Jones, the once-prolific singer-songwriter who had made more than 100 albums and 400 songs in his 20-year career, had barely managed to record one album in a year.

Street rumors reported him sick, destitute, battle worn, occasionally sleeping in the backseat of his car because he had nowhere else to go. Publicly, his trials and tribulations were blamed on his drinking. Privately, behind the protective curtains of the Nashville music business, cocaine was cited as the culprit. "George weighs 96 pounds," sadly noted one music row executive in September 1979. "He's not eating. He only takes the cocaine. Some of us think this is George's last go-round."

His plight had been somewhat unveiled when George's personal friend and manager, Alcy Benjamin ("Shug") Baggott, Jr., was indicted by a federal grand jury on several drug-related charges. Police authorities predicted that two well-known, but unnamed, country music stars would be involved. George Jones was speculated to be one of them.

Stories had circulated throughout the club and entertainment circuit, and Rendon's Chip and Bar was one of the few night spots that would showcase George. But even in Rendon, George was considered untrustworthy. Although his rented bus was parked behind the tavern, several of the Chip and Bar patrons were grousing as they plunked down their nine dollars per ticket. "My sister drove all the way to Louisiana to see George,"

Photograph by Clark Thomas courtesy CBS/Letterforms by Gerard Huerta

drawled one cowpoke. "But he never showed up. I'll get my damn money back if he don't show tonight."

His grumbles were typical of those iterated by the restless group that entered the Chip and Bar. These macho cowboys were descendants of wranglers and were not about to be shortchanged. Their pappies had pulled six-shooters for lesser reasons. Tight, faded jeans with bold-colored, checkered shirts, Western boots, and leather belts were their uniforms. Several kept their cowboy hats on inside the dark tavern.

The raucous, drunken crowd was the worst type of audience. They had come to the Chip and Bar to drink, dance, and get laid. George would be an added titillation—if he showed up.

Most of the interior space of the tavern was taken up by the dance floor; gruff-looking house musicians stood on a small, wooden platform, looking out across the large room. Tables were pushed together and lined up along the outer edges of the floor to provide maximum room for dancing. About a hundred couples shuffled to the steps of a popular Texas dance called the Cotton-Eyed Joe. Occasionally either the bandleader or the dancers would unexpectedly yell "bull-shitting" in the dance's tradition. Other couples just sat drinking, flirting, waiting for the evening to take a new turn.

About 10:00 P.M. the Jones Boys Band came onstage. Following the tradition of country music artists Hank Williams and Jim Reeves, George was always preceded by his band. "The Boys" had been great in the old days—both excellent musicians and real entertainers. But the financial bad times had necessitated a make-do group that could barely keep a beat. The crowd sensed that the Boys were an omen for the evening's entertainment.

George Jones came on stage in a rush, drawing the crowd to the stage like insects to a bright light. Despite the notorious rumors, he appeared polished, dressed in his traditional dark-blue polyester suit with contrasting white nylon shirt. Always a perfectionist about his appearance, George rarely appeared on stage without coiffed hair and a suit. His attire was in marked contrast to that of the audience. The clothes and the stories associated with George smacked of a life they envied—careless, free, carousing.

But the glaring lights betrayed the illusion. Under the heavy pancake makeup, his skin tone was gray, and deep furrows were etched in his wrinkled and parched face. He had gained some weight since his reported low of 96 pounds, but he looked drained, weak, malnourished. His voice was the most poignant indication of his condition. Once so full of life, it now sounded strained and hoarse.

George's friends, what few remained, had advised him to cancel his appearances indefinitely. Waylon Jennings reportedly pleaded with George to refrain from the cruel pace of touring and convalesce. George had obliged for a while, but the need for money forced his periodic and often untimely return to the stage. His old friend Micky Gilley had booked him at Gilley's in Houston. Folks said George had appeared disheveled and crazed, peppering his mumbled songs with obscenities.

His fellow entertainers knew that such appearances would slowly erode his popularity. Because of repeated rebuffs to offers of assistance, George was left with a mere handful of real friends. Although he had been the victim of an unusual amount of bad luck, he seemed to be his own worst enemy.

Overly proud, George thought it was humiliating to accept help from others. The act made him feel unworthy, shabby, and insignificant. It reminded him of his childhood, when he was teased about his small size. Singing and making money and showing others a good time had been a way he could win approval from others. Being stripped of that ability and forced to accept charity from others had destroyed his self-esteem. But his back was against the wall. His royalties had been sequestered by the court after his bankruptcy, so that his only source of income was from appearances. He had been performing out of financial desperation.

But even under exteme financial pressure he had disappeared a few days before a show in Philadelphia. Shorty had no recourse but to cancel several dates. "I had to pay the band eight hundred dollars of my own money before they would go. Then I had to pay the bus driver for the gas and his time. I'm out over a thousand dollars, and what did George say? 'Oh, I'll pay you back.' "

The Chip and Bar in Rendon had been the first opportunity to earn back the losses. But George also needed money for food, rent, and gas and his reputed cocaine habit. His opening song, "Ragged but Right," was one of the first he ever wrote and recorded. But when he began his second song, "Bartender Blues," the words seemed to express his thoughts.

As George sang, his eyes scanned the room, as though searching for someone who seemed to understand his plight. But the crowd stood transfixed by his star aura and responded only in squeals and drunken verbal assaults. Finally, he lifted his guitar lovingly to his ears and closed his eyes. Keeping his eyes downcast, he began the first words of "Once You've Had the Best." The last chord of the song was still echoing through the bar when George turned and stomped off the stage, yelling about the "mother-fucking place." The Chip and Bar was more than even George (who had spent much of his life in such places) could bear. The crowd was noisy and irreverent, the band inept, the sound system ill equipped, and the room cloudy with smoke.

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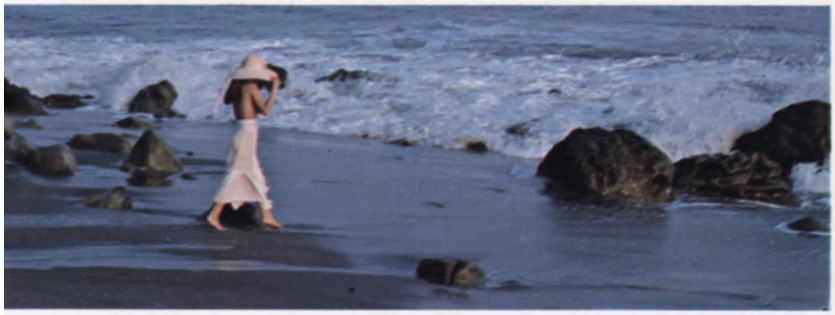
"It's my husband. You'd better call an audible."



BETSY

"In bed I pretty much like the man to take the lead, though sometimes I forget my manners and ask for more..."

I guess I was still wet behind the ears when I moved to California from England last year," smiles Betsy Dobson, our London-born Pet of the Month, "but now that I've turned eighteen and been fluff-dried by the California sun, I'm old enough and wise enough to experience anything!" Betsy's attitude is as rosy as California burgundy, though she has a serious side to her as well.

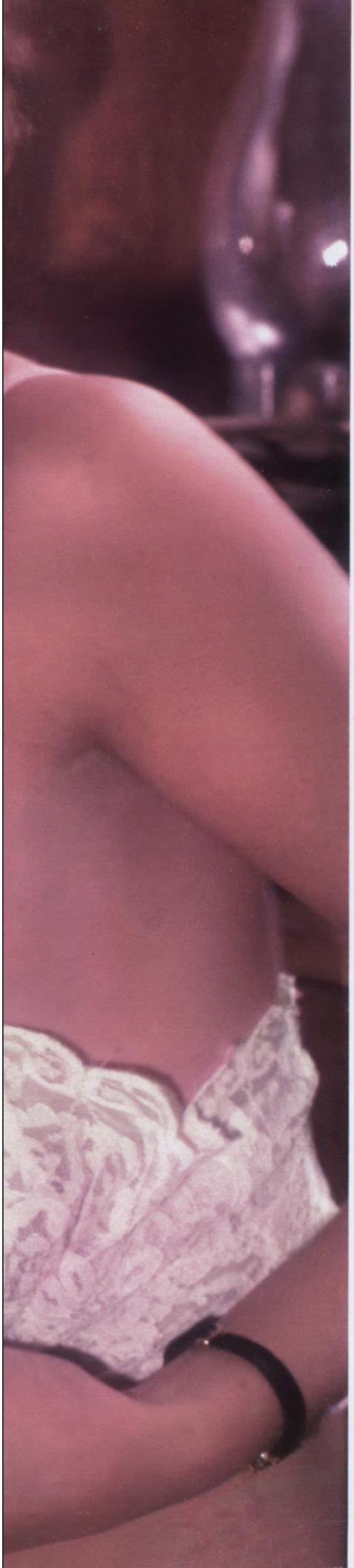
PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN COPELAND

When she's at work, Betsy doesn't play around. "Right now I'm working for a stockbroker as his administrative secretary, and mistakes are too expensive to make in a business like this! My boss's spirits seem to slide up and down with the market, but at least he can count on me." Unlike a lot of girls with pretty faces and sexy bodies (36-22-35!), Betsy is *very* levelheaded. "When men ogle me and say, 'Yeah, but can you type?' I truthfully tell them I *can*–60 words a minute with no errors. Sometimes," she volunteers, blushing slightly, "I can type even faster if I have to: like when my date is waiting for me to get off from work."

As for being chosen Pet of the Month, Betsy can liken it only to Eliza Doolittle's discovery in *My Fair Lady*. "I can't even call it a dream come true, because I never even imagined such a marvelous thing happening to me. I've heard of pilgrim's progress," she beams, "but for me this is a lot heavier."

Betsy's migration to the States wasn't a solitary one. "I came here with four close girl friends, and now we all share a big two-bedroom apartment in San Diego. It really gets chaotic sometimes," she says, laughing, "but when it does, I turn into a sergeant major, make lists, and divide up responsibilities until things are in order again. It's almost like living in a dormitory, except there's no curfew, and visitors can stay all night."



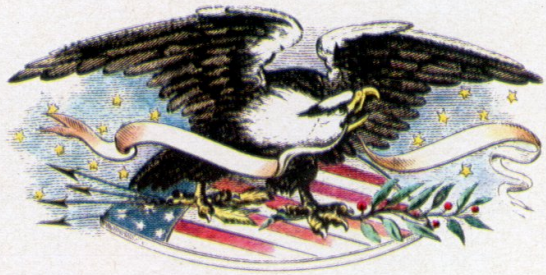
"Our only house rule is that, while it's okay to share everything from clothes to makeup to secrets, there's *no* boyfriend swapping. We may be a free-spirited flock of birds," she says, laughing, "but we draw the line at musical beds." Betsy's not square at all, however, when it comes to keeping her sexual options open and enjoying the many benefits of multiple admirers. "Right now I'm dating two men who couldn't be more different: one is a rather straight businessman who is nearly thirty-one, has plenty of money, and takes me to fancy restaurants and expensive resorts for long, romantic weekends."

"The other one is my age and wears blue jeans instead of a suit. He works at night, setting up equipment for rock bands, and then picks me up late and drives me around in his beat-up old Plymouth. One night it ran out of gas, and we were forced to make love in his backseat all night—just like in the movies!" Betsy claims that exposing herself to a wide variety of men helps her learn more about who she really is and makes her a better partner. But when asked what she would do if both her beaux insisted that she run off with them, she declined to answer. "Must give it some serious thought," she said.

The thought of splitting herself in two gets Betsy off on another topic close to her heart: homesickness. "I really love America, and financially and professionally I'm much better off here," she concedes, "but it's still a big adjustment. It's hard to get used to McDonald's restaurants instead of pubs, eating hamburger instead of fish and chips, and seeing people on roller skates instead of in galoshes." Still, she loves the constant California sunshine and "being able to dress where I can really show off my body and get a nice tan. I had to wear a trench coat so much in London that I felt like a lady spy!"

The biggest consolation of all, she adds, is the easygoing attitude about love and sex so prevalent in California and so perfectly practiced by her lovers. "No one here stands on ceremony," she tells us, "and I thrive on that. If my lover wakes up wanting me in the middle of the night, he knows he doesn't need to ask my permission–that he can just go ahead and barrel into my dreams!" Betsy has gotten more assertive herself, she claims. "A while ago I never would have asked a man for more lovemaking if I hadn't quite had enough, but now I do–just as if I'd been out to dinner and wanted a second helping." Has her request ever been denied? we ask. "Not even once! After all, this is America, isn't it–the land of plenty!"

MISS BETSY DOBSON/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

President Carter's call to institute mandatory draft registration for men 18 to 20 and to extend it to include women in the same age group has struck an exposed nerve in America's body politic. The familiar Vietnam-era chant "Hell, no, we won't go! Hell, no, we won't go!" has once again been heard on college campuses. A wide spectrum of individuals and groups have made public their opposition to a new peacetime draft.

For Vietnam veterans the specter of reviving the draft is especially ironic. Once again, young Americans have become pawns in an attempt to save another president's failed foreign, military, and economic policies. So far, Vietnam veterans have been restrained in adding their voices to the antidraft protests. Instead, they seem content to wait and see what else Carter is going to say in order to justify his "drawing a line" in the Persian Gulf's shifting sands.

In any national debate about the draft, our sorry state of military preparedness, or whether the United States should go to war to protect interests other than its own, Vietnam veterans must speak out. These matters are too important to be left to—essentially—the same persons who led us into Vietnam. Vietnam veterans have much to say. They can, for example, give meaning to the inequities of a draft system that relied on the poor and the less educated to fill the combat ranks and sustain the casualties, of both body and mind, in a war of dubious value to the U.S. They can also tell how it feels to be blamed by one's countrymen for the failure to achieve "victory" and be denied equitable treatment as veterans for this alleged failure. Finally, they can point to the disabled and disturbed among them and say that those who sacrificed the most have received the least in recompense. These indictments are real, and—perhaps fortunately for the "Future Veterans of the Persian Gulf" (or elsewhere)—they are recent enough in time that our nation's young people will demand a before-the-fact, straight, and real answer to the question "Why do we fight?"

Before we take the first step on the slippery slope from draft registration to conscription and thence to war, there is an urgent imperative to avoid the mistakes that surrounded our involvement in Vietnam. For starters, *if* our national interest is genuinely at stake in the Persian Gulf countries, there is absolutely no justification for compelling 18-to-20-year-olds to carry the brunt of the burden in actually fighting a costly and possibly long war to maintain that interest.

In World War II, for example, draft registration and conscription, when it began on September 16, 1940, was directed toward males between 21 and 35 years of age. In 1942, after the initial surge of Pearl Harbor patriotism had waned and Bataan and Corregidor had fallen, it was clear that genuine "volunteers" had become scarce, and if our mobilization needs were to be met, the manpower pool had to be expanded. As a consequence, on June 30, 1942, the minimum draft age and criterion for registration were lowered to 18. These actions underscore one of the starkest contrasts between World War II and the Vietnam War: the *average* age of those who served in the Second World War was 26.6 years, and in Vietnam it was 19.4. War is horrible enough under any circumstances. However, if by some slip of the lip or pretext Jimmy Carter gets us into a war to preserve the right of OPEC to enrich itself at the expense of us and our "allies," it should not be a "teenagers' war," as was the conflict in Vietnam.

> For Vietnam veterans the specter of reviving the draft is especially ironic. Once again, young Americans have become pawns in an attempt to save another president's failed foreign, military, and economic policies.

Similarly, regardless of the government's legal basis for ordering registration and conscription, it should be recognized that drafting a man or a woman is an act of ordering involuntary servitude. Those who benefit from the sacrifices of the few face no equivalent constraints on their basic freedoms. Being a law-abiding citizen is not the same as undergoing the sacrifice of the draftee, who must surrender his freedom to protect that of others. This is the essential truth that gives legitimacy to the claims of veterans for "benefits" earned as a result of their service. Unfortunately, Vietnam veterans have learned the hard way how little their service and sacrifice in a hellish overseas conflict has been valued by the nation and Congress as a whole.

Today it remains to be seen whether Jimmy Carter can convince our young, 18-to-20-year-old men and women that it's in their personal interest to protect the president's self-proclaimed areas of "national interest." If the amount of draft protest that has already emerged is any indication, it suggests that the next crop of veterans are going to require a great deal of persuading before they'll willingly change their jeans for camouflage fatigues. Whether Jimmy Carter will prevail in these matters is open to serious question. As one disabled Vietnam veteran once said, "You can't sell shit twice."—*William Corson*

16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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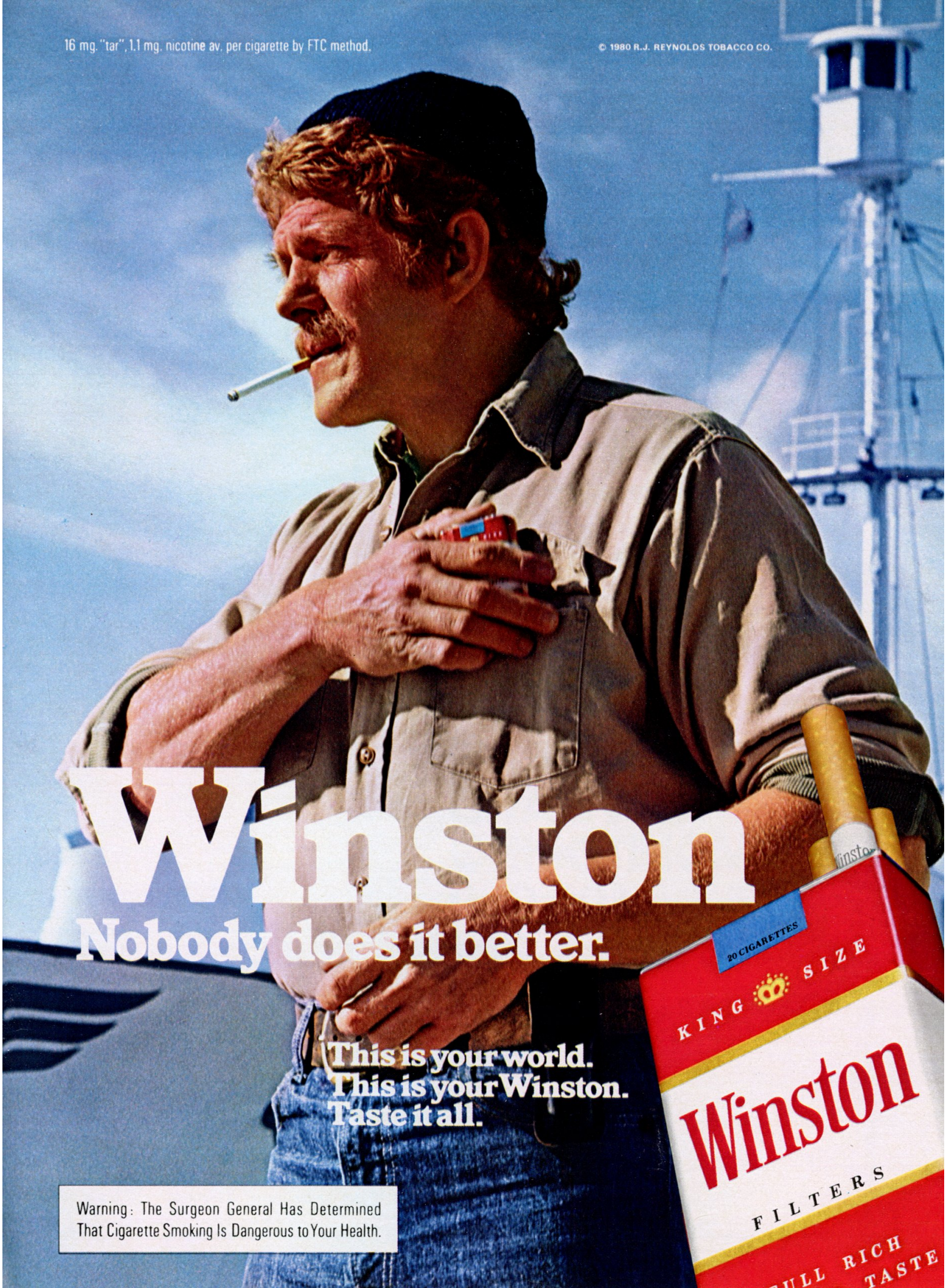

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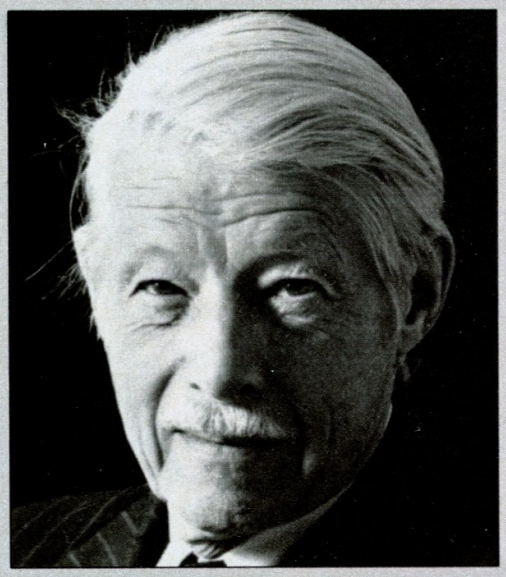

BY HARRISON E. SALISBURY

The author was a longtime editor and foreign and domestic correspondent for the *New York Times*. He won the Pulitzer Prize for his reporting from Russia, and he is the author of several books, most recently *Without Fear or Favor*, published by Times Books.

BIG BROTHER IS ALIVE AND MONITORING 400,000 CALLS A DAY

For nearly 40 years I have spent a great deal of time abroad, much of it in Communist countries, especially the Soviet Union, as a foreign correspondent. During that time behind the Iron Curtain I became attuned to hostile surveillance. I recognized the GPU agents who followed me around; I understood that my hotel room was bugged, my telephone tapped, my communications spied upon.

I took such precautions as I could to keep my business private. I often entrusted sensitive messages to persons going abroad, asking them to cable or telephone them to my office in New York once they had gotten safely to the West. Sometimes I used primitive codes or slang to evade the Soviet security monitors.

This became second nature. Periodically, I enjoyed the pleasure of lecturing Communist officials on the difference between their system and ours. We had no censorship, I said, with pride; we had freedom of communication; no one listened in when we talked on the telephone; our mails were secure; no government spy read our telegrams or cables. That, I would say, is the difference between a free democracy and a totalitarian state.

That was before I heard of the NSA. Those initials are not exactly your household acronym. If I ask my neighbor what is the country's biggest security agency, he will name the CIA or the FBI. He will be wrong. The National Security Agency is the biggest, and not one American in 10,000 has even heard its name. In all the years I worked as a correspondent in Moscow I never knew it existed.

I should have. So should every American. This is the behemoth of U.S. security outfits—an annual appropriation of better than $2 billion and a payroll of more than 22,000. In many ways it makes the CIA and the FBI look like country cousins. It is, as far as scanty data indicate, the U.S. "Black Chamber," an extraordinary code-breaking, code-generating, crypt-analytic, intelligence-collecting apparatus that was established by President Truman in 1952.

For all I or anyone else can find out, the NSA engages in a range of activities far broader than those I specify. Indeed, little hints here and there suggest as much. There seems to be no way of finding out. Truman's directive of 1952 is still classified. So is everything the NSA does.

A few things are known. It generates such a volume of classified materials that it must destroy 20 tons of documents (an estimated 1.2 million items) each day. Some estimates place the disposable material at several boxcars a day. In any event, the quantity is so great that the disposal furnace is used to generate gas for heating the NSA complex; otherwise it would be buried in its own classified garbage. It operates from Fort Meade, Md., not far from Washington, D.C., as a secret branch of the Defense Department. Its headquarters, when built in 1957, provided 1,400,000 square feet of working space, a bit smaller than the Pentagon but larger than the CIA's famous Langley, Va., headquarters. The agency since 1977 has been headed by Vice-Adm. Bobby R. Inman. The Fort Meade structure is a three-story steel-and-concrete citadel. Armed guards patrol the corridors within, and the approaches to the building are protected by strong concrete pillboxes, sophisticated sensing devices, and a 12-foot double barrier of barbed wire. There is no way

"That the National Security Agency's spying is 100 percent against the law, that it violates every provision of the Bill of Rights, bothers the NSA, its parent, the Defense Department, and successive U.S. presidents not a whit."

of checking the truth of this or any other statement about the NSA. It will answer no substantive inquiries.

One known NSA function, for example, is the monitoring of electronic impulses emanating from the Soviet Union. With its sophisticated monitors maintained along the Soviet border, satellites in the sky, air missions flown along (or over) the border, and surface and submarine interception, the NSA has boasted it possesses the capability of detecting when Chairman Brezhnev's reading lamp is turned on and off. This may be an exaggeration, but the NSA did once pick up telephone conversations between Politburo members as their limousines traversed the streets of Moscow.

The NSA monitors all message traffic in the world—cable, wireless, satellite, telephone, coded, uncoded, scrambled, private, business, diplomatic, military, you name it.

Every telephone call, wireless, and cable message to and from the United States is automatically recorded. (AT&T estimates that the volume of incoming and outgoing telephone calls alone is 400,000 each day.) Computers are programmed to detect key names, phrases, and topics in the interceptions, selecting possible sensitive messages. These materials are subjected to audio or visual check to determine whether they relate to individuals or matters that are under NSA surveillance.

The making and breaking and interception of codes are demonstrably national-security concerns. Presumably, the NSA fulfills these functions capably, although critics in other security agencies contend that the NSA owes its code-breaking triumphs more to "black bag" jobs (burglaries) of embassies carried out by the FBI than to electronic wizardry.

The NSA is reported to have retrieved 24,346,587 individual communications in 1973. Within that total there were countless private, personal, supposedly inviolable messages of ordinary Americans.

What becomes of our messages and communications once they get into NSA hands? There is no way of knowing. *Everything* the NSA does is totally classified. Occasional soothing-syrup statements have been made in behalf of the NSA (there is no such thing as an NSA spokesman) that it has no interest in private traffic, that private material is routinely screened out and fed into the 20-ton-a-day destruct furnace. Is this true? How does the NSA distinguish between private communications and those of "security" interest? There is no answer.

How does this affect the ordinary American? In the simplest terms it means that Uncle Sam is listening—or may listen or is capable of listening—to every electronic impulse we incite, be it corner pay phone or telex message to our Swiss banker. Uncle can overhear us in our domestic as well as in our overseas communications. If he misses anything, he can pick it up from the Russians because the NSA intercepts the Soviet interception of our domestic communications and thereby acquires a carbon copy of everything the Russians tape.

That all this is 100 percent against the law, that it violates every provision of the Bill of Rights, bothers the NSA, its parent, the Defense Department, and successive U.S. presidents not a whit.

The NSA, it is said, monitors the communications of prominent Americans when they are abroad and often provides the White House with juicy tidbits. How the NSA distinguishes between prominent Americans and nonprominent Americans is not known.

At one time the NSA admitted having several thousand names on "watch lists." There is, naturally, no legal basis for this kind of snooping.

Even after I had become aware that the NSA existed, it never occurred to me that the NSA might involve me personally. I imagined it to be concerned with deep cryptography. But I learned differently when, like many others, I finally got around, under the Freedom of Information Act, to seeking my files from the CIA and the FBI.

In due course I got back the usual collection of sanitized documents. Then, to my amazement, I received a communication from the National Security Agency. It turned out that the CIA and the FBI had referred my request to the NSA because it had provided them with quantities of information about me. Such information, I was piously told, could not be released by the CIA or the FBI, and, of course, the NSA would not release it.

What kind of information about me has the NSA been collecting over the years? There is no way of knowing, and the NSA won't say. Since I have been working abroad over the years, communicating extensively by international cable and telegraph, utilizing international telephone, telex, and satellite services, my educated guess is that the NSA has been reading and copying my communications and turning transcripts over to other secret government agencies. That is not all. They may well have in their files every message from my editors at the *New York Times*, every personal cable from family or friends, every message I have exchanged trying to set up visits and interviews with foreign chiefs of state, every Christmas and New Year's greeting to or from a foreign friend. And all of that confidential traffic has been finding its way from the NSA to who knows what government agency or even—under covert security exchanges—is being shared with the British, the French, the Israelis, etc.

The fact that all this NSA activity is totally forbidden by the First Amendment's guaranteeing freedom of the press has made no difference to the NSA and its masters.

In a word, when in Moscow I blithely thought I could glory in the distinction between the free world and the iron, closed world of communism, I was playing the fool. Behind my back Uncle Sam was listening as hard as he could and filing it all away in countless secret dossiers.

I filed a conventional request under the Freedom of Information Act with the NSA for disclosure of the materials in its possession. The NSA rejected this request and affirmed the rejection on an administrative appeal—as it has every request put to it under the F.O.I.A.

Finally, this year I decided that enough was enough. The American Civil Liberties Union filed an action on my behalf against the NSA to try to pry back the lid from this irresponsible and unconscionable interference with my rights as a citizen and as a journalist. This action should determine whether our justice system is prepared to tolerate the existence of what amounts to nothing less than an American Iron Curtain.

"Scotland for Ever!" by Butler. Reproduced with special permission of Leeds Art Galleries, Leeds, England.

"The Last of the Best"

A full color 36" x 20" lithograph print of "Scotland for Ever!" may be yours. Send $7.50 to Box 66, Edgewater, N.J. 07020

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WHYTE&MACKAY

SPECIAL SCOTCH WHISKY

There is one best in everything. It is for the select few who care.
Men who would risk all for a great cause.
Men who would dare to be great... even if but once... but ah, that once!
For such men has Whyte & Mackay Special Scotch Whisky been made since 1844.

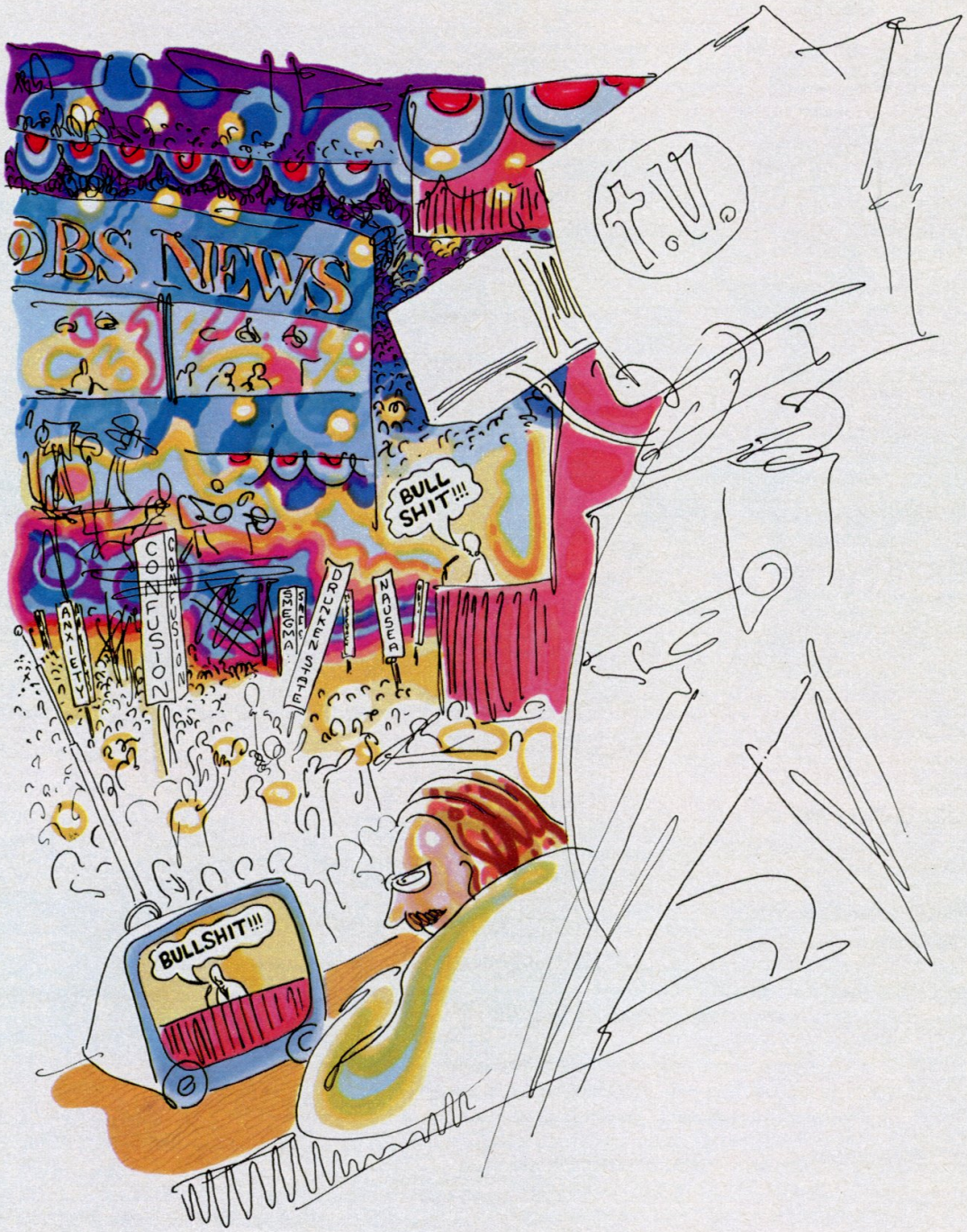
"The Last of the Best"

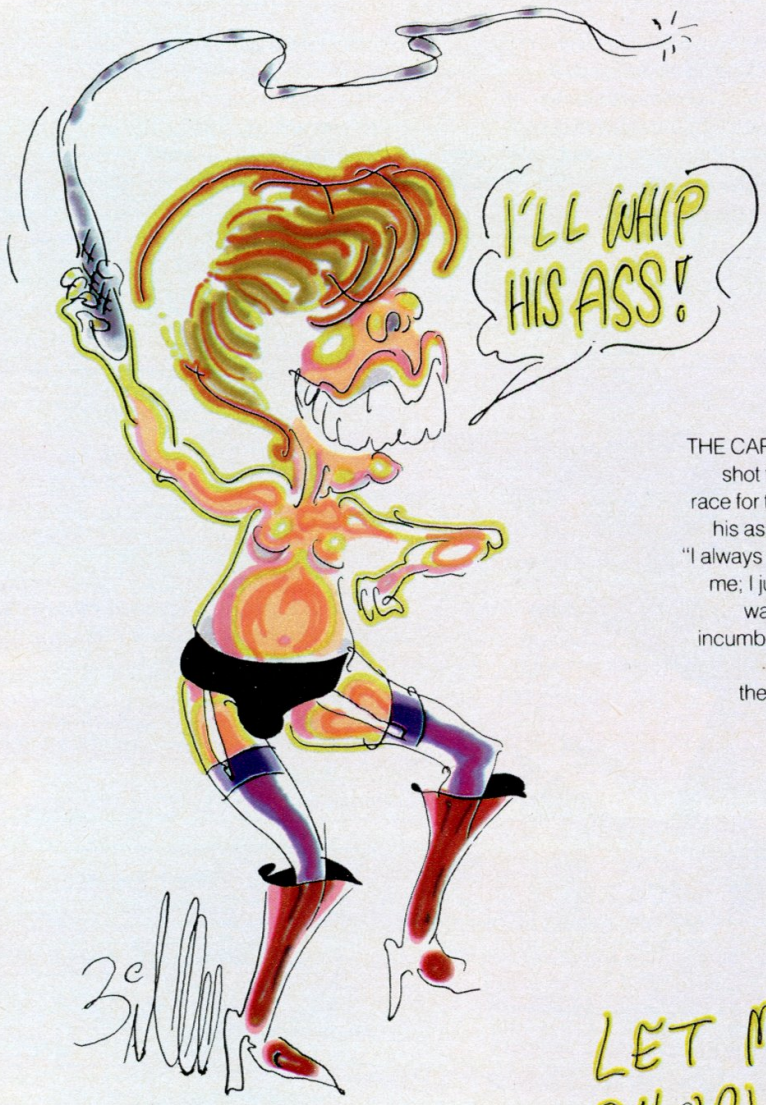
PENTHOUSE HUMOR EDITOR BILL LEE, THE WORLD'S FIRST INVESTIGATIVE CARTOONIST, TAKES AN INSIGHTFUL LOOK AT THE 1980 DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION.

RESURRECTION '80

In August 1980 the Mt. St. Helens volcano was in full eruption on the West Coast of these (sometimes) United States, while simultaneously on the East Coast (New York City), there was an equivalent emission of hot air, known affectionately and otherwise as the 1980 Democratic National Convention.

DÉJÀ VU: In July 1976 I covered the convention that first nominated Jimmy Carter for the presidency; four years later I returned to the scene of the crime (so to speak) to witness his "resurrection." Utilizing the same facilities as in 1976 (New York City, Madison Square Garden, etc.), the Democrats' 1980 *circus minimus* was cloned from their previous convention with one *minor* exception; *this* convention was actually dominated by the *loser*. After all was said and done, there was no doubt in anybody's mind that the real winner was Sen. Edward Moore Kennedy.–Bill Lee (at the 1980 Democratic National Convention)



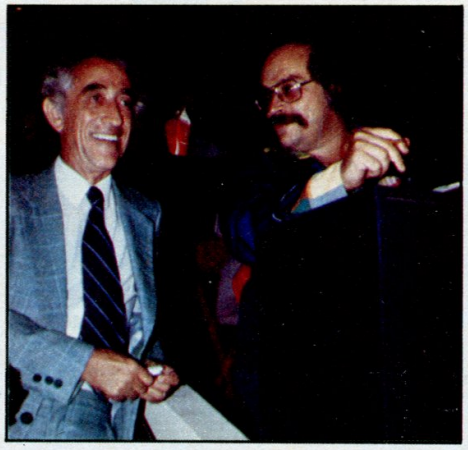


THE CARTER IMAGE: A tough opening shot from Carter (referring to his race for the party nomination), "I'll whip his ass," led Kennedy to respond: "I always knew the president was behind me; I just never knew how close he was." A tough image for an incumbent candidate whose greatest social achievement is the Susan B. Anthony dollar.

POOR HUBERT HORATIO HORNBLOWER: There was not a dry eye in the house as poor Ted Kennedy delivered one of the finest political speeches ever heard on a convention floor. Poor Ed Muskie followed the unfollowable with a soul-searing tribute to the late, great Hubert Humphrey, describing him as "a man who needed no gag writer." Poor Hubert! He was to be disinterred yet again...this time by poor Jimmy Carter, who in a slip of the tongue referred to him as "Hubert Horatio Hornblower, ah, er, Humphrey." Poor American people!

THE LONGEST DAY: The move to create an open convention, allowing delegates to seek an alternative to the Carter candidacy, was born, struggled briefly, and died on the first day of the convention.

Comedian Pat Paulsen (a perennial candidate) provided me with a humor break. Referring to the sorry state of the economy, Paulsen was asked: "If elected, could you pull it out?" "I only pull it out in the park at night," he replied. Commenting on the possibilities of an "actor" (Reagan) in the White House, he asked, "Who said he could act?" On the first family: "Billy's not the *dumbest* brother." The interview concluded, Pat returned to his seat near a Soviet camera crew. The remainder of his time at the convention was spent "talking them out of defecting."

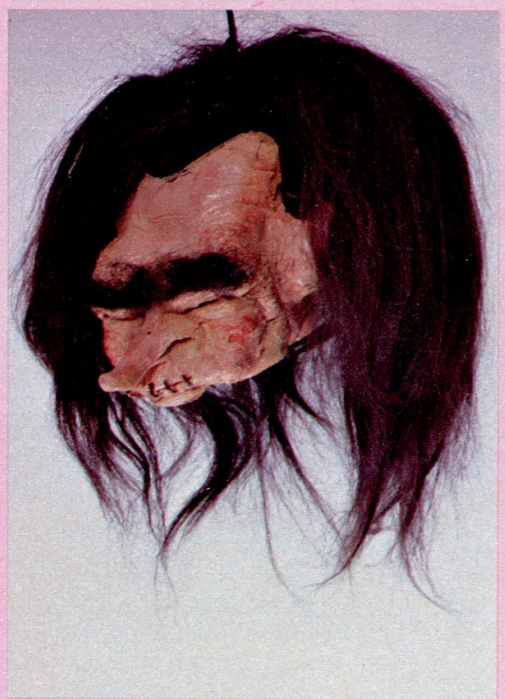


LOOKING BACK:
THE CARTOONIST'S CANDIDATE, OR NO MAN STANDS SO TALL AS WHEN HE STOOPS TO RUN FOR THE PRESIDENCY

The United States of America has never had, and most likely will never have, a "10" in the White House. Some years back I discussed this point with the great British caricaturist Gerald Scarfe. He summed it up by thanking me and my fellow Americans for electing men that are "so damned easy to draw." The satirist (one who makes a fast buck from satire) revels in the delightful prospects of applying his talents to the reproduction of hefty features and light names. Luckily for us, presidential timber is usually a bit gnarled around the edges. At this time (the awesome rebirth of Carter as a candidate) I'd like to offer a brief salute to America's all-time "bad penny," the man that most political satirists loved to hate–Richard Milhous Nixon.

From Richard the Third to Pinocchio, the Nixon proboscis was delightfully easy to sketch. From egg tempera to silly putty, his prominent Quaker prow gave birth to massive spontaneous reproduction by the world's artists. No matter what you thought of the man, you had to love his nose–the figurehead that launched a thousand drawings.

In 1974 I produced this clay-and-hair reproduction (at that time) of our greatly diminished leader, "a shrunken head" of Nixon. It was exhibited at the Visual Arts Center, the Society of Illustrators, and the Leo Castelli Gallery. Bringing it to the surface briefly in this feature, I pay tribute to Nixon, who, without a doubt, was *the* "Cartoonist's Candidate."



NEWS
THE HUNG CAUCUS
NUDE CAUCUS
ANARCHY
LEGALIZE POT
CONFUSION
CALIGULA
ADLAI STEVENSON
THE VIKING FUND
OPEN CONVENTION
YOU CAN'T FIT A SQUARE INTO AN OVAL OFFICE
PLEASE LET ME GO HOME
HELP
ERA
ERA
KENNEDY
WILKIE
CARTER
CARTER
BAM
BANG
BAM
BAM
BANG

In December 1978, Jimmy Carter said, "Politics is the world's second oldest profession, closely related to the first." Two and a half years later, in New York City, local police cleared the streets of hookers, while members of their "closely related" profession renominated Mr. Carter for the presidency. Carter's acceptance speech was interrrupted by firecrackers. He was booed for a reference to reinstituting the draft and taunted by delegates chanting, "We want Ted; we want Ted." This convention was the final act of a party whose particular brand of magic has made whole segments of the nation's economy, its prestige, and its military-industrial capability disappear in the wink of an eye.

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

ED CLARK

In this century we have
destroyed the dream of progress—that
life in every generation
could be more civilized and more prosperous
and more peaceful and better.

As candidate for president of the United States, Ed Clark is an impostor. Clean-shaven, middle-aged, well-dressed with respectable hair length, he looks like all the other candidates, like an insurance salesman selling security. Listen to Clark for a few moments, however, and the guise disappears. Looks are deceiving.

If elected to the most powerful office in the world, Ed Clark and his Libertarian party promise to turn the United States government on its head—if not to abolish it completely. "We are getting ready to have a very big Tea Party," says the mild-mannered Clark, "but not just in Boston this time. . . ." He would do his best to throw out the Federal Reserve System, the Department of Energy, the Environmental Protection Agency, and the Internal Revenue Service; he would abolish government subsidies to business and dismantle the entire network of regulatory agencies; he would turn the entire federal estate—one-third of America's land—over to the private sector; he would decriminalize drug possession, pornography, gambling, and prostitution; he would repeal mandatory school-attendance laws, minimum-wage laws, and antiabortion laws; he would abolish tariffs and taxes and never impose a military draft. Why? Because, he claims, "people are always better off in a free society."

Who is this Ed Clark? Ed Clark, says a fellow member of the Libertarian party, is "our eminently reasonable radical." So reasonably radical that almost 400,000 Californians voted for him in their 1978 gubernatorial election. And this November the Libertarians will have put Ed Clark's name on the presidential ballot of almost every state—a political miracle for a party that didn't even exist nine years ago.

It was August 15, 1971. Clark recalls the date as a reborn Christian remembers his religious conversion. In Dallas on an assignment for his Wall Street law firm, Clark turned on the television in his hotel room and watched the screen as a somber Richard Nixon announced his plan to impose wage and price controls on the nation. For Clark it marked the end of his tenuous liaison with the Republican party.

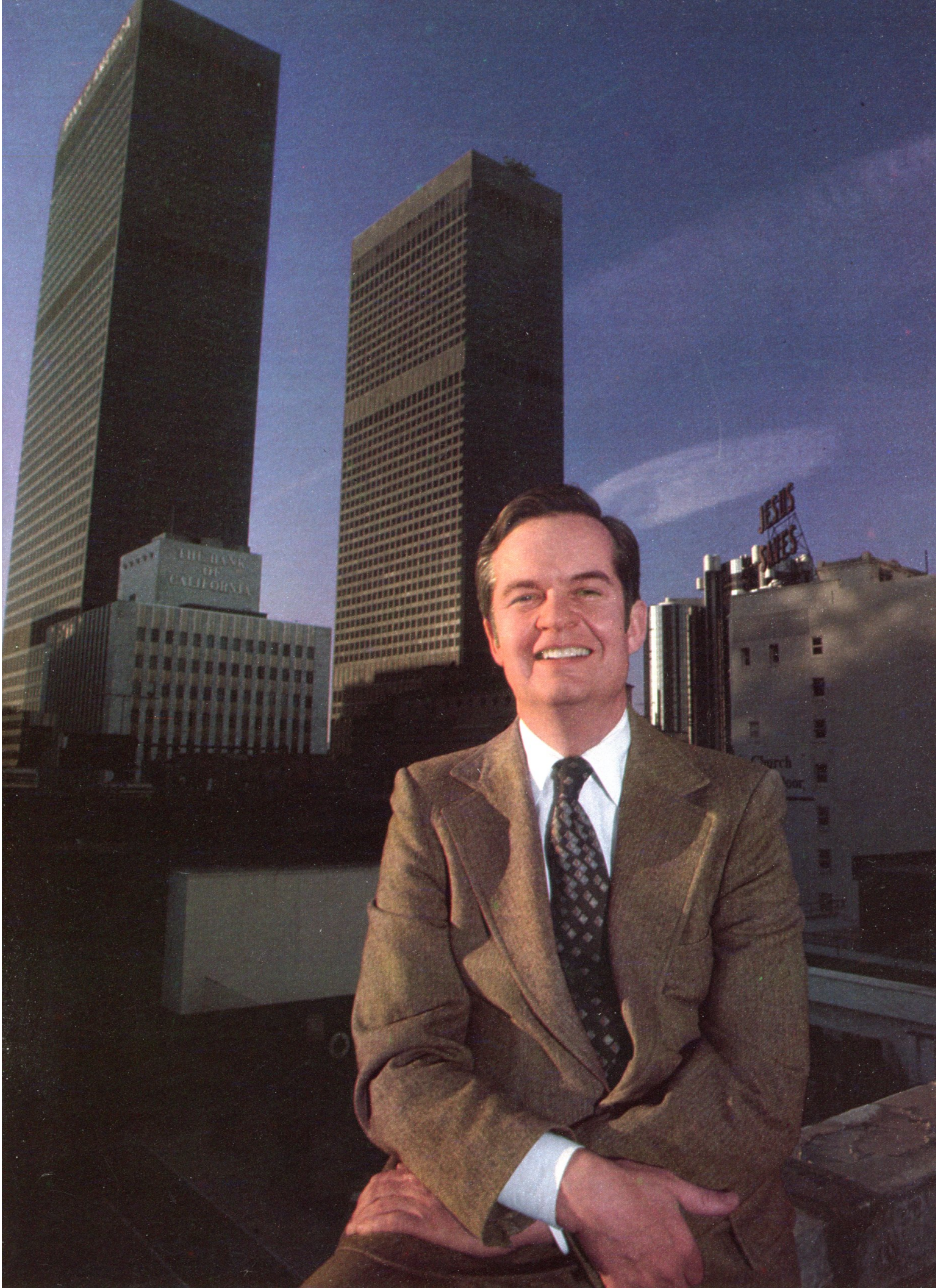
As he saw it, government had given the country inflation in the first place, and ordering mandatory controls on wages and prices was no more than the government's heaping insult upon injury. The country was being punished for a crime it not only had not committed but of which it was the victim. "The one good thing about the Republican party," Clark remembers, "disappeared. It had never been very responsible in the area of civil rights, not even on such basic rights as blacks voting in the South. But I had stayed with it because it was for free-market economics. When Nixon imposed wage and price controls, however, I didn't want any part of it. That night I left the party."

If he abandoned mainstream politics that night in August, it didn't take Clark long to find a political tributary he could swim in. In October he attended a weekend conference at Columbia University and listened to people like Milton Friedman, winner in 1976 of the Nobel Prize for economics, and Murray Rothbard, author of *Man, Economy and the State*, extol a political and economic philosophy they called libertarian. A nineteenth-century English philosopher, Jeremy Bentham, had already set the tone: "Every law is an evil, for every law is an infraction of liberty."

A few months later, while riding the IRT subway to work one morning, Clark noticed a small article in the *New York Times* announcing the formation of a Libertarian party. However he disliked government, he believed that politics was the only way of turning the country around. With the birth of the Libertarian party, Clark decided that a vehicle for the antigovernment revolution had arrived. He joined. Nine years later Ed Clark is a candidate for president; and, as Nicholas von Hoffman wrote in the *Washington Post*, "for the overtaxed, overburdened and underpowered millions of the American middle class, Libertarians are the only people worth voting for."

Much like the small group of antislavery radicals who met in a Wisconsin schoolhouse in 1854 to form the Republican party, it was a small group of free-marketeers, opposed to what they considered government oppression, who went to Denver in 1972 to found the Libertarian party. That November its first presidential candidate, a University of California philosophy professor named John Hospers, garnered some 10,000 votes in Washington and Colorado—the only two states where the party had qualified to be on the ballot—and one electoral vote from a turncoat Nixon elector in Virginia. (That vote should at least put the Libertarians in the *Guinness Book of Records*: Theodora Nathan, the vice-presidential candidate on the ticket,

Photograph by Earl Miller


THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA
JESUS SAVES

became the only woman in U.S. history to receive a vote from the electoral college.)

In 1976 it was Roger MacBride, the turncoat Nixon elector from 1972, who carried the Libertarian standard in the presidential elections. This time, however, the party had organized well enough to be on the ballot in 32 states. MacBride received 174,000 votes, and the *Congressional Quarterly* reported that "in the brief period of four years the Libertarian Party leaped from a fledgling organization . . . to the nation's third-largest party."

By 1978 some 200 Libertarians were running for local offices in 32 different states. Seventeen of them managed to gather more than 10 percent of the vote. And in Alaska, Dick Randolph became the first Libertarian to win an election, going to the state legislature with 35 percent of the vote.

But the most impressive Libertarian "victory" that year came in California. Running against that state's most popular governor, Jerry Brown, and a well-financed conservative Republican was Ed Clark. Unknown in the state six months before the election, Clark wooed almost 400,000 voters away from the major party candidates and ended up with more than 5.5 percent of the electorate on the Libertarian bandwagon.

Since Ed Clark is no Abraham Lincoln—who was elected president just six years after his Republican party was formed—and because the country is not on the brink of civil war over a single issue, and since election laws and campaign-contribution limits make it almost impossible to crack the two-party system, the recent Libertarian successes are even more impressive. At last year's nominating convention in Los Angeles more than 2,000 delegates from 48 states gathered to launch Clark into the party's third presidential campaign orbit. And as the spokesperson for each state delegation rose to announce its votes, the crowd cheered the short preambles almost as much as the votes themselves: "Alaska—the land of the individual and other endangered species. . . . Georgia—which must humbly apologize to this assembly for having produced Jimmy Carter. . . . Louisiana—the southern capital of political corruption. . . . Vermont—the nation's supplier of monument granite, which stands ready to supply tombstone material for the two-party system. . . ."

The Libertarian party is a strange amalgam of free-market individualists and former New Left civil-rights activists. It has managed to find a niche in the political system that appeals to the disenchanted from both sides of the ideological spectrum. Yet it is not a single-issue party, like the antiwar McGovern Democrats in 1972 or the antiabortionists in 1976. It takes a resolute stand on everything from abortion (it is a woman's right to choose) to the draft (nothing but involuntary servitude).

"The country's problem is twofold," says the party's soft-spoken presidential candidate. "First, the government is now so big that it is draining our productive capacities and slowing progress almost to a standstill. Second, even when we do make some economic progress with a large government, we are denying civil liberties. Freedom is really the issue."

With its unconventional addiction to the principal of freedom, the Libertarians have chosen an unconventional radical to lead them. Ed Clark is a respectable 50 years old. He is a respectable corporate lawyer for Atlantic Richfield who has had to do most of his presidential campaigning on "vacation time." He graduated from Dartmouth College and Harvard Law School. "And all of that," he says with a slight chuckle, "makes me a part of the establishment, rather than one of those crazy third-party people."

The only thing crazy about Ed Clark is the zealous consistency with which he applies the principles of individual freedom and civil rights. While much of the country has gotten used to the idea of running to government for solutions to every problem, Libertarians are running in the opposite direction. Their Tea Party may sound a bit scary, but everyone is invited.

James Davidson conducted this interview for *Penthouse*.

Penthouse: First of all, please tell us: what *is* the Libertarian party?

Clark: The Libertarian party is a new party that carries on the principles of the American Revolution: individual liberty, civil rights, free-market economics, and a peaceful, noninternventionist foreign policy.

With the American Revolution we were saying, "We want to run this country ourselves. It's unjust for one country to be run by another." George Washington's farewell address set the tone for American foreign policy when he said we were not going to get involved in quarrels with the rest of the world, that we would lead by example and not by force. And the whole industrial progress of the United States has been keyed to the fact that we have not, until recently, been engaged in heavy armament production or involved in quarrels with the rest of the world.

Penthouse: What makes you think that you've discovered the perfect system after others have failed?

Clark: I think there's no perfection until every person is perfect. But I think the Libertarian system is the best system. It's not as if it were an untried system. As I said earlier, the American Revolution and the whole American experience is an example of the application of the principles. The American Revolution was a free-market and antitax revolution—against the stamp tax, against the tea tax, against the mercantile system whereby we couldn't import things from the countries we wanted to and couldn't sell things to countries we wanted to sell them in; we could only supply raw materials to England, and they'd sell manufactured goods here, and they prevented us from manufacturing a lot of goods. It made the colonies a lot poorer than they otherwise would have been. And when the revolution was successful, the taxes were dropped, we could trade all around the world, and the United States was a lot richer.

Penthouse: So, why did we move away from the kind of system we had at the time of the Revolution?

Clark: People are a little afraid of being free. In most parts of the world the tradition is that of a structured society, different class levels—a tradition of force, not freedom. And even in the Western world, people have departed from the principle of freedom. Strong leaders, centralized government, concentrated power, have taken over from time to time. Talented people who wanted power have taken over—Hitler, for example, with his great talent for speaking. The Germans were afraid of freedom and gave Hitler power.

Penthouse: What makes you think that people are any less afraid of power today or have any less desire to manipulate power for their own benefit?

Clark: We have seen so many recent examples of the manipulation of power that people are feeling that freedom is clearly desirable. People saw the Vietnam War as an attempt by the leading politicians of both parties to impose their views by force on a country that didn't understand and didn't want to participate in our industrial and democratic system. The Vietnamese wanted to be left alone; they wanted to pursue their own separate way. The question Americans had to ask themselves after Vietnam was: is it the obligation of the United States to use military force, compulsory taxation, and conscription to go around the world to right wrongs as the government perceives them?

Clearly, it isn't. I don't think Americans should be taxed in order to intervene in other countries. People shouldn't be drafted and killed to carry out the desires of politicians. If people thought that military force should be provided for South Vietnam, they should have contributed privately—organized relief on their own.

Penthouse: Are you in favor of maintaining a military establishment in any form? If the U.S. were invaded, would the government have the right to use force to compel citizens to serve in the army to protect the country?

Clark: Libertarians want to achieve a completely voluntary society, where there's no force by any person against anybody else, where compulsory taxation is limited, and where the draft is

eliminated. But in a world that is non-Libertarian, where the Russians use taxation and conscription, we cannot dismantle the draft so quickly. So there will be, in the foreseeable future some kind of government defense force that is supported by taxation. One of my strong desires is to have the first meeting of the Libertarians International in the early eighties, after the 1980 election. It would be a meeting for Libertarians from all over the world devoted to creating a voluntary society in their own countries, with the goal of reducing the size of government all over the world.

When we gradually Libertarianize the world, when governments become smaller all around the world, it's going to become possible to eliminate a tax-supported military defense system. Our military goals in this country should be to defend the people and property of the U.S. just within the bounds of the U.S.

Penthouse: What should be our policy be if West Germany or Japan are invaded by the Soviet Union?

Clark: We should encourage them to defend themselves, but that's their obligation, not ours. Those systems are superior to the Russian system, and I expect they would defend themselves successfully. Since World War II, whenever we have intervened in various countries, we have not been helpful in creating strong, stable societies.

Penthouse: Could you give us an example?

Clark: Iran is an example. The massive military aid that we gave to the shah, the training that we gave to his secret police, the encouragement that we gave the shah to impose Western culture on a country that didn't want Western culture—all built up hatred for the shah and hatred for us and was a major contributing factor to the revolution.

Penthouse: Would you have allowed the shah into the U.S.?

Clark: I'm not sure. I certainly would have taken the people out of the embassy first. Carter was warned by the very people who became hostages that the feeling against the shah was so strong that there would be violence in Tehran, and maybe an attempt to take over the embassy, if the shah were allowed into the U.S. The right precautions were not taken.

Penthouse: Would you have done anything different from Carter's actions in the handling of the hostage situation?

Clark: There were two choices: negotiations and force. I'm sure Carter did everything he could in the way of negotiating. We couldn't use force. It would have gotten the hostages killed and in all probability brought anti-American regimes into power in Kuwait and Saudi Arabia. Then all of the Islamic people would have been anti-American, and Mideastern rulers who had been pro-American or neutral would have been overthrown.

Penthouse: Would you have met the de-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 169

When it comes to skiing style, you can drop a couple of grand on skiing lessons and perfect your form, or you can drop a couple of hundred at the ski shop for perfectly formfitting outfits. If you choose the latter, you don't have to worry about busting your head on an unexpected mogul or getting smacked by an unruly chair lift. You can hang out at the chalet, striking admirable poses in your designer duds and drinking mulled wine and never wrinkling a feather in your down. Just keep moving about, spending a little time at the fire, buying some drinks at the bar, sitting on the sun deck for an hour, and no one will know that you haven't bothered to ski all day even though your spiffy sportswear will attract admiring glances. Remember, the slopes hit back a lot harder than you do. For the utmost in ski prestige, nothing beats a fur for that I-never-fall-down, devil-may-care attitude. And a fur that is styled like a ski parka will out-Killy Jean Claude himself. To paraphrase an old design master, skiing form follows fashion.

Influenced by professional skiwear, the high-tech look hits the slopes. This boldly designed all-nylon zip-front ski jacket (this page, left) ($179), with nylon bib overall pants ($119) by AMF Head Sportswear, is lined in "Thinsulate," which is a micro-fiber blend for truly extra warmth. Ski helmet by Simpson; poles by Gipron; gloves by Sport-Obermeyer Ltd., U.S.A.; ski boots by San Marco. (right) The other outfit, which is in a toasty brown color, combines a cotton-polyester zip-front jacket ($280) with matching two-way stretch wool and nylon pants ($176) and is by Ellesse U.S.A., Inc. The helmet is by Nova; the boots are by San Marco; the poles are by Kastle; the gloves are Hotfingers by Wells Lamont. All skis that are shown throughout this feature are by Kastle. The one-piece body-clinging suit (opposite page, left) in stretchable, highly wind-resistant nylon and Lycra spandex ($395) is by Descente. The helmet is by Simpson; the poles are by Gipron; the gloves are by Sport-Obermeyer; and the ski boots by Dolomite. (right) The other one-piece suit, accented by bright yellow colors, features an all-cotton zip-up-and-belted style; totally waterproof ($700), it also is by Descente. The ski poles are by Kastle; the gloves by Sport-Obermeyer; the boots by San Marco.

DRESSED TO SPILL

Even if your snowplow is far from spectacular,
your skiing style will be impeccable in this downhill racewear.

FASHION BY ED EMMERLING/PHOTOGRAPHS BY KLAUS LUCKA

Dolomite
SAN MARCO

RX

This Finnish natural-raccoon jacket (opposite, foreground) ($4,500) is by Bill Liakas for Brothers II. Sealed amber-tone goggles by Beconta; skis by Kastle; gloves by Kombi. The other model wears a dyed unplucked nutria jacket ($3,450), made of full let-out skins by Mademoiselle Furs. "Winter" sunglasses by Cebe; gloves by Kombi; and wool scarf by Echo. (this page) This short fur of raccoon sides reverses to water-resistant cotton and polyester ($650) and is by Lee Levy Furs for Men for QMB$_2$. The beige nylon-wool-and-Lycra-spandex stretch-it ski pants and sweater are by Beconta. Sealed lilac-colored lens ski goggles are by Rossignol; wool scarf by Echo; leather gloves by Kombi; skis by Kastle.

Note: All furs shown here are ranch raised. They are bred and raised in the same manner as animals used for food and leather. None of the furs shown are from wild animals caught in traps.

For information on where to buy merchandise featured here, see page 174

SMOKESTACK LIGHTNING

The rockers in Cakewalk couldn't understand why a big-time manager like Harry Seely wanted them, until they found out who he was working for.

FICTION BY JOHN ESKOW

The man was tall and endearingly homely, like a mature Jughead, but he dressed with a sardonic flair. He stood by the entrance of Caine's building, calmly winding his watch, as if impervious to cold. As Caine trudged home through the snow, the face nagged at him—sit-com actor on TV? Old college acquaintance? Caine brushed past him on his way to the door, wondering.

As he dug into his jacket pocket for the keys, the man spoke.

"James Caine?"

Caine turned around and recognized him.

"Aren't you Harry Seely?"

"Yes, I am. I'd like to speak to you about Cakewalk."

Caine's mind became a sequence of jump cuts—Seely on a television show about rock in the year 2000; one of Seely's bands playing the Garden in black leather, waving flags with occult symbols; and then Seely hovering among the drunks—where? Broadway Charley's. One of those faces glimpsed for a second from the bandstand and forgotten.

Harry Seely, managerial whiz, had been scouting them. Now he stood with his BMW for a backdrop, staring at Caine.

"May I come in? I have an offer to make you."

Caine fought to keep from jumping up and down. Shouting "Yahoo!" was not a good opening for negotiations, even in rock and roll. "Sure . . ."

They walked down the narrow corridor to Caine's apartment.

Caine opened the door on a welter of blankets, newspapers, books, and clothes. Seely peeked in from the doorway and shuddered. "Listen, Caine," he said, "not to be nasty or anything, but I don't usually talk business in vacant lots." He said it so flatly that Caine didn't take offense. "I've got a better idea. I'm headed up to my house in Woodstock tomorrow. Why don't I pick you up in the morning and we'll drive up together? You can spend the night and bring my offer back to your boys."

"Fine, fine," Caine said, fighting his exhilaration. Seely bid him good-bye with a naval salute and hurried down the corridor.

Harry Seely had learned the First Law of Young Hustlers: You can sometimes rest on laurels you

Illustration by Blair Drawson

Drawson

haven't yet earned. A study of his past showed no instant success, no single moment of genius. He'd parlayed a few albums by groups with cult appeal and three references to him in *Rolling Stone* into hundreds of thousands of dollars a year.

He steered his maroon BMW north on the thruway, talking money.

"The rock business is run by schmucks like me, Caine. Fat kids and fags and creeps who couldn't score cheerleaders in high school, so we got together and ate potato chips in our parents' basements in the suburbs, playing 'Satisfaction' on guitars our parents paid too much for . . .

"Rock is about teenage outrage. How outraged were you, Caine? How pissed? How lonely?" He gave the handsome singer a once-over. "Soccer team, hay rides, girl friends, right?" Seely laughed out loud. "So now the roles are reversed. Verily, the lame shall enter first, and they shall be laughing their goddamn heads off."

So it comes to this, Caine thought: the Revenge of the Nerds. Seely wouldn't let the topic go.

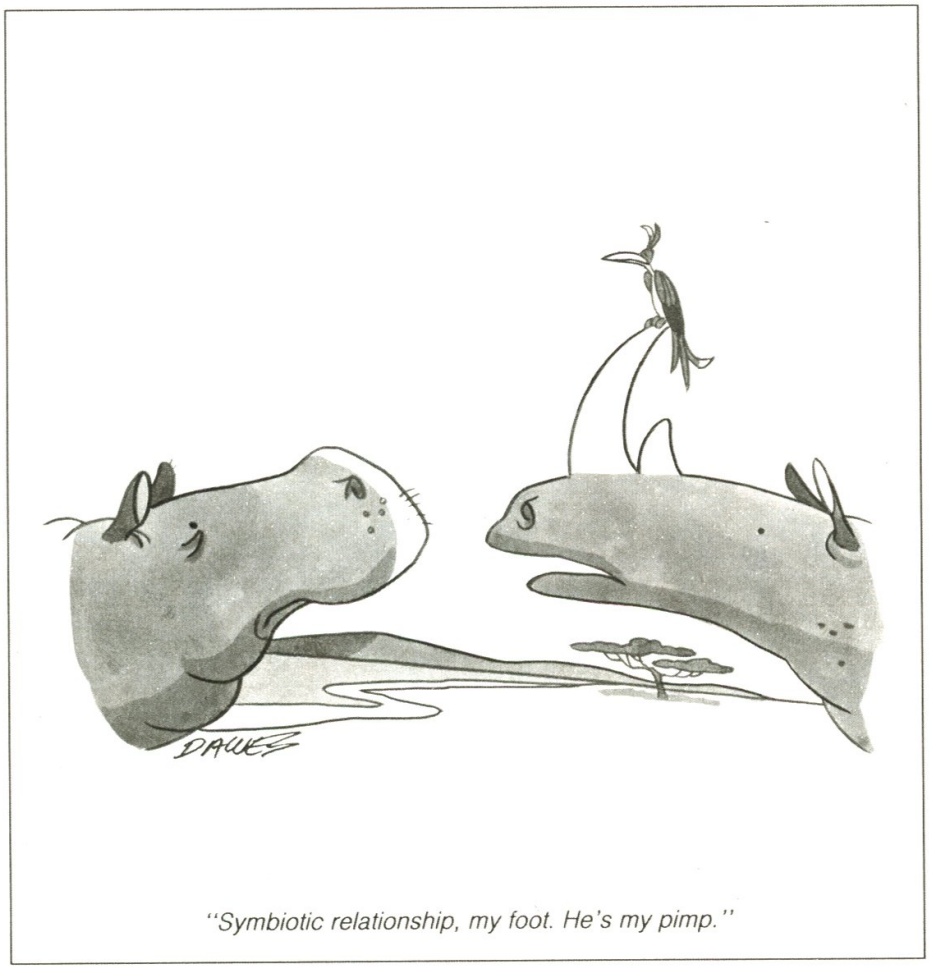
"Ten years later the football players who pulled all the chicks are back home, clerking in the Safeway, and we're yanking down the C-notes. Jerks in carriage houses. Wallflowers in XKEs. Just because we had the brains to speculate in outrage futures. Put our money in anxiety, a growth industry. Man, that's the way of the world, God love it."

In a strange way Caine actually liked Seely, the way he liked to flip through *Variety*. There was no spurious morality, no attempt at self-justification, just a series of digital printouts, as precise as the human brain could make them. Harry was clean. Empty, venal, terrifying perhaps, but clean. He kept rattling on all the way up to Woodstock.

A Jamaican maid greeted Seely at the door. Inside there was crystal and pewter and bronze, but there was also Parcheesi and Marshmallow Fluff and a collection of Pez dispensers in a mahogany case. Jukeboxes next to Moroccan tile inlays. A pinball machine underneath a chandelier.

Seely gestured toward the living room, and Caine walked in, dazzled and confused.

The room was furnished in an Eisenhower-era motif. Framed photographs of Andy Devine and the cast of "Dobie Gillis" hung over a marble-topped fireplace. A huge pink Necco wafer of papier-mâché occupied a prized space on the far wall. Caine sat under a display of old baseball cards: Johnny Kucks, Bob Cerv, Minnie Minoso . . . A palace of tacky enchantments, this house. After marveling aloud at the decor, Caine noticed something odd: there were no musical totems in Seely's world, no gold records or spangled guitars, just TV and sports memorabilia and a few rare comic books. Caine asked why.



"Symbiotic relationship, my foot. He's my pimp."

"I learned the rock business through fifties TV shows," Seely said. "You think I'm kidding? I'm not." He shook his head, and new cowlicks sprouted. "Disney taught me all about the Beatles. Maynard G. Krebs forecast the Stones . . . But let's not talk theory now; we'll have time for that. Let's talk about Cakewalk."

Another servant, a tall white houseboy in a red caftan, served them martinis as Seely made his pitch. Seely would guarantee a record contract within six months, or they could sever their agreement; his management company, Uneeda Management, would pay each man a weekly stipend as well as bankrolling new equipment and clothes . . . As he outlined his plans for the band—the guest stars on their debut album, the orchestration of a whispering campaign—one thing nagged at Caine.

"What's your interest in us? We don't fit your image. In fact, we're the dead opposite of your other bands."

It was true. Cakewalk's roots were in rhythm-and-blues, an art of witnessing. Seely's two groups held no brief for romance or the old days. The Big Heap, his more famous band, packaged S&M for high-school kids, calling their audiences "scum" and "bad dogs" and commanding them to applaud, which they did, happily.

Smart Bombs, his newer group, consisted of five young teenagers from Queens who played while sitting down in the audience.

Cakewalk didn't fit. By Seely's standards they should have been hopeless old retreads.

"Okay, I'll level. I want to cash in on the Seger-Springsteen trip before it's too late." This sounded more like the truth. Cakewalk was often compared with Bob Seger, the blue-collar rocker from Detroit, and Springsteen, the phenomenon sprung from the Jersey bogs. "I'll cash in on anything." Seely continued, "even sincerity. You guys have it, and I happen to be buying this month."

It was terminal glibness, the Hustler's Syndrome, and now Caine looked impatient.

"So it's not your song, huh?"

Seely laughed bitterly. "Look, nothing's my song. I stopped listening five years ago. I'm serious. It all leaves me cold now."

The two men locked eyes.

"I believe you," Caine said.

"We can help each other, Caine."

Caine lifted his martini in an ironic toast just as Isela announced dinner.

When Seely finally said good night—after screening two episodes of "Gilligan's Island" and treating Caine to a small fortune in cocaine—it was after midnight.

The guest room was on the second floor and was furnished like a suite at a tropical Hilton: no irony in the decor here, just pastels and costly lithographs.

Downstairs, Seely was on the phone.

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"It's all set up," he said. 'It's going to work out perfectly." The glib cool was gone from his voice; a nervous wish to please took its place.

"Good," said the voice on the line. "Call Arnie Carlson at Diplomat Records tomorrow. He's expecting to hear from you. We have to get this started right away. These guys have to be convinced that you're their only chance. Otherwise we might lose them. We had a close call at Phoenix."

"Don't worry," he said. "This Caine guy is pretty bright, but nobody's *that* bright."

In the morning the tall white houseboy prepared a breakfast of salmon and scrambled eggs. Caine had had only a few hour's sleep, but he felt more alert than he had in weeks. After breakfast he received final instructions from Seely: inform the other men, hire a lawyer, and prepare to sign a contract. After that they'd be ready to start "woodshedding"—a few weeks of intensive rehearsals. Caine nodded, picking at his salmon. After a lifetime of false starts, it was all beginning.

The bus ride down from Woodstock took an endless two hours: Caine felt like a kid bursting with a secret. When he finally got home, he called everyone to a meeting down in the basement.

As soon as Caine mentioned the word *contract* and Harry Seely's name, they started jumping up and down with the blind glee of teammates celebrating in the end zone. They hugged one another, whooped, and fell on the floor in mock prostration. Landreaux claimed first dibs on Joni Mitchell. Baker yanked the Cakewalk handbill off the wall and shouted: "This'll be the jacket of *The Cakewalk Story*"!

" 'Rips the lid off today's untamed rockers! The shocking truth about their saxophones!

" 'Their music! Their women! Their midnight saunas!' "

Caine produced a bottle of Haig & Haig, and they all took a victory guzzle. After ten minutes they were all medium drunk, but there was still enough adrenaline in the room to keep a troop of dervishes whirling for days.

"Let's plug in and do some playing," Landreaux said. Their equipment was still there, and it seemed a fitting act of celebration. They played for nearly an hour, until their nerves and the Haig & Haig undid them.

Three days later Caine tracked down a reputable lawyer—this meant one who'd never been successfully sued by a band—and within a week Cakewalk signed with Seely's company, Uneeda Management.

"Let's understand one thing out front, stars," Harry said, toying with his antique Hopalong Cassidy watch. "For the next three years you won't take a leak without me hearing the tinkle. For better or worse I'll plot your every move, schedule your vacations—brief as they'll be—and hype you as I see fit. Any problems with that arrangement?"

Caine and Landreaux shook their heads slowly. One by one the musicians signed contract forms while a photographer clicked away for posterity.

Later that evening Harry Seely stood outside the main ballroom of the Waldorf Astoria Hotel, dressed in a tartan-plaid tuxedo, the kind considered stylish in the year of his birth. Seely noticed Sky Wilkins eyeing him from a dark corner.

The occasion: a Muscular Dystrophy banquet to honor Wayne Harmon, record producer and energetic fund raiser. Strange that rock's so legit these days, Seely thought; for an art born of rage it's sure fat and happy now. This banquet was just one example of the change: Rockers influence presidential elections; the Doobie Brothers sponsor a celebrity golf tournament . . . Seely was trying to picture the Jimi Hendrix Desert Classic or Little Richard playing "Rip It Up" for Ronald Reagan, when the guest of honor approached him, diamonds winking at his cuffs.

Wayne Harmon, faking warmth, drew him against the wall. "Harry, so glad you could make it . . ." Out of earshot of the crowd, he got edgy: "Did you get them signed? Totally legal?" Seely nodded, matching Harmon's false smile. "Good move. I've set up a deal at Diplomat Records—we can keep an eye on Landreaux over there. Imagine that guitar player leaning on me when I stand to lose all this." He waved at the antechamber full of guests, but his wave encompassed the whole hotel, show business, the city. Harry nodded again: Wayne Harmon could reduce your conversation to simple gestures of assent. Harmon clapped the weakly smiling Seely on the back and turned away just as Sky Wilkins approached.

"I'd sure like another crack at Cakewalk," Sky told Seely.

Seely whirled around with the impulse to stuff a handkerchief in Sky's mouth. It was too late: Harmon had overheard the remark. But Sky kept it up.

"I was overruled on the demo but for no good reason. I'm willing to give it one more shot."

Seely's only goal now was to shepherd Wilkins away. "Look, you've already been told to forget about it," he said, grabbing Sky by the elbow.

"How did you know?" Wilkins said, his voice rising. "How did you know what my boss told me?"

Seely mumbled a weak rejoinder. He saw Harmon's face looming behind Wilkins, cold and studious. Harmon's jaw looked strong enough to draw a plow.

"Come on, Harry," Sky persisted, *"what's going on with Cakewalk?"* He was starting to create a ruckus, and Seely wasn't steering him away quickly enough.

Later on, Seely picked at the testimo-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 180

"I'm sorry, Ronald. You'll have to discover your true potential as a human being without my giving you a blowjob."

MALCOLM McDOWELL
AS

CALIGULA

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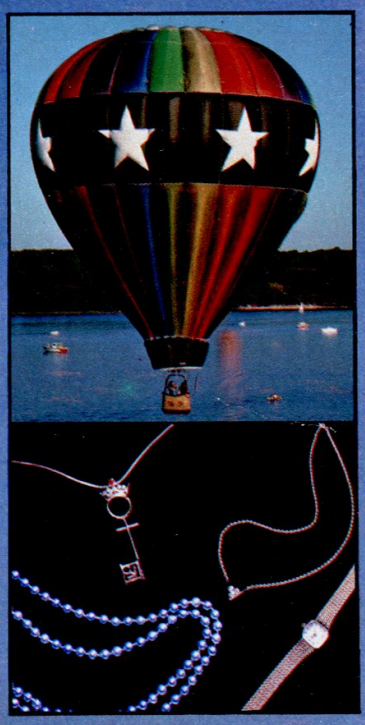
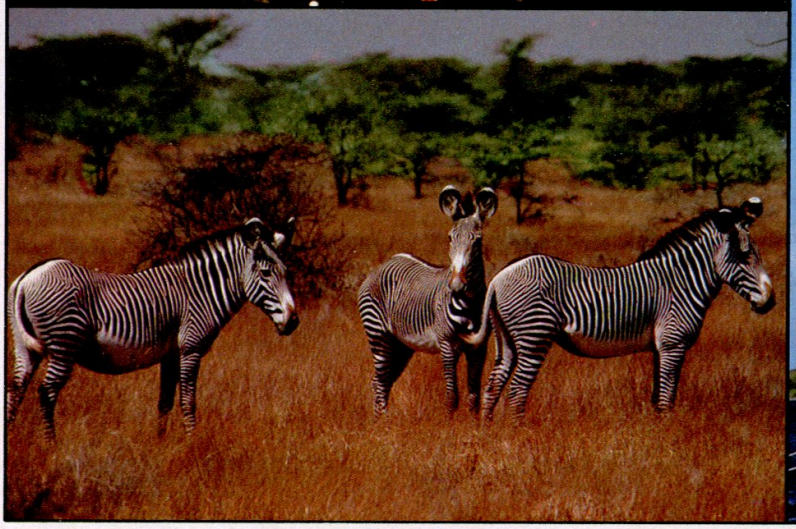
Pet of the Year Gifts

$300,000 IN TRIPS, CASH, AND PRIZES ENSURE THAT OUR PET WILL BE LIVING LIKE A QUEEN

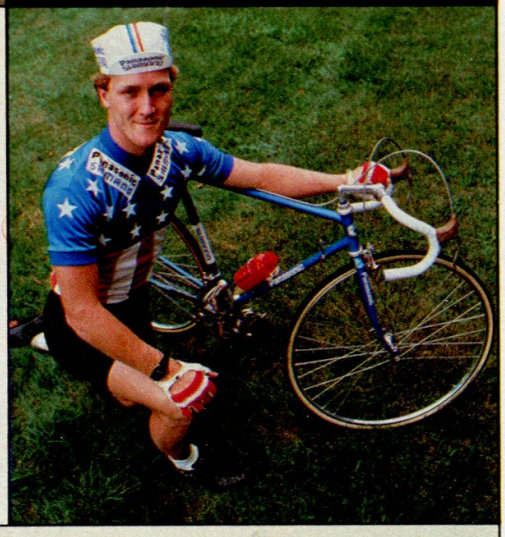
Never before, in the U.S. or elsewhere, today or yesteryear, has the triumphant winner of a beauty contest walked away with such a regal assortment of gifts and prizes! Our lucky Pet of the Year, who earned her crown by virtue of her beauty and charm, will live in a royal manner to which she will doubtlessly become quickly accustomed. Our Pet of the Year has been lavished with approximately $300,000 worth of gifts and cash—prizes as dazzling as she is. She'll be dressed in style from her sexy collection of VIVA lingerie to her evening gown designed especially for her from SAINT PIERRE, LTD. But it will be hard for her to choose between her DAVID LEINHOFF natural red-fox stroller or her ranch and white mink coat. And on those cold New York nights when even a fur coat can't keep her warm, she can curl up in her BEVERLY HOTEL luxury apartment, furnished with custom-designed cabinets from DAMAR INDUSTRIES, and study high finance in *INC.*, the business magazine. She can hone her acting skills at the renowned NEW YORK ACADEMY OF THEATRICAL ARTS, to which she has received a one-year scholarship. Helping to guide her into the limelight will be PHILLIP J. KENNEDY, a top public-relations man, who will also present the Pet with a membership to the private club EL MOROCCO and arrange for her to serve as an honorary member of its board of governors. And when the hectic nightlife begins to weary our energetic Pet, CRAFT AIRCRAFT RENTAL will carry her and five guests off for a getaway weekend to anywhere along the East Coast. It all adds up to the most adventurous year any girl could wish for, and it's her grand prize for being voted Pet of the Year by the editors and readers of *Penthouse*.

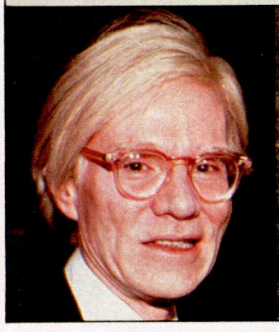


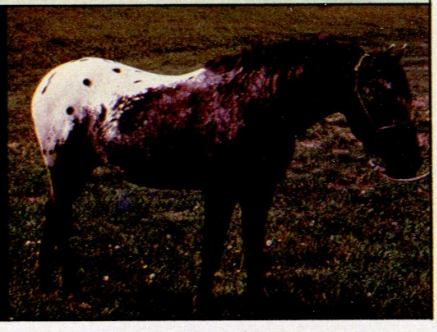
(above) Up and away will sail our Pet in her balloon from HAUTE VOYAGE BALLOONS, INC., N.Y.C. Not only will she be whisked off for a champagne lunch for four; she'll also receive aerial balloon lessons. (center) From the CULTURED PEARL ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA comes a 42-inch strand of blue baroque pearls. The gold, ruby, and diamond-studded Pet key is from FEUER AND WOLF INTERNATIONAL. The 14-karat gold necklace with three diamonds is by JACKIE GOTTLIEB DESIGNS. And from LONGINES-WITTNAUER comes the Riviera watch. (below) She'll be chauffeured about town in a Mercedes-Benz for the year of her reign. The custom-made limo, courtesy of KALECO LIMOUSINE SERVICE LTD., 225 West Fifty-seventh Street, N.Y.C., has a Sony Betamax for private in-car movie screenings. Behind the limo is her six-seater airplane from CRAFT AIRCRAFT RENTAL, which has supplied her with a year's lease, a personal pilot, and flying lessons.



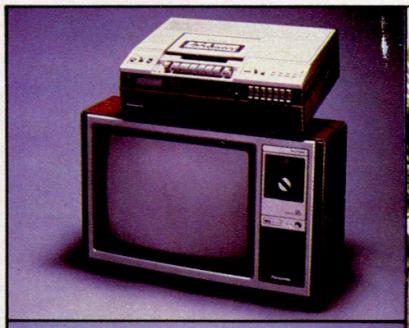
Penthouse, the International Magazine for Men, will be sending our Pet of the Year off on an exotic international tour to romantic locales most girls only get to dream about. (upper and lower left-hand photos) Just 100 miles northwest of the bustling metropolis of Johannesburg, in the heart of the adventurous jungles of Bophuthatswana, is the SUN CITY HOTEL, CASINO, AND COUNTRY CLUB. This exclusive "fantasy world" was created for the international jet-setters as a resort where they could really get away from it all and relax while still enjoying luxurious European service and cuisine. The SUN CITY HOTEL will be the Pet's home base during her two-week tour of the mysteries and marvels of South Africa. (upper right-hand photo) Our Pet will bask on the beach all day and boogie in the discos all night during her Mexican holiday in the resort town of Puerto Vallarta. She'll stay in the elegant FIESTA AMERICANA HOTEL, overlooking the blue Pacific. (center right-hand photo) One if by land, two if by sea: that's the *QE2* she'll be cruising on. Our Pet will indulge herself in the traditional pleasures offered by a transatlantic cruise, and nowhere else are those pleasures more ample or sophisticated than aboard CUNARD LINES' *Queen Elizabeth 2* . (lower right corner) Our Pet likes to kick her shoes off and relax, which she'll be able to do on her barefoot cruise aboard the luxury yacht *Naraina*. VIRGIN ISLAND CHARTER BOAT LEAGUE is sending her on a one-week vacation through the Caribbean. She'll have the opportunity to play the hostess, for she and seven lucky guests of her choice will sail in style with their own private crew, captain, and gourmet repasts.

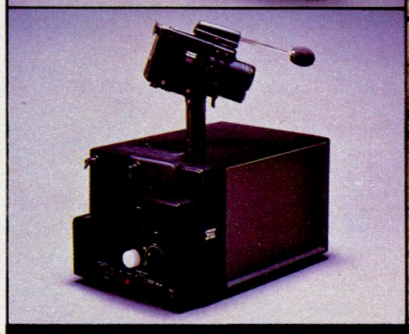


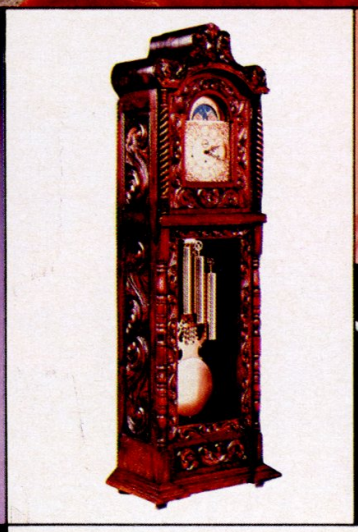


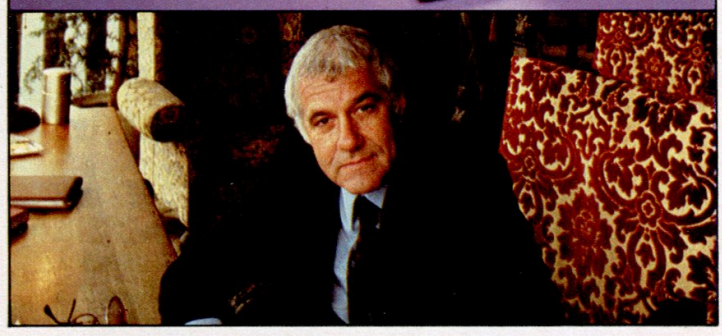


Our Pet of the Year is a girl who knows where she's going. But with gifts like these, it will be hard for her to decide how to get there! (top left) From RON SPINDLER & STEVE FERRIN OF SCHIADA BOATS, INC., comes her fabulous handmade 22-foot speedboat. The Schiada is the most meticulously constructed speedboat in the world, and it will be personalized by having "The Penthouse Pet of the Year" pleated into the backseat. (top right) When it comes to anytime, anywhere cruising, she'll have her portable SEVYLOR inflatable boat, which can be topped off with either a sail or a colorful awning and can be used with a small outboard motor. (middle left) Wintertime won't keep the Pet indoors. She'll be enjoying the frosty weather while scooting about on her KAWASAKI Drifter 440, a lightweight all-purpose snowmobile. (middle right) When the weather turns warmer, she'll be touring the countryside on her PANASONIC Villager II 25-speed racing bike. The lucky fellow in the photo is BRUCE DONAGHY, member of the championship Panasonic/Shimano Racing Team, who will be instructing the Pet on the finer details of bike riding. (right) When the Pet decides to travel on the fast track, she'll appreciate her KAWASAKI KZ 250 LTD motorcycle with sports styling, which includes teardrop tank, longer forks, wide rear-tire stepped seat, and wire spoke wheels. The KZ has a 250 single four-stroke OHC, electric start, and drum brakes. (lower right) When she feels like horsing around, our Pet will canter down on her Appaloosa horse and English riding gear to FAIRMONT STABLES, where it will receive a year of stabling, vet care, and shoeing. (lower left) If our busy Pet of the Year ever finds a chance to sit down, she'll have her portrait painted by the world-renowned artist Andy Warhol as a special addition to his celebrity portfolio.

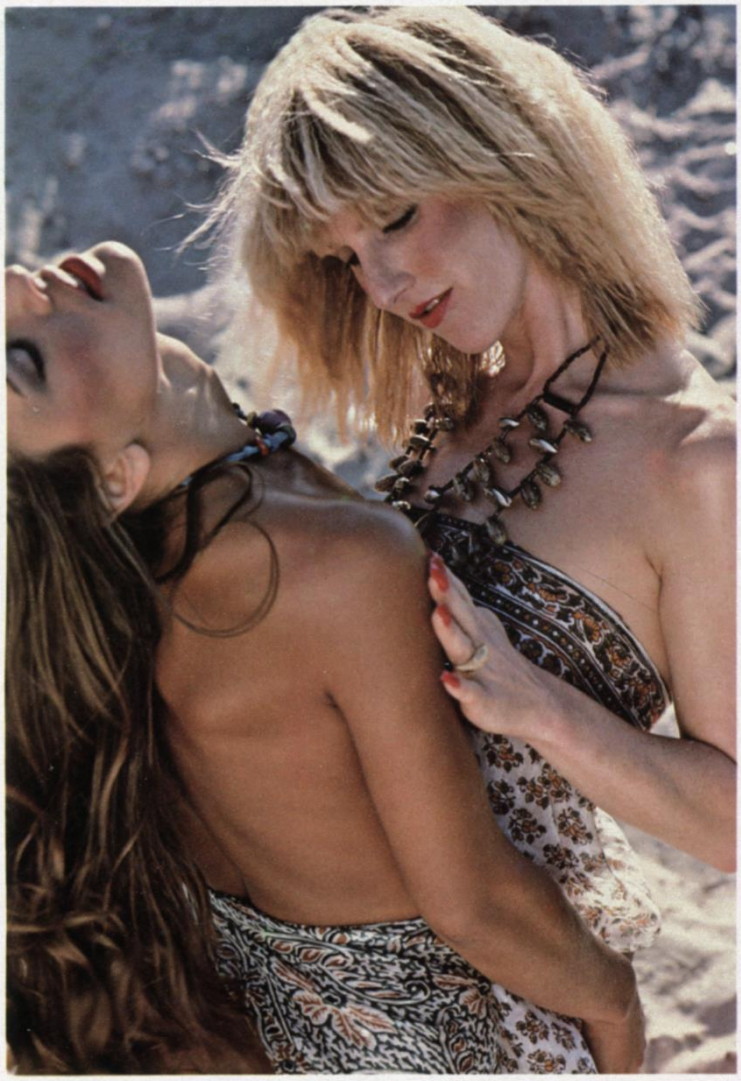








Top Row: (left) video equipment from PANASONIC includes a color television and the Omnivision VHS video cassette recorder. (below) She'll have CHINON's 30 AFXL movie camera and DS-300 projector. (right) Home base will be the BEVERLY HOTEL, located in the heart of Manhattan, where she'll have a furnished suite and maid service. Her apartment will be decorated with palm trees from MICHAEL HERBERT HORTICULTURIST and fresh flowers from FELLAN FLORIST AND DECORATORS, New York City. She'll be entertaining with help from PERFECT PARTY PLANNING, which will cater a dinner for four with lobster and Dom Perignon, served with Tiffany crystal, silver, and plates. Middle row: (left) The Pet will try out her camera equipment from MINOLTA: an XG-9 35 mm SLR camera with 50 mm f/1.7 lens, 135 mm f/3.5 MD Tele Rokkor-X lens, and Auto Winder G. She'll also receive the Weathermatic-A and 8 x 10 binoculars. (center) The clock of hand-carved Honduras mahogany with brass and gold plating is from GRANDFATHER CLOCKS, INC. (top, near right) PAUL LUPINACCI of ADAM & EVE SALON of Westchester and N.Y.C. will be her round-the-clock hair and beauty stylist. Once a month she'll have a day of pampering in the salon. (far right) The Pet's pilot and flying instructor, FRANK MUCCIO. (lower right) She'll stay in touch with her futuristic telephone system from TELECOM. (center left) From JACOB ROSENBAUM AND SONS come her fur pieces in bleached white fox. Her wardrobe of shoes is the gift of FARFALLA SHOE SALON, N.Y.C. From GILLETTE come her beauty-care products, including the Lighted Zoom Mirror. ADAM & EVE will give her a lifetime supply of shampoo and conditioner. (lower left) Any legal advice the Pet may need will be attended to by MARVIN MITCHELSON.



SWEPT AWAY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALLAN J. WASH

Though lovers of sand and surf, the ladies were no true mariners. They were dreamers, navigating by the stars in each other's eyes—a pleasant way to travel but hardly the way to keep their craft on course. Drifting, confused, they finally spotted land and then found their ship marooned on the island's rocky coast. They were safe in their dream but had no way home: two lovely shipwrecked sailors, with only each other for comfort. The fair-haired skipper held her sullen first mate close, assuring her that they'd soon be rescued—disbelief was swept away with a kiss.

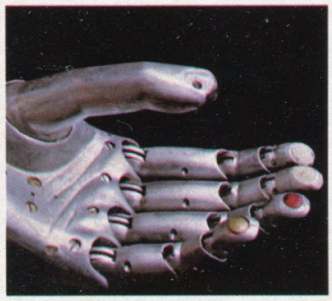
Their fears were soothed, they found, by the cushion of the heat-warmed sand, the balmy caress of winds on naked flesh. They wrote notes of rescue and sent them adrift in bottles; they spent long afternoons writing love letters in the sand–first, to their boys back home, then, shyly, to each other. Sharing the rumors they'd heard of blue lagoons–where lovers' ways are learned with only nature as tutor–they found themselves frolicking together, mermaids come to life.

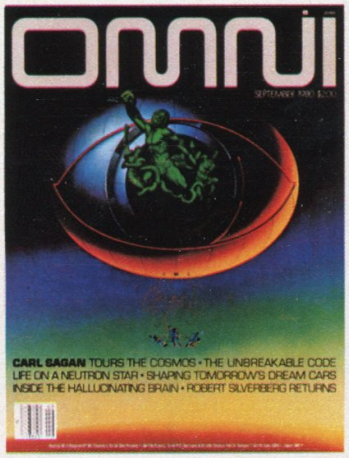
At first, their caresses were hesitant, superficial—the feminine consolations of women suffering the deepest of deprivations. But soon, after food and shelter had calmed their anxious hearts, they turned their attention to far more wanton pleasures. Their sighs of sorrow turned to those of desire, and tremblings of fear became the tremblings of lust. Stroking slim fingers down the silky slopes of backs and thighs and buttocks, they tasted the salty flavor of sea-watered flesh, basking in the uncommon comforts of another woman's body.

Suckling each other's breasts, they learned nature's way to nurture. Then, taking the final plunge, they delved into deeper mysteries, allowing each other access to their most volcanic selves, the hidden recesses entered into with awe, where men had gone before, but not in this way...

Alone in their tented love nest, their hoped-for rescue became less and less important. The musky scent of their own excited sexes was headier now than sea spray and somehow more eternal. Heads buried deep in each other's pulsating centers, spasms washed through them like waves of a tide. Still dreaming, they found their own internal compass: a small step for woman, perhaps, but a giant leap for womankind.

GIVE THE BEST PRESENT POSSIBLE... THE FUTURE.





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The New Space Program. NASA's space shuttle will reopen the High Frontier, taking men and women into orbit for new advances that will lead to solar-power satellites, lunar mining, and factories in space.

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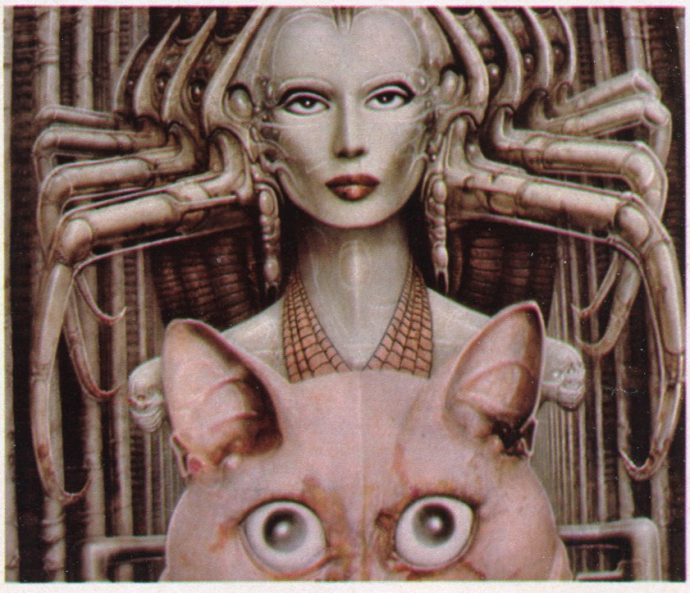


GEORGE JONES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

He returned later, after the crowd had threatened "to make ashes of this place if he don't." But when he came back, he sang without emotion, without feeling. He was a man singing to make a buck.

To observe George Jones singing mechanically—reduced to opening his mouth and spitting out the words like a robot—was the worst of sights. He had been forced to betray his spirit. George Jones is a purist, a singer who translates raw emotion into song. He is a performer who opens up his heart and soul on stage and lets whoever is watching examine his essence. Throughout his life he had sincerely proclaimed his disregard for money, power, fame, and fortune, "If I could live in a shack down by a railroad track and still sing, I'd be happy," he has said on numerous occasions. But tonight it was only a perfunctory performance, a tragic compromise for a man who valued country music even more than he valued his own life.

His passionate love for country music began early. Born in Saratoga, Tex., only 250 miles from Rendon, George had been the last of eight children. "It was a little oil field town," says George. "Actually it wasn't but just a handful of people and still isn't, really."

Even back then he was a loner. According to his family George's best friends were the farm animals. When he was ten, his pipefitter, log-truck-driving father, George Washington Jones, and his mother, Clara, moved to the city of Beaumont. George avoided cliques and school athletics like the plague and clung instead to his music and guitar. He was a small and fragile boy for such a rugged and untamed land, and his schoolmates teased him about his size. Proud, like his father, he retreated from the world around him to the quiet surroundings that seemed to exist only in his head. "I couldn't think of nothing but that guitar and music," says George. "I barely made it through [school]. Never did pass out of seventh. Passed out of sixth and stayed in seventh two years, and that was it."

Music became his best friend. Shy and easily intimidated, George learned to channel his hopes, frustrations, fears, disappointments, and even his dreams through his singing and strumming. From the first time he picked up a musical instrument, it was obvious that he was unusually gifted. "George never had lessons," remarked his oldest sister, Helen Scroggins, "but he could play the guitar, fiddle, and piano." He also learned that unlike human beings, who could be deceitful and unpredictable, his music was pure and uncomplicated. It could be as good as he wanted to make it. His music responded to the effort he exerted. It always seemed to George that the more he tried to give other people, the more they slapped him in the face. At a very young age, George's relationship to his music was determined.

The times were never easy for the Jones family. George's father struggled just to keep his seven youngsters fed and clothed. They were people who lived close to the earth and expected few material luxuries. "We was as happy as we could possibly be. We was hard up, but we didn't know it," says George. "We had enough to eat. You might say music was in the family [his father played the guitar, and his mother played the piano in the church], but there was never a chance to do anything with it. Back in those days you had to work too hard, and it was too big a family to even think of making money by it."

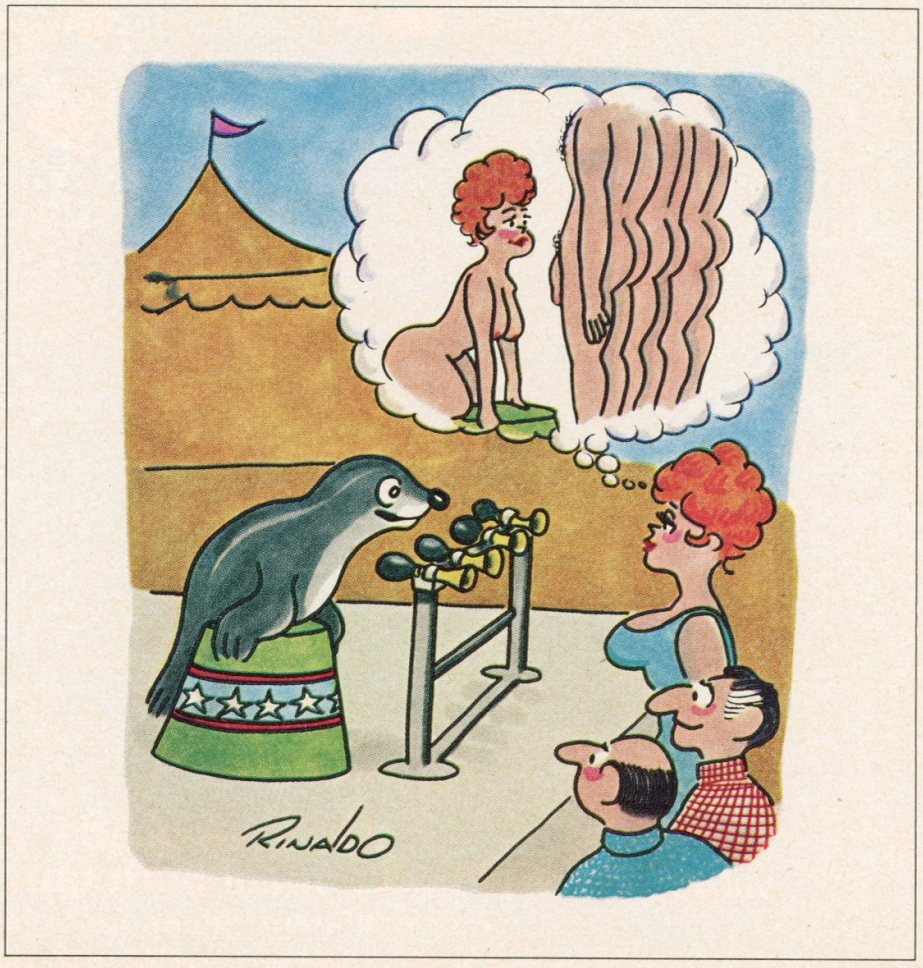
It is understandable that the Jones family expected little. The times were tough for everyone in those days following the Great Depression. Emotionally, the Jones family was not a particularly strong breed. Life sometimes demanded more than they could understand or even accept. "Daddy was a good man. But he started drinking a little when his oldest, Ethel, died," recalls Helen. "He never could seem to accept her death. She was his favorite."

As time passed, his drinking habit intensified. "When he got a little drinking," said George, "he'd want us [George and his older sister Doris] to sing for him. It didn't make much difference what time of night it was. Whenever he'd come in drunk, he'd say, 'Get up and sing me some songs.' We didn't want to sing, but we sang."

But unlike many successful entertainers, George never viewed his talents as a way to escape his hometown childhood. "I didn't know you made money at it. That wasn't the last of my worries. It wasn't like nowadays when you come to Nashville. I just wanted to go out in the woods and hide and play the guitar. That's all I wanted. That was more important to me than anything in the world." George viewed music, not as a talent to be used, to be exploited as a means to an end, but as his best friend, a partner to be cherished, nurtured, and loved.

"Others just don't love country music like they should [those who regard music as a way to make money]. It's almost like selling your soul. Country music made me, and I'll not deny it. It took care of me 'cause I loved it so much. Why should I want more?"

As he became intrigued with country music, George searched for a hero. He grew to love the music of Roy Acuff and Bill Monroe. But the one who captivated his imagination was Hank Williams. It was Hank who lived and sang with naked and unforsaken passions. In many respects, Hank became George's Jesus Christ. "My only other [hero] is God," George noted. Like the Biblical Christ, Hank died young. In George's eyes, Hank died because of a tormented and suffering heart



that had been broken by the untruthfulness and hypocrisy of his fellow man. "Hank died of a broken heart," proclaims George.

Ironically, George Jones cut his first record the same year that Hank died—1953. George's producer at the time, Harold W. ("Pappy") Daily, declared George the reincarnated Hank Williams. "I often thought that maybe George loved Hank so much that he felt he had to go the same way," said W. T. Scroggins, George's brother-in-law and lifelong friend.

"There Ain't No Money in This Deal," George's first single, remained obscure. But in 1956 "Why Baby, Why?" hit the country charts. "White Lightning" followed in 1959. Then came "The Window Up Above" in 1960, "Tender Years" in 1961, "She Still Thinks I Care" in 1962, "You Combed Her Hair" in 1963, "The Race Is On" in 1964, "Take Me" in 1965, "Walk through This World with Me" in 1967, and "As Long As I Live" in 1968.

While his career soared during the 1960s, his personal life suffered. Superficially George appeared happy-go-lucky, a carouser, a fun-lover. His wife, close friends, and family knew otherwise. He refused to stay alone at night, terrified of dark rooms and solitude. He was known to throw a tantrum if he didn't win at games and cards. He spent money foolishly, reportedly flushing $6,000 down the toilet one time. His family thought that his spendthrift ways were a means to win friends. Admittedly, George was unable to discipline or dismiss staff members or employees. "He'd come to me and ask me to fire his ranch hand," noted W. T. Scroggins.

It was during the 1960s that his nickname, "Possum," became a trademark. "Dad's never as bad off as he seems," noted George's son Jeffrey. "That's why he's called the Possum." Family members say George is inclined to appear drunker than he really is at times. "It's his way of getting attention," inserted W.T. "I remember one time everybody thought he was so drunk he couldn't go on the road. So I went over to sober him up. He'd been drinking, but he mainly didn't want to go. He wanted to stay home. He was real tired." Without the self-esteem to vocalize his feelings, George would deal with problems in circumlocutory ways. At times he would get drunk just to escape. On other occasions he would pretend to be drunk or sick. If he needed to take a firm hand with someone, he would get drunk to confront them, to have an excuse to be mean. At other times he would give somebody money just to rid himself of their nagging.

George was totally naive about those who sought to use him. His background had provided few defenses for greed and deceit. He approached others like a child, open, trusting, and unable to perceive dishonesty. He wasn't able to understand ulterior motives; therefore, he chose to pretend they didn't exist. "Selling for the dollar bill don't hook it," said a sad George Jones. "It might look it now. It might buy a mansion. All I can say is they better hang on to it."

Ironically, George's money is the reason why many people hung aroung him. A greedy father-in-law was reportedly the cause of the breakup of George's first marriage.

That marriage was a total failure. He was 18 when he said "I do" to the daughter of a well-to-do contractor. When George realized that the man intended to direct his career, he moved out. He and his young wife had been living with her parents, and George had been working as a housepainter for his father-in-law. But when George gave his young bride the choice of moving out with him or staying with her parents, she stayed with them.

The divorce settlement required that George provide payments to his ex-wife and their young child. Since his income was sporadic at best, it was inevitable that he would miss a payment. When he did, his ex-father-in-law had him thrown into jail. "It scared him to death," Helen reminisced. "I never known George to drink much until then." When George missed a second payment, the judge recommended he join the marines and assign his checks to his child.

George returned to Texas three years later. His family remembers how he had changed, matured, lost some of his innocence. In those three years George had served his country, paid his dues to his daughter and ex-wife, lost his savior, Hank Williams, to an untimely death, and acquired a love for whiskey.

George met his second wife, Shirley, while she was working as a carhop at a Houston dairy dip. He was making ten dollars a week, singing at a local Houston honky-tonk club. "I knew better than to marry him," the tall, attractive, blonde now claims. "I never was a big music fan." But they married in 1954 and were divorced 14 years and two sons later. "It went bad way before that," she admits.

"I finally had to divorce him for peace of mind," she said, gesturing with a hand adorned with a four-carat diamond. But she also wanted financial security. "George'd go buy her a new car," inserted her husband, John Clifton Arnold, Jr., a longtime acquaintance of George, "and then take it out for an hour and not be back for a month, or he might trade it off."

"I used to hide things under the bed I wanted to keep," continued Shirley. "George would come in wild, tearing everything up. I could never leave nothing out like that," she added, pointing toward a china chest of crystal. "And, then, he didn't really give me very much."

But what George may not have given

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Shirley in marriage, he gave her in the divorce. She received half of his royalty rights to songs he had recorded during their 14-year marriage. George was also committed to making $1,000-a-month payments for their children, and she received their house and property. Shirley still lives in that house, and her mother lives next door.

"The day their divorce was final," reports W. T. Scroggins, "he came to me to borrow $1,000 so he could get back to Nashville."

During the marriage the words George penned and recorded reflected the state of affairs. In 1961 George sang "Tender Years" with the words "You keep saying you love him, I believe it's true. And it just doesn't matter I love you. In time you'll understand, dear, when you shield a tear."

In a 1964 recording "The Race Is On" he recounted: "My tears are holding back, trying not to fall. My heart is out of the running. One day I ventured in love, never once suspecting what the final results would be. How I lived with fear waking up each morning, finding you'd gone from me."

But in 1968 Shirley was gone, and George had become infatuated with singer Tammy Wynette. "Let's say I was happiest when I lived with Tammy," he admits.

Throughout his life George's first love was music. "I Wanna Sing" was a feeling that he put to words in the 1977 recording—"I picked up my first guitar when I was just eleven, listening to the 'Grand Ole Opry' shows. Well, I cut my teeth on gospel songs and good old country singing. My favorites were Acuff and Bill Monroe. I travel all over the world, singing good ole country music. It makes me feel so good to hear them cheer. Some like for me to sing the hits I do on the 'Grand Old Opry.' After all, that's why we're really here. I wanna sing bout my brother, my mother, my sisters, and my pappy . . . but most of all, I wanna sing about you [country music]."

But never before had George had a companion with whom he could share his music. He had that with Tammy Wynette. "Very few people ever saw the sentimental side of George Jones," Tammy recounts in her book *Stand By Your Man*. "Since he's such a private man, I knew it hadn't been easy for him to display his deepest feelings on a wall plaque," she continued, referring to a time when George presented her with three poems for her homecoming after their daughter Georgette's birth. "I cried before I finished reading them," she said.

George shared his feelings about Tammy in "I'll Share My World with You," in 1969, and "What My Woman Can't Do, Can't Be Done" in 1972.

Their marriage wavered in 1972. Tammy threatened divorce after one of his bouts with the bottle. He responded with "We Can Make It": "The world is rough, but we can take it. 'Cause you're my shelter from the storm now. I don't need wine to keep me warm now. We're strong enough to take it. Now we'll say good-bye to stormy weather safe within each other's arms. We can spend our lives together."

Tammy was not so confident, as she revealed when she stated, "There's no love in the world that can't be killed if you beat it to death long enough." Their divorce wasn't final until March of 1975, but in late 1974 she asked him not to return. "I knew that George had walked out on me for the last time," she said. "For a fraction of a second I felt relief. Then an overwhelming sadness flooded through me, the kind that makes your limbs ache and your heart feel heavy."

"Nobody was more surprised about that marrige [ending] than George," noted Shorty, with a note of remorse. "Just one day she wouldn't let him come back home."

But at another time George reflected, "I would say I was too indulgent in country music to love the way you're supposed to love. Even a few minutes watching television (without my guitar) was too much. I guess I never loved at all. I hate myself worse than anything for the things I did—not intentional but taking advantage, having no consideration.

In 1975 George moaned, "Nothing has ever hurt me more than that lonely sound . . . the closing of the door." In the same year he sang "These Days I Barely Get By." In 1978's "If You Loved a Liar (You'd Hug My Neck)" he sang, "Lord I drained you dry of all your faith, each time your back was turned. It seemed with all the love you gave, I'd never been concerned. How could my broken promises gain back all your respect? If you loved a liar, darling, you'd hug my neck."

His downfall seemed imminent. But in 1977 George began a comeback. He recorded *Alone Again*, an album that was heralded as a work of genius. With the growing popularity of country music, George was suddenly being appreciated and admired not just by the country music diehards but by new and younger audiences as well.

After several personal crises, George's life seemed miraculously to be on the upswing. But like the quiet before the storm, George's life took a traumatic turn. He missed dates, not just a few, but dozens. One promoter after another sued George because he didn't show. A Nashville furniture company filed suit for nonpayment. For a man who had made millions from record sales, tours, and writer's royalties, the financial problems seemed incredible. But the worst was yet to come.

George Jones, admittedly sometimes a violent man when drinking, was arrested in Florence, Ala., for assault with intent to murder his longtime friend, Earl ("Pea-

nuts") Montgomery, a man who had written many of George's hit songs. Shortly afterward, George was charged by his then girl friend, Linda Welborn (Peanuts's sister-in-law), with assault and battery.

Ironically, George and Peanuts had penned a song "A Drunk Can't Be a Man": "For he goes from Dr. Jekyll to Mr. Hyde. He seems proud to have a devil for his guide. Still he keeps on reaching out. Lord, he needs a helping hand. He lets his business lag behind for the nightlife he can find. Why he does all this, he'll never understand. And in the morning when he wakes up, Lord, he can't wait to fill his cup. A man can be a drunk sometimes, but a drunk can't be a man."

The charges were eventually dropped. "I mostly wanted to scare him into doing something about his drinking," said Peanuts, who had quit drinking since the writing of the song. "But it didn't do no good." The squabble had been over religion. Peanuts had been "saved," had quit drinking and carousing. George had thought he'd lost a friend. When George shot at Peanuts, he said, "See if your God can save you now!"

In January 1978, George filed bankruptcy. He admitted to $1.5 million in debts, with the principal creditor being CBS, to which he owed almost $400,000. As a result, George's royalties on his past and future albums and records became subject to the court's jurisdiction.

For the latter part of 1978 and early 1979, George Jones disappeared from public view. He made few dates, and his impending album, *George and Friends*, wasn't finished until the latter part of 1979. "Sure, I want to record. I want to continue. It's the only thing I know, the only thing I love," he said. "But I'm not going to do it for nothing, or for somebody else to get." George's producer, Billy Sherrill, verified that *George and Friends* was the last planned album. "He's got to straighten up before we'll go back into the recording room."

But financial woes weren't George's only concerns. His association with his manager, Alcy Benjamin Baggott, Jr. (known as Shug to friends and associates) had come to a bad end. George had teamed up with Shug in 1975. "I thought he was a good friend," said George. At some point not long after that, George gave Shug full power of attorney, enabling Shug to sign George's name to contracts, checks, and documents. Reportedly, Shug took advantage of his power at every turn.

"He was all right until he got with that son of a bitch, Shug Baggott," recounted Shorty Lavender. "Peanuts told me that Shug told him he wanted to control George. I'm George's booking agent. But Shug was out signing him up. I've filed suit against Shug for falsifing a document. If the narcotic boys don't put him in jail, then I will. Shug Baggott would have George signed up for twenty-five-

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hundred-dollar or thirty-five-hundred-dollar dates when I would already have him signed up for five-thousand-dollar and six-thousand-dollar dates. Do you see what I'm saying? We found several deals that Shug signed George up for that George didn't know about."

"I know for a fact that George was supposed to be in five places at once," said Charlene Montgomery, Peanuts's wife. "Shug's a big rip-off artist, added yet another acquaintance of Shug and George. "Shug was getting money that George would never see. I think Shug got into all of this for the money. He has four children and a big responsibility. That takes a lot of money."

"I remember one time when George got in thirty-three thousand dollars and asked me to write out the check to Shug," continued Charlene. He owed for Tammy's child support payment, taxes, and John F. Lawhon [a Nashville furniture store]. I asked him if it wouldn't be better if I went ahead and made out three different checks. But he said to go ahead and make out one check to Shug, and he'd take care of everything. So I did. Sure enough, he was sued by Tammy, the tax people, and the furniture company for nonpayment. George got real mad and called Shug from our house and asked him why he hadn't paid the bills. When George hung up the phone, he said Shug said he spent the money for miscellaneous office expenses."

By mid-1979, Nashville was flooded with speculation that George wouldn't live out the year. Friends pleaded with George to get help. He refused. "George won't go into the hospital because some people are trying to prove he's insane, crazy, and sick," revealed Charlene. "There are a lot of people who'd like to see him fail. There are people who wouldn't care if he died. Some would benefit by it."

Charlene alluded to the rumor that supposedly haunted George the most. That someone had an insurance policy on his life. "Yeah, there's supposed to be an insurance policy," George said. "I don't know for sure. I just know that Shug came to me before I filed bankruptcy and wanted us to take a six-hundred-fifty-thousand-dollar insurance policy on each other. I went for my examination, but I never heard nothing else about it."

But even after the insurance policy discussion, George continued his relationship with Shug. "Shug's got him under his thumb," noted one friend. In August 1979, Shug Baggott, along with four others, was indicted by a federal grand jury following an extensive investigation by the Federal Bureau of Investigation and the Tennessee Bureau of Investigation. The counts were multiple and concluded that "Alcy Benjamin Baggott, Jr. (Shug), would and did organize, supervise, manage, and conduct a cocaine distribution network for the purpose of distributing and transporting quantities of cocaine." It further read: ". . . the defendant Alcy Benjamin Baggott, Jr., would and did locate sources of cocaine in Florida and elsewhere for distribution" and stated that he "would use other individuals to make arrangements for an actual physical distribution of cocaine in order to insulate himself from detection."

The federal case against Shug was supported by an affidavit that read: "During the course of undercover negotiations participated in by me [an FBI agent] on Saturday, August 18, 1979, arrangements were made in accordance with which I was to meet a person identified as Shug. . . . Further, arrangements were that I was to bring $58,000; Shug was to bring two pounds of cocaine, and an exchange was to be made of the money and the cocaine. . . . Other agents and I observed Baggott sitting in the parking lot . . . in a silver Cadillac previously identified as belonging to Baggott. Vaughn [Baggott's associate] pointed to a briefcase on the floor of the passenger seat and told me that was 'it.' " All three arrested persons were armed with loaded handguns."

"Yeah, I want to be subpoenaed [in the Baggott case]," said George Jones the day after his Rendon appearance. "I want the truth to come out. I took the coke. I'm not gonna touch it anymore. Shug got me started on it [coke] to keep me messed up. Just the way he got me drunk all the time. I'm gonna say (when I testify) that he's a crook. He robbed me blind. It's [testifying] I just got to do."

As if to disprove the rumors about him, George appeared at the Exit Inn in Nashville just a few days before the trial was to begin. The audience was sparse but supportive. Unlike the Chip and Bar, the night spot had been created for serious listening. There was no dance floor. Drinking was held to a minimum by the patrons. The club was frequented by some of the world's finest musicians. The club is considered a performer's delight.

Just as in Rendon, the Jones Boys preceded George. But the band leader noted that George had called and organized the group this time. The Boys were polished, professional, and had played with George before. They were also practiced and equipped with adequate sound gear.

When George appeared on stage this time, the crowd quickly ascertained that the man was sober, serious, prepared, ready to perform. This time, unlike the Rendon crowd, the patrons remained seated and quiet.

Only a few weeks after his appearance at the Exit Inn, George Jones checked into an Alabama hospital. It was reportedly an act of desperation, the last alternative for a man hopelessly entangled in the web of life. "Everything had become too confusing," George later explained.

George's stay—which spanned Christ-

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mas and New Year—seemed to be a significant turning point in his life. After his release he admitted "reading the Bible a lot" and undergoing a profound spiritual experience within the hospital walls. "I have seen the light," proclaimed George after his hospital release. "I had plenty of time to think, and I want to prove I can do it," he lamented.

George's friends and associates heard his words but were initially understandably skeptical about the sincerity of his new pledges. After all, in George's past there had been numerous proclamations and promises made by him that had never come to pass.

Within two months of his release, George had signed with a new manager and joined the roster of Tulsa's Jim Halsey Company, one of the most respected and prestigious talent agencies in the country music industry. He convinced CBS Records of his efforts so that he was able to return to the hallowed recording studios. Shortly thereafter George and his former wife and singing partner Tammy Wynette announced their professional reunion. "I know him pretty good, and I think he means it this time," reflected a somewhat nervous Tammy. "I've never seen him with such enthusiasm."

By the spring of 1980, George Jones had made his miraculous return. His first duet single with Tammy in more than two years, "Two-Story House," became a country music hit. George and his longtime singing buddy Johnny Paycheck began work on a duet album. And then George's first single in months, "He Stopped Loving Her Today," became a number-one country music hit, his first number-one record in five years.

His comeback has not been without a few pitfalls. George was never able to make his "truth speech" before the court. In February "Shug" Baggott pleaded guilty to two counts of possession of cocaine with intent to distribute. The plea superseded a trial by jury. Sentencing for Shug was indefinitely postponed until Baggott was able to arrange his personal finances.

One month later, in the same courthouse, George's bankruptcy suit was denied on the grounds that he had not been able to produce adequate records showing where more than $2 million in earnings went during 1977 and 1978.

Setbacks no longer seemed to burden George unduly. His new manager softened their impact, allowing George to do what he wanted—to sing songs. Besides, George sincerely felt he had found the way.

It had been back in November, in the office of his soon-to-be-fired agent, Shorty Lavender, that George reflected on his past, his future, and what had kept him going. "God gave me so much strength I should have been dead already. But I've always said the good will win, and if the Good Lord is willing, it will win."

A new study of female sexuality
takes us into the private erotic world of women.

Shared Intimacies

BY LONNIE BARBACH AND LINDA LEVINE

As part of our interviews we asked women to share the special techniques, intercourse positions, and accoutrements they used to enhance their sexual relationships. Almost every woman initially said she really had nothing special to offer. The assumption was that a "really sexual woman" is someone who uses bizarre and unusual sexual techniques to enhance her sexuality. In reality we found that each woman had at least one special way of keeping her sexual relationship alive and interesting. Often, however, the women were so focused on what they could not do that they failed to appreciate the novelty of the special techniques they already used. Since they carried out these techniques so naturally, they did not realize that they might be interesting and innovative to someone else.

ORAL SEX

A large majority of the women we interviewed had experienced oral sex, both fellatio and cunnilingus. Most considered oral sex, particularly cunnilingus, one of their most enjoyable sexual activities.

Heather (married three years) describes how she likes oral sex:

"I guess oral sex is so nice because my husband really works at it. He knows how to use his tongue; he tongues me in all the right places, on my clitoris and my lips. I especially like it when he even sucks on my clitoris a little bit, but not too hard, because if it's too much, it hurts. He puts his finger up my anus when he's inside me, and that's nice, too."

Rosemary (divorced, living alone), describes her technique in detail:

"Being licked all over is a real turn-on for my boyfriend. He loves to have his balls and anal area licked and kissed, with my tongue in his anus and all around that area. He likes it when I almost adore it, and he can see that I really enjoy doing it. He's particularly sensitive from the underside of his penis down to the balls and all around the anus. He also likes me to put my finger inside his anus. I put Vaseline on my middle finger, and I stick it all the way in while I'm licking his balls. Then I move on to the penis while I've still got my finger in his anus, and I'm sucking and putting his penis all the way in my mouth. He reaches a climax pretty quickly this way; so it's a real turn-on for him and for me, too.

"I use the 'butterfly stroke,' where I flick my tongue up and down the length of the penis and back and forth over the area under the corona. And I do a lot of tantalizing even before I get to the penis, like caressing the sensitive area on the upper thigh, near the crease. I go round and round that whole area with my fingers or my tongue. I do all that stroking early and again and again until he really wants me to caress his penis."

Sally (married 16 years):

"I really like oral sex—both ways—when my partner goes down on me and when I go down on him. Sometimes we go down on each other at the same time, but I usually prefer one at a time. Otherwise,

Letterforms by Tom Carnase

© 1980 Lonnie Barbach and Linda Levine. From the forthcoming book *Shared Intimacies*, to be published by Anchor Press/Doubleday.

there's too much going on. I feel like I'm going to miss out on something, especially since I love oral sex when I'm the recipient. I love the feelings. I feel really tingly and excited, like I'm going to burst open any minute. I like to try to stay at the edge. I actually try not to have an orgasm for a long time; then, when it happens, it's really intense.

"When it's my turn to go down on my partner, I love to put his penis in my mouth, massage it and take it out, and watch to see how he is reacting. I can feel when he is getting ready to come; then I stop and start all over again. That's exciting for me. I can have an orgasm just by doing that."

ANAL SEX

We were surprised at the number of women who had tried anal intercourse at one time or another. In Kinsey's study during the 1940s, the number of women who had tried anal sex was negligible. Hunt's study in the 1970s found that one-sixth of the women under 25 had tried anal intercourse and that six percent had used it occasionally during the preceding year. We found that approximately ten percent of the women we talked with mentioned anal sex spontaneously when we asked what sexual positions they used or whether they had any experiences they would call unusual. One woman remarked, "We've even gotten into anal sex a little bit, and I never, never thought I would do that."

Allison gave good instructions for initiating anal sex:

"Anal intercourse is an important and enjoyable part of my sex life. I know that women find it too painful to contemplate, but I was lucky, because my partner helped to initiate me in such a way that it was not a traumatic and painful experience. I'd like to share what I learned from him and from the experience. Two key factors are that the woman should be completely relaxed and that her partner should initiate penetration very slowly, always responding to the woman's directions about whether to stop or proceed. The penis should be well lubricated. Some people use K-Y jelly, but I like to use the lubrication from my vagina. For me it was helpful to have vaginal stimulation from my partner before anal sex—to take my mind off the anxiety. Friends of mine say that they like to have an orgasm in foreplay beforehand to be completely relaxed for the anal insertion. When your partner does start the insertion, he must again respond to your directions. Another important factor to remember is never to have vaginal intercourse after anal intercourse. The fecal matter from the anus could start an infection in the vagina. So I make my partner wash his penis before we have vaginal intercourse after anal intercourse. If your partner gets carried away and does penetrate your vagina after anal intercourse, just wash out your vagina with your fingers, using soap and water or douching."

Sara has used a unique position for anal intercourse in her 26-year marriage to Sam, a college professor:

"My favorite position for anal intercourse is where I'm on top, straddling my partner, who's lying on his back. My weight is on my hands, which are next to his arms or shoulders. His penis is well lubricated either with lubrication or vaginal secretions. Then I move my hips toward his shoulders so that his penis is at an angle of about 45 degrees and can easily be inserted into my anus. I lower myself slowly onto his penis, allowing it to penetrate as far as is comfortable. Then I can move my body back and forth along his penis to suit my own pleasure. I also like having my breasts fondled and my nipples sucked at the same time. What I like most about this position is the control I have and the fact that I'm facing my partner and able to have so much contact with him."

SELF-STIMULATION WITH A PARTNER

Several women said that one of their most powerful sexual experiences was being able to masturbate in front of their partners. As sex therapists, we have also found this to be true of many women. Masturbation for many of us has been associated with words like *dirty*, *shameful*, or, at the very least, *private*; so masturbating in front of another person may seem like a big step to take. It can, however, be a very positive one. It can be a learning experience for your partner in terms of what you like and need sexually to achieve orgasm, and at the same time it can be a turn-on for the other person. Being able to pleasure yourself in front of your partner can involve so much trust, understanding, and support that it can be a very intimate experience. Beverly (36, married nine years) tells how difficult this was but how powerful she felt afterward:

"For me, the one big thing that I've worked on in the last few years is being able to masturbate in front of my partner, something I never could do before. It was one more step in claiming my sexuality, in feeling good about my body, about orgasm, and about sex, and sharing that with my partner. Masturbating in front of him is so intimate that it's a real letting go, a real sense of freedom, and that makes it exciting.

"First I talked about it with Mark, my husband. I was telling him how uncomfortable I felt about doing it in front of him, even though he knew that I masturbated and I knew that he

Photograph by Valerie Santagto

masturbated. It just was something that we had never shared with each other before. We talked about my fears. There were some more vestiges of all those negative messages about masturbation, how perverse it is, and how afraid I was of how awful I would look. I'd never seen how I looked when I masturbated. Then, one night after we'd had sex, I told him that I still felt a need to have more orgasms. I felt like I could have unlimited orgasms. In the past we would always rely on intercourse or, sometimes, on mutual masturbation, but this time I thought, 'I'm going to try it; I'm going to try masturbating to orgasm in front of my partner.' I didn't say that in words; I just started, and he put his hand over my hand while I was masturbating myself, and I came. It was so exciting, it was such a thrill, that we just hugged each other. It was like we really made it that time. It was so freeing and liberating that we went on to make love again! That night I had five orgasms. That was the first time I had ever had five orgasms! I just thought my body was something super. I thought I could do anything with this body. I even walked differently. Getting over this thing about one-orgasm-is-enough was a big thing for me. You know, I had the idea that that's enough pleasure—don't have more, don't give yourself too much. It was a big thing for me to get over that."

A number of women talked about masturbating, either in front of their partner or at the same time as their partner, not only as a way to receive sufficient clitoral stimulation but also as a turn-on in its own right. They found that using masturbation as a tease heightened sexual feelings for both themselves and their partners.

Monique (engaged) confided:

"When we're going out at night, sometimes I won't wear any underwear and I'll just wear this black, lacy garter belt, and in the car, on the way to a party, I'll start masturbating myself, and my fiancé has to keep driving. I've made up the rules that he must keep driving and he can't touch me. It makes me excited, and also it drives him crazy."

EROTICA

Talking dirty sometimes took the form of telling pornographic stories as a way of building arousal. Or sometimes a woman would read pornography alone or with her partner as a way to warm up. In addition to reading pornography, many of the women we interviewed had seen a pornographic film at least one time in their lives. As therapists, we are well aware that seeing the right erotic movie can sometimes help turn on a couple that has been feeling asexual or sexually bored.

Loretta (single), who owned her own porno film, had a creative way of sharing that film with her lovers.

"Here's how the evening usually goes: first I set the 8-millimeter projector up in my cozy bedroom on a night table next to the bed. The shades are drawn, and a number of candles are lit and placed around the room. My honey and I have taken a shower together and smoked a little dope. We kiss and caress each other as we remove each other's robe and get into bed. Then I start the film.

"At first his attention is absorbed in the film, especially since it takes place in a French brothel. Needless to say, the 'young ladies' in the film are all absolutely beautiful and into all kinds of sex, particularly licking, sucking, and eating their partner and/or partners. While he's turning on to the film, I'm turning him on by starting leisurely at his toes with my mouth and tongue and working slowly up to his balls and penis. Poor guy! He struggles with wanting to concentrate on the film but not wanting me to stop. I'm also extremely turned on at this point; so we spend the rest of the time making love, as the film continues."

Although many of the women we interviewed enjoyed pornographic books and films and found them arousing, some were turned off by their male orientation.

Penelope has been married ten years to her third husband, Harold, a physician, and solved this problem by making her own home movies:

"We record ourselves sometimes and make an audiotape of our screws. We also have a video recorder, and we have filmed ourselves with the camera and played the tape back on our television. Then we watch it and fuck along with it."

VIBRATORS

Vibrators were the sexual aids most frequently mentioned by the women we interviewed. Many women had tried a vibrator at one point or another. Some enjoyed the vibrator and continued to use it frequently; others enjoyed it only occasionally.

Ann (married 6 years) recalled her first experience:

"Steve used the vibrator first. The first time he used it he gave me an orgasm in about three seconds, and I was scared shitless of it. I didn't want to use it for a long time. I told him I didn't like it. It just wasn't me. It felt like a kind of reflex mechanical reaction. But he continued to bring it out, and we used it differently—slower and not directly on the clitoris—and it got more stimulating and easier for me. Sometimes we use

it up to the point of orgasm, and sometimes I go off on it. I use it on him around his anus and around his glans, which he likes. I'm not sure how often we use it, but it's often enough, and we usually think of using it at the same time."

A lesbian couple used it this way:

"Both of us lie on either side of the vibrator and press it against us. That way we both manage to get some vibrations."

BODY PAINTING

Decorating one another's body was mentioned by a couple of women as being particularly enjoyable on those nights when passion is not high but the desire for fun and intimacy are.

Iris (divorced and living with boyfriend Jake):

"One night Jake and I had decided to devote the evening to being alone and being 'intimate.' We specifically did not want to limit or inhibit ourselves by feeling that that would necessarily mean intercourse. As it turned out, that evening we weren't really feeling that passionate. So we started out just giving each other massages in front of the fireplace; then we were feeling warm and relaxed and a little playful. Jake grabbed a magic marker from his desk and started making designs around my mons area. Not to be outdone, I grabbed a few myself and turned his penis into a beautiful hanging purple flower. We laughed and ended up drawing all over each other's body. Body paints that turn into bubble baths in the shower have since become a substitute for magic markers."

FANTASY

Not all women fantasize, but many feel that fantasy is an important part of their sexual encounters. The way these women used their fantasies varied. The large majority of women never shared their fantasies with a partner but kept them as their own personal, secret turn-ons.

The fantasies that surfaced most frequently were variations on the theme of being dominant and submissive. Women today are actively raising their consciousness. They are breaking old stereotypes about how women ought to be and are developing their competent, assertive, and rational side. They were often horrified when masochistic fantasies of being forced to submit sexually were found to be arousing. However, what women enjoy in fantasy and what they actually find arousing in reality are two very different things. Many women enjoy being raped in fantasy but would be devastated if the act were perpetrated on them in real life.

Unlike the psychoanalyst's theories, our sexual fantasies do not necessarily "tell" something about our inner wishes. Enjoying fantasies of submission are not necessarily signs of a masochistic personality. We often find that women who can truly enjoy those fantasies are women who feel sufficiently secure to know that in real life they are not masochistic at all.

Alexandra (divorced):

"Barry and I had some sadomasochistic fantasies which were never played out in any way that was dangerous, just fun. It was definitely on a fantasy level. It was comfortable for us to act the fantasy out in bed; it would have been uncomfortable out of bed. I don't like to play the masochistic role, nor do I like a man to play being dominant over me in any aspect of my life, but in bed it was just a game.

"We played it out by having him hold down my arms while I tried to fight against him as though I wanted to put my arms around him, but he wouldn't let me. It was like being tied up. There was a lot of sexy talk about what he was going to do to me one day, like tying me up and doing all these things to me and driving me crazy. That was while he was inside me, and it just heightened things. He would also just tease me and drive me nuts by not letting me have it right away; so I had to beg for it. The begging was very exciting, because that is absolutely not the way I really am."

Pain is sometimes an integral part of a masochistic fantasy. Suzanne (bisexual, living alone):

"I have this leather fly swatter that I got as a gift and I use in lovemaking. I got into sexually enjoying being swatted on the ass, but it can't be too hard, and it can't be too soft. If just a certain amount of pressure is applied, like somebody slapping me on the ass, I'm able to have orgasms. I'm a little bit less into that now, but at times I still find it enjoyable."

Tying someone up can be done with scarves, silk ties, handcuffs, ropes, stockings, or bed covers. Phyllis (single):

"The man that I was living with at the time introduced me to a very gentle, fun type of S&M. I had a big brass bed, and sometimes we would take turns tying each other up to the bed. I would save my stockings that had runs in them, and we'd use them to tie each other up. We would have very clear ground rules. If the person who was being tied up wanted the other person to stop for any reason, all they had to say was 'stop,' and it would end. And we never hurt each other. The object was to tease each other, to stimulate each other until the other person was just begging to come. The ground rule was that you just had to *beg* for intercourse.

"One night it was his turn to be tied up. That night, for some reason, I decided to combine this activity with another thing he liked, which was for me to dress up as a whore. I had these outrageously high heels, silk stockings, and a black garter belt. I had one of these black bras that push your breasts to the middle, and for some reason I just got really outrageous.

"I'm feeling like I'm just this incredible whore, and I've got this guy tied up and spread-eagled on the bed, and I can do anything I want to him. So, for a while, I kind of just prance around, and every once in a while I come over and touch him or I kiss him. Then I do this incredible oral-sex thing on him, and each time I bring him to the point of almost coming, I stop. And he knows the ground rules are that he can say 'stop' anytime and I'll just untie him. But it was like he was hooked on it. It was like he couldn't wait to see what was coming next; yet he really wanted to come and he couldn't stand it.

"And, finally, I don't know what possessed me, but I got so much into the person I was playing that I was no longer myself. I was just 'fucking outrageous.' So I got up on the bed and sat up on the pillow next to his head, and started touching myself and playing with myself. I thought he would go crazy! Then for some reason, I decided, 'This isn't enough. I'm going to really drive him nuts.' So I got up and sat on his chest and continued masturbating, and his face was close enough to see everything and smell everything, and he was almost able to reach out but wasn't close enough. And I came. On his chest. And that's when he yelled, 'Stop!' "

Fantasy can be used as a substitute for reality, particularly when it is not possible to enact the desired activity in real life.

Samantha (divorced) describes how she and her lover use fantasies to make love when they are physically separated:

"Because we can't live together right now and are often separated, we masturbate together on the telephone, which is just out of sight! We usually talk to each other late in the evening because both of us are very busy during the day, and so sometimes we'll be on the phone almost all night, talking each other into coming. We talk about what we've done sexually with each other in the past and how good it felt; we talk about what we've done with other people that we've liked. He tells me about various things women have done to him, and it's a real turn-on just to imagine it while I'm masturbating. That way I can have several orgasms in one conversation. He usually has one, and then we become more intimate.

"It's not like masturbating alone—that's a whole different thing—but it's sort of like sharing something very intimate with someone that you care about. It's not as good as the real thing, but it's pretty damn good."

All of the foregoing games, props, and techniques can create a break from the general routine and add fun and excitement to a sexual relationship. We hope they will reinforce and encourage you in some of your sexual interests.

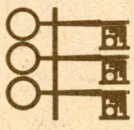
PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

ARE YOU A TEAM PLAYER?

READY FOR THE SPORTING LIFE?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Twenty questions to tell if you're a clone or move on your own



PSYCHOGRAPH

Once upon a time it was easy to pick the jock out in a crowd. He was the one who drank lots of beer, liked girls with big boobs, and had trouble spelling his name right on the first try.

These days, when more and more athletes are going on to successful careers in law, business, medicine, and entertainment, the differences aren't as apparent, but they are still there. It's said that you can't tell the players without a program. Well, today you can't tell the jocks without a psychological questionnaire.

The jock, psychologists have found, does indeed have a mind set—an approach to life—that differs from other men's. This psychograph can give you an idea of whether or not you share his outlook.

You don't have to be particularly athletic to answer these questions. The difference between the jock and the nonjock is in the mind as much as in the body. While researchers have focused on athletes in their search for a distinctive jock personality, the traits they've isolated describe any man who thrives on competition—who peaks at the right moments, whose adrenaline rushes into his system at the precise instant it's needed. Why do you think so many corporate presidents spend their Sundays transfixed by televised football games? They're not merely enjoying a sporting event; they're watching an instant replay of what they do all week: the split-second timing, sophisticated strategy, and decision making under pressure are all there, just as at the office.

In their attempts to delineate the jock mentality, psychologists have studied everyone from grammar-school athletes to West Point lettermen to Olympic gold medalists. Psychologist Barbara Kolonay (the wife of former New Orleans Jazz general manager Lewis Schaffel) discovered that by using psychological questionnaires, she could consistently predict winners in contests between basketball teams whose members were evenly matched physically but whose personality profiles differed sharply.

One of the most striking things about the jock mentality is its very distinctiveness. It appears to be so strong that it overcomes most environmental influences and patterns of upbringing. Studies conducted at the University of New Mexico by psychologist David Hunt, for example, found that black athletes share more personality traits with white athletes (who come from entirely different cultural backgrounds) than they do with nonathletes of their own race. A common jock mind, it seems, can flourish in even the most diverse ethnic and sociological soils.

Don't deliberate over your answers. Your initial response to a question is likely to be the most accurate.

1. Which of the following statements is more characteristic of you?
   (a) I like a good argument. It's a test of wills. When I get into an argument, I'll do everything I can to win it
   (b) I try to avoid arguments. It's easier to let people think they've won an argument than to fight it out with them

2. If you could use only one word to describe your basic political philosophy, which would it be?
   (a) liberal
   (b) conservative

3. With which of the following statements would you be more likely to agree?
   (a) For most problems, the tried and true solutions are usually best
   (b) Today most problems demand new solutions. Times and conditions change; answers that worked in the past won't necessarily work now

4. How do you feel about kinky sex?
   (a) We should explore all sorts of sexual areas. Nothing should be out of bounds so long as the people involved are consenting adults
   (b) Believe me, I enjoy sex, but a lot of the kinky stuff you hear and read about is wrong

5. This is a judgmental question, but try to answer it accurately: In relation to other people, how would you say your ability to tolerate pain compares with theirs?
   (a) I'm about average
   (b) I'm less sensitive to pain
   (c) I'm more sensitive to pain

6. Imagine that you're running a marathon. (If you've never done any long-distance running, imagine any sort of tiring, physical, repetitive activity you have experienced.) You've run for miles and are exhausted. Your body feels as if it's going to collapse, but you're determined to finish. Which of the following mental strategies would you be more likely to utilize to make it through the ordeal?
   (a) I'd try to forget about the pain and exhaustion. I'd focus on anything that would take my mind off what I was doing. Maybe I'd think about the last girl I'd gone to bed with or about the last good movie I'd seen. The one thing I wouldn't do is think about the hell I was going through at that moment
   (b) I'd probably pay *more* attention to my body than normal. When you're that close to exhaustion, you have to pay really close attention to whatever signals your body gives you. I'd listen to my breathing; I'd analyze how each leg felt; I'd think about which muscles were or were not hurting and why

7. If you had to choose one of the following activities, which would you select?
   (a) reading a book
   (b) taking a walk in the woods alone
   (c) going to a party
   (d) fishing
   (e) bicycling

8. With which of the following statements would you be more likely to agree?
   (a) People who are deviants and crazies are a danger to society. A lot of these people shouldn't be out running around but should be locked up
   (b) A healthy society should be able to live with its share of nuts and deviants. As long as someone isn't violent or dangerous, he should be allowed his freedom no matter how crazy he may seem

9. How do you feel about this statement: "No matter how much you say about 'liberation,' it's unmasculine for men to do things like taking care of kids, washing dishes, cleaning house, and talking about their feelings with other people"?
   (a) agree
   (b) disagree

10. When you're faced with a high-stress, competitive situation, how are you most likely to react?
    (a) I'm relatively calm both before and during the competition
    (b) I'm relatively calm before the

competition, but I definitely feel tense during it
(c) I'm tense just before the competition, but once the action starts, I calm down
(d) I'm tense before the competition and remain that way throughout

11. Would you say you get depressed easily?
(a) Yes, I think I get depressed more easily than most people
(b) I suppose I get depressed about as often as most people do
(c) No, I rarely get depressed

12. If you've worked closely and easily with someone for a long time on your job and he (or she) leaves, how is your own work performance likely to be affected?
(a) I'd probably be disoriented. If you're on a successful work team, everybody's performance suffers when a key member leaves
(b) I'd carry on without much trouble. People come and go on a job, and you have to learn how to get along without becoming dependent on them

13. Does it bother you if you feel you've been left out of a crowd and ignored?
(a) yes, a lot
(b) no, not much

14. Do you worry a lot about whether or not you'll be successful in your career?
(a) yes, very much
(b) some, but probably no more than anyone else
(c) no, not much at all

15. Would you say you're an exhibitionist? Do you like people to pay attention to you, to single you out in a crowd?
(a) yes
(b) no

16. If you were buying a house and money was no object, would you choose:
(a) a new house built in a traditional style (Cape Cod, colonial, etc.)
(b) an extremely modern house
(c) an old house

17. Which of the following statements comes closer to characterizing your feelings:
(a) The world is basically a cold, hard place, and you've got to be tough
(b) The world isn't all that tough a place. You don't have to be a ballbuster

18. When you're with people whom you don't know well, are you more likely to feel
(a) fairly relaxed and comfortable
(b) fairly awkward and unsure of yourself

19. If you had to choose one or the other, would you rather read
(a) a news magazine like *Time* or *Newsweek*
(b) a novel

20. Take a look at a place (like your office, bedroom, or private study) that's completely your own. Is it
(a) very orderly
(b) fairly orderly
(c) a mess

ANSWERS

Here are the answers most likely to have been chosen by the man with a fully developed jock mentality:

1. a	6. b	11. c	16. a
2. b	7. c	12. b	17. a
3. a	8. a	13. b	18. a
4. b	9. a	14. c	19. a
5. b	10. c	15. b	20. c

SCORING

Give yourself five points for each of your answers that agree with those listed above.

If you scored 70–100 points:

You are a superjock, and, as such, you have your good points and your bad points. Psychologists have found that many of the old clichés about jocks appear to be valid. They love to party, for example, because they're more sociable and talkative than nonjocks. They also (true to the conventional wisdom) "test out" as somewhat less intelligent than other men. But their strong points compensate for any intellectual deficiencies. Men like you tend to be enthusiastic and tough-minded. They don't give up without a fight. They view the world as it really is and go after what they want. They also have a strong drive to dominate others.

If you're in this group, you are likely to be physically adventurous but intellectually conventional. You might go hang-gliding off a gut-twisting cliff, but you're scared to death of taking an unpopular political position. Men like you generally lead comfortable, pleasant lives. They flow with the system and consequently reap its rewards. As Prof. William P. Morgan of the University of Wisconsin has observed, they are "characterized by emotional stability." (While jocks in general show a higher-than-average degree of mental stability, the absolute level of emotionality differs distinctly from one group of athletes to another. Basketball players are the most hung-up athletes, while swimmers are the most placid. Major-league baseball players tend to be less neurotic than minor leaguers, while football players are most likely to be hypochondriacs.)

35–65 points:

You are a semijock—an amalgam of both superjock and nonjock characteristics. If you possess the best traits of both groups, you are indeed lucky. A man who combined the intellectual prowess of the nonjock with the drive and sociability of the jock could be expected to succeed at anything he chose to do. Of course, if you're stuck with the worst of both worlds, you'll end up being a neurotic dullard. Chances are, though, that you're a mix of both the good and the bad. You probably have a wide variety of interests. You buy a newspaper to read the sports page *and* the editorials. The range of your interests may make you feel a bit schizophrenic. You may have trouble concentrating in any one area because you're drawn in so many directions. But that's the price you pay for being so damn well rounded.

0–30 points:

You probably couldn't distinguish a baseball from a hand grenade, but you don't consider that a grave deficiency. Men in this category lack the easygoing approach to life that characterizes the jock, but they still have a lot going for them. University of Oregon psychologist Jack Schendel compared athletes with nonathletes as they entered adulthood. Writing in *Research Quarterly,* he concluded that nonjocks: "(a) possess more of the qualities which lead to status, (b) are more conscientious and responsible, (c) possess greater tolerance, (d) are more capable of independent achievement, (e) have greater intellectual efficiency, (f) are more interested in the psychological needs of other people, (g) are more adaptable in their thinking and social behavior." He also noted that they have a less macho approach to life.

The bad news, some studies have found, is that nonathletes tend to be more neurotic than other men. But, hell, you can't have everything, can you? ○+■

"We've thought of everything. He's here to help us capture the sadomasochist vote."

INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 127

mands of the Iranian militants?

Clark: They wanted us to say that we wouldn't intervene in Iran again, and I think that was a perfectly justifiable demand; it's like the Americans after the Revolution asking Britain not to intervene in the U.S. again. They wanted us to admit our past interventions; we could certainly do that, since we sent billions of dollars in aid to the shah and put him back in power twice. They demanded that we not intervene with the extradition attempt by Iran to get the shah back and not intervene in Iran's attempt to get the shah's money back to the people. How could we oppose those things? Their demands were correct.

Penthouse: Would you have acceded to the demands of the terrorists who took over the Colombian embassy in Bogotá?

Clark: No. Nothing I saw indicated that their demands were legitimate. Those who decide whether or not to accede to the demands of terrorists have to make a judgment—the general rule is not to give in. Iran was different.

Penthouse: Do you think we should have stood by and let the Russians invade Afghanistan?

Clark: We certainly should have condemned the Soviet aggression as vicious, evil, brutal—the kind of thing you'd expect from a state that suppresses ethnic differences and individual liberties within its own country. And we should have encouraged the Afghans to defend themselves. But we should not supply arms to them. They are surrounded on three sides by the Pakistanis and Chinese and Iranians, all of whom support the rebels and all of whom have plenty of arms to share.

The Saudis have been the defenders of Islam for a long time; They have tens if not hundreds of billions of dollars of liquid assets in the Western world—they are a very appropriate group of people to defend the Afghans. If the U.S. gets involved, it is no longer the defense of a religion but rather a great power struggle. A direct confrontation with the Russians could trigger a nuclear war; such a confrontation must be avoided.

Penthouse: Would your condemnation of the Soviets have extended to your support of an Olympic boycott?

Clark: If I had been an Olympic athlete, I would not have participated. I think that is an ideal way to make an ethical statement. I would have encouraged others to do the same if they felt that way.

Penthouse: Do you think President Carter overstepped his bounds in ordering a national boycott?

Clark: A boycott on an individual basis is a good thing. What Carter was doing is something else. I've always been taught to believe that the Olympics are not a government program, not a great

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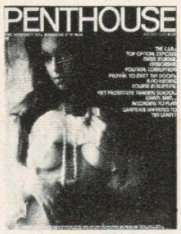

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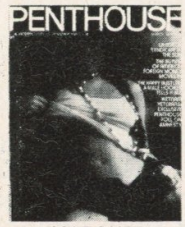

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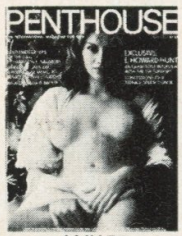

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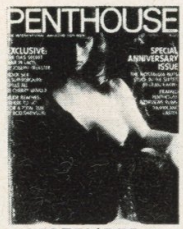

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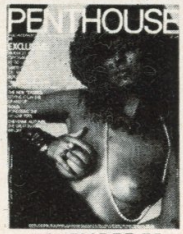
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propaganda weapon of the government—that the government didn't even subsidize them, that all these athletes were amateurs and supported by public contributors. Carter is taking the position that the Olympic team is another part of the federal bureaucracy.

Penthouse: But the U.S. Olympic team *is* receiving federal funds.

Clark: If it is, then on general Libertarian grounds and as protest against the Soviets, I would not have used federal funds for the Moscow Olympics. But Carter was saying he wouldn't allow the athletes to go to Moscow. I could not support any action that would refuse to allow Americans to leave their country. That's what the Berlin Wall is all about. Totalitarian countries put up walls to prevent their own citizens from getting out.

Penthouse: If you were president, would you impose economic sanctions against the Soviets?

Clark: The U.S. has been trying to promote trade and to underwrite exports and to encourage U.S. companies to export high-technology equipment to the U.S.S.R. That kind of government intervention is not a good idea.

Penthouse: What about the question of oil? How can we put ourselves in a position in which the Soviets control the oil we need in order to maintain our standard of living at home?

Clark: The oil that is in the Mideast does not belong to us. It doesn't belong to you, it doesn't belong to me—it doesn't belong to the U.S. And we don't have any more right to go and take it by force than would the Chinese, if they liked Hollywood and California wines, have the right to take over California. That's a basic ethical principle. We don't have the right to use force to make ourselves richer. We're not bank robbers.

If we believe we need substantial amounts of oil, we must figure out how we can get it in a peaceful, voluntary, and ethical way. One of the first steps that should be taken is the complete deregulation of the price of oil and gas. Natural gas is being sold in the U.S. at a fraction of its replacement cost, at a price lower than any other in the world. The result has been to encourage waste and high consumption. Higher prices would encourage conservation in both the private and the industrial sectors.

We must also get the government out of the energy business. The chief cause of the shortage that occurred in the spring of 1979 was the government allocation plan, which prevented producers from shipping gasoline around the country to meet demand but caused them to send it to the same parts of the country that they had sent it to in the past. I think that shortage was a government-induced shortage.

Then there is Carter's handling of the land use issue. A good third of the U.S. and all offshore areas are owned by the federal government, which has been very slow and difficult in making those areas available for energy exploration and development.

Penthouse: There are no figures to suggest that we could supply our own oil needs domestically.

Clark: No, but we derived 12 percent of our oil from the Persian Gulf, and there are plenty of figures that indicate that with a better production policy in the U.S., we could certainly cut imports by 12 percent.

Penthouse: What do you think of the Department of Energy?

Clark: The Department of Energy is one of the worst examples of government in action. In recent years it had a budget range of $12 billion, which is equal to the profits of many of the leading oil companies, and it hasn't found any oil or gas at all. The principal program was the strategic petroleum reserve, whereby it was putting oil in buildings down in Louisiana. And when the shortage hit last spring, it discovered the defect in the program: it hadn't put any pumps in to pump the oil out. So what it had done was take a lot of crude oil off the market and make it completely unusable. That's typical of its performance.

Penthouse: If you put a deregulation policy into effect and allowed the price to rise, many people would have to choose between heating their homes and eating. How do you respond to that?

Clark: Well, I think American life-styles are eventually going to parallel a little bit more closely Western European life-styles. In Western Europe, where fuel is more expensive, it is not the custom that every time you want to go down to the store and buy a bottle of milk, you get in your car and do it. There's a little more planning involved, a little more care in the use of fuels. We're just not conscious enough of the value and scarcity of fuels.

A tax-credit program, a private sharing program, would be an ideal way to meet the needs of those who would be severely hurt by a rise in prices. In New England, for example, which is dependent on heating oil, there are a lot of people who would rather give their money to some elderly person who is having a hard time meeting heating bills than send their money to Washington.

Penthouse: Why do you, a corporate lawyer, feel that you're the proper person to be the Libertarian candidate?

Clark: For 20 odd years I've been a defense, antitrust lawyer, which means that I've tried to defend the right of business to conduct its affairs against attacks by government to try to regulate its affairs. I've consistently worked for free-market economics in my professional life.

Penthouse: Why aren't you out running your own business, if you believe in the free-enterprise system?

Clark: I have been in legal practice for myself, and I've also practiced law in various ways, some of which have been entrepreneurial. One of the great things about a free-market society is that it gives

people choices as to whether they wish to be entrepreneurs or be employed by someone else.

Penthouse: Many people feel that the large businesses—especially multinational corporations—are running roughshod over the public and that the deregulation you propose would only make things worse.

Clark: There are all sorts of companies that do all sorts of different things. In my view, some of the best, most radical things that are being done to help the Third World countries are being done by major transnational or international companies. Sears Roebuck, for example, has stores all over Latin America; it is a very revolutionary company with respect to the Third World, in the best sense of the word. Generally it relies on local manufacturers to supply goods for it, and so it develops the manufacturing industry in that country. It also takes people who are earning very little money and puts them in the stores to sell, where they can earn and produce more. So it has really been the investments of large companies that have allowed the people of the Third World to cross the line from starvation to having enough to eat.

Penthouse: Do you think the large companies are generally part of the government apparatus, or are they actually free-enterprise activities?

Clark: Many of them are completely part of the government apparatus. Public utilities, for example. Public utilities are given a monopoly by the state, which is the complete antithesis of free-market economics. I think we ought to withdraw the monopoly grants the utilities have and create a lot more competition in the generation of power.

Many companies try to get subsidies—Penn Central and Lockheed and Chrysler are three big examples. I think those people are part of the system when they say, "We're not going to stand on our own two feet; we're not going to compete. When we get in trouble, we're going to look to the taxpayers to support us." This is completely contrary to the free-market system.

There are also many instances where an industry *asks* to be regulated. It does this because it doesn't want to face competition. It doesn't want to have small entrepreneurs come in and compete. The airline industry and the trucking industry are good examples.

Penthouse: Why doesn't regulation work?

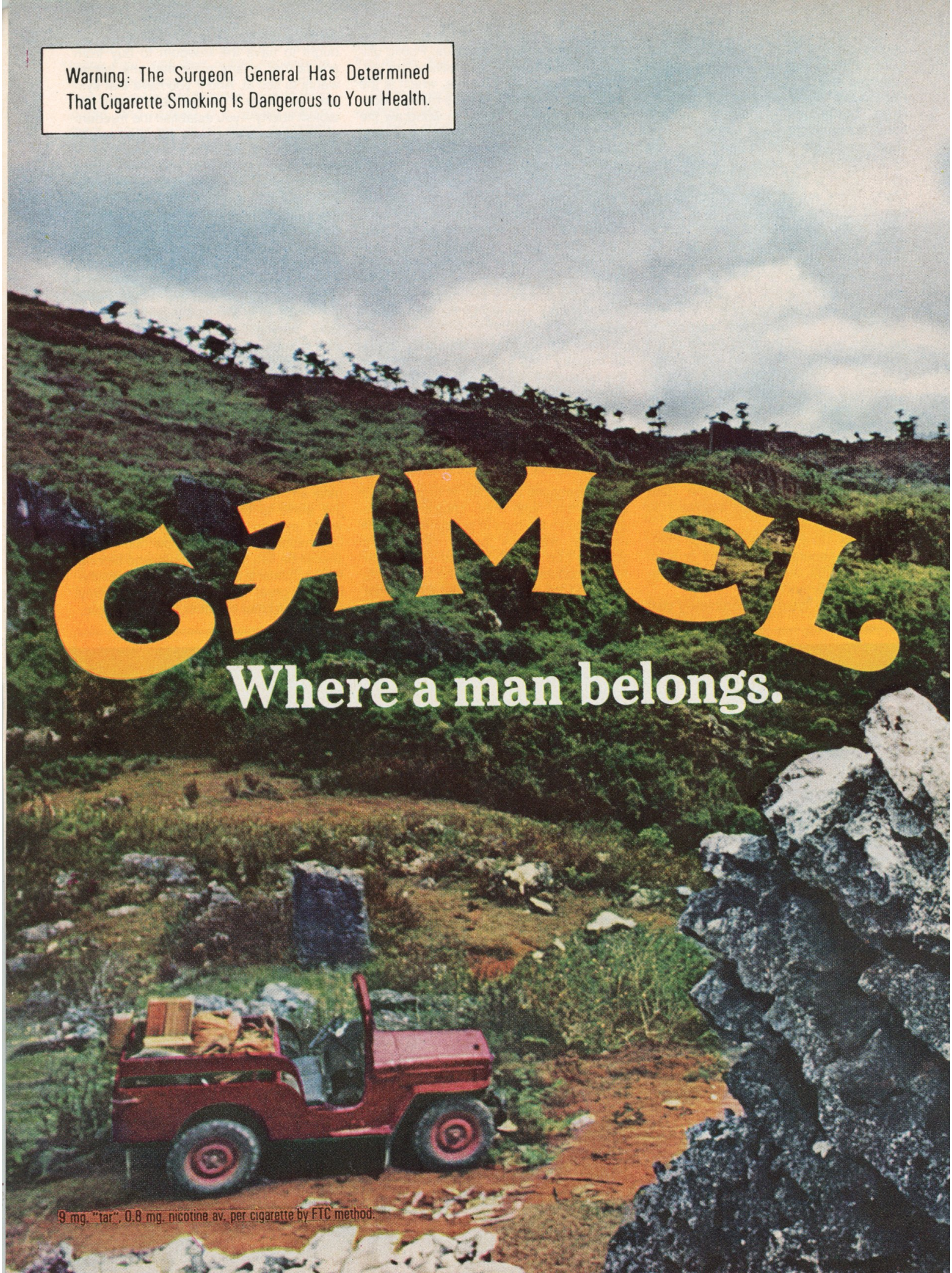
Clark: Because the point of regulation is to interfere with free choice. People should have the right to produce as much as they want. A group of farmers shouldn't be able to prevent one farmer from producing more if he wants to, shouldn't be able to prevent that farmer from selling at lower prices. Consumers ought to have the freedom to buy from any farmer at any price that any farmer wants to sell at. And if you have that system, you have a double benefit: you establish liberty—you establish the freedom of people to trade—and you also establish the lowest price for consumers.

Penthouse: How would you characterize the American system? You seem to be very critical of it.

Clark: It's a system of special-interest politics, one designed by special-interest groups to further their own interests.

Penthouse: Who are those people? Who is on the inside in your estimation?

Clark: The people who are on the inside are those who are well-organized politically. They get a disproportionate share of the subsidies, the grants, the preferences the government can give out. They profit from the distortions the government can create in the free market. The Trilateral Commission, for example, is a group of people who share the beliefs that the U.S. should have an aggressive foreign policy, that we should take an interest in every country in the world, and that we have an obligation to intervene all around the world to try to create, by force, a world system that meets The Trilateral Commission's view of how the world should be. So, all the people who belong to The Trilateral Commission, collectively, have a great deal of influence. Jimmy Carter, a former member, is an example.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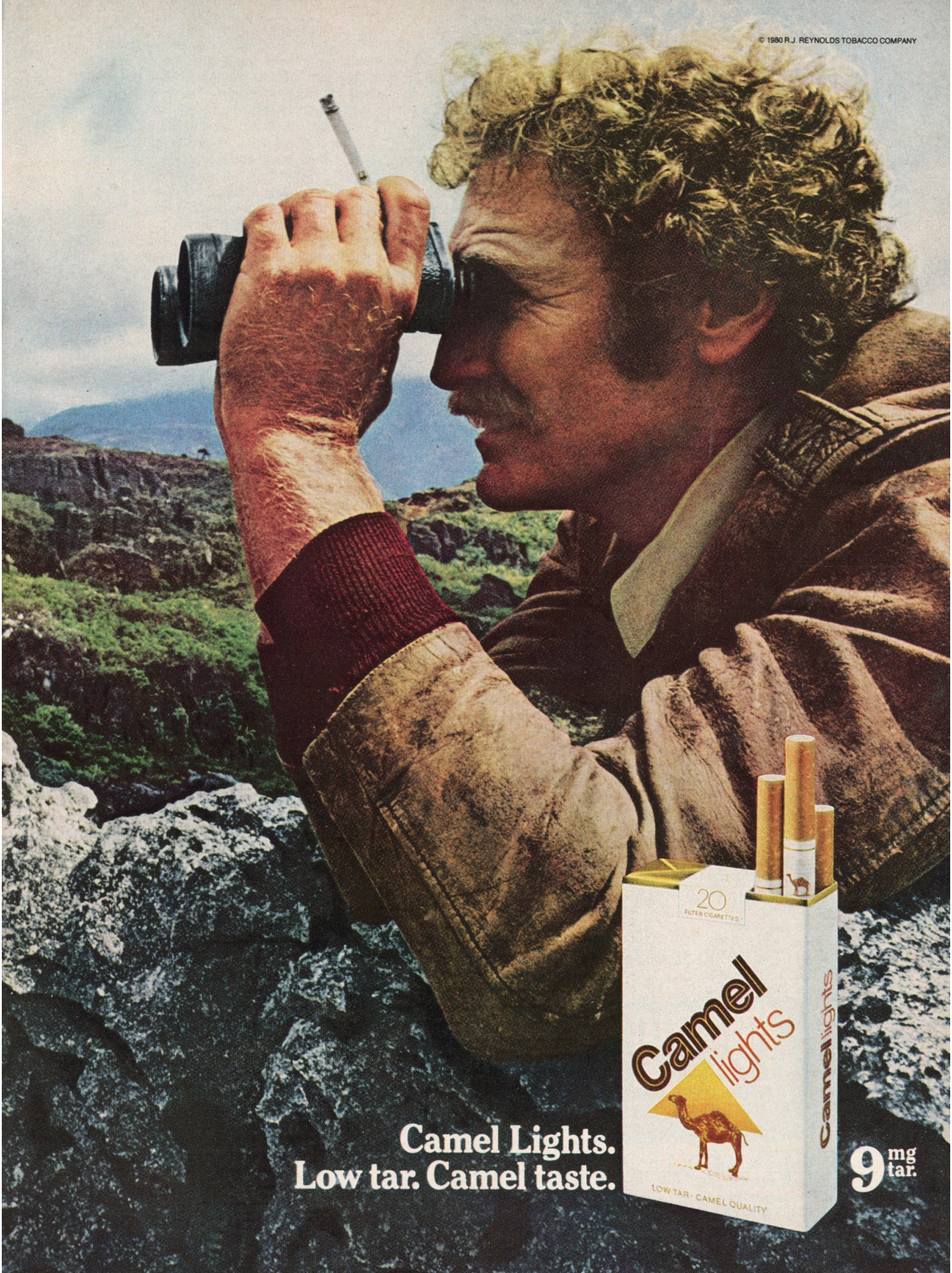

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It is the people outside the system who are the principal victims of government regulation. They, in addition to minority groups, have not organized themselves well enough politically to be effective. For instance, those who use marijuana are principal victims.

Penthouse: What would happen if there were free-market growing and selling of marijuana?

Clark: The people who sell marijuana love government regulation. If there were free-market growing and selling, those people would not be involved in it and the profit levels would be considerably smaller.

Penthouse: Would you advocate people dropping completely out of government institutions?

Clark: I think wherever people can use any kind of nongovernmental institutions, it builds up the private sector; it builds up community feeling; it builds up skills and abilities and organizations to handle problems that are sometimes now being handled very poorly by the government in a private way. And that's a good type of individual action for people.

Penthouse: What about dropping out of the tax collection system? Do you think people should pay their taxes?

Clark: I think that is an ethical matter for each individual to decide for himself or herself. But I would not in any way impose compulsory taxes on other people if I had the choice. As to whether or not people wish to take the step themselves to disobey the law and accept the penalties, I think is an individual judgment.

Penthouse: Well, if you were elected president of the United States, you would take an oath to uphold the Constitution and to enforce the laws of the United States. Would you be able to enforce those laws in good conscience?

Clark: There are 4 or 5 million state and federal laws in the United States: laws that require higher prices, laws that require lower prices, laws that are contradictory both in application and in principle. And there's such a confusion of laws that one of the things that any executive should do is to pick out the laws that clearly should be repealed and have them repealed and then, when he is trying to enforce this mishmash of laws, try to enforce them in an ethical way. I think the important laws to enforce are the ones that defend individual rights. So I would be enthusiastic about supporting laws that are opposed to burglary, extortion, rape, murder, and other vicious and violent crimes. Those laws should take priority. And those laws that invade individual rights are clearly harmful and not the type of law that should be enthusiastically supported.

The American people are ready for less government. If you look back over the last 10 or 12 years, you can see that people no longer believe that the government is good for them. Nobody believed that Vietnam was good for people. Nobody believed that Watergate was an example of great government leadership and of how we should trust government. It was an example of how bad government is and why we should distrust it and why it should be smaller. Koreagate—a scandal that involved a lot of congressmen who had taken bribes, taken money in one form or another from the Koreans—was another massive cause of disenchantment with the government.

Jimmy Carter has really done for the Democratic party what Nixon did for the Republican: he's got millions of people out of the party, and now almost half of the people in the country view themselves as independents. So there is massive disenchantment with government; what people want now is less government. The Libertarian party is the spokesperson for these mass feelings all across the country.

Penthouse: Do you really think you have a chance to be elected president?

Clark: I certainly think I have a prospect. The odds may be against it, but there's certainly a possibility of it. And in any event, I think the Libertarian party is going to poll several million votes. We will probably be the balance of power between the Republicans and the Democrats, get more votes than the number separating the two of them, have an influence in the dialogue, and set a new direction for American politics. Really, if people want social change, they never should vote Republican or Democrat, because then they're just voting for more of the same. And I think now most people want social change. So we have to articulate this, and the best way to vote is Libertarian.

Penthouse: You're saying that all the other candidates are pretty much the same?

Clark: Yes. In a typical contest between Republicans and Democrats, the Democrats say, "We need fifteen percent more spending this year, and we need it because we care for people and we're humane"; and the Republicans say, "That's too much; we'll bankrupt the country. We can afford only thirteen percent more spending, and we're in favor of that because we're conservative and we love the United States, we love our families, and we believe in the free market." I think these minor differences in politics are covered by great rhetorical differences.

Penthouse: Do you know whether your support comes from people who are fed up with the Republicans or from those who are fed up with the Democrats?

Clark: I think in California much of my support came from people who hadn't voted recently, who'd just been turned off by the system. As to what party they'd been in when they'd been in the system, I think it's split fairly closely between Republicans and Democrats.

Penthouse: Why should anyone vote at all? Doesn't failure to vote indicate that you don't support the status quo?

Clark: It does in a sense. But the gov-

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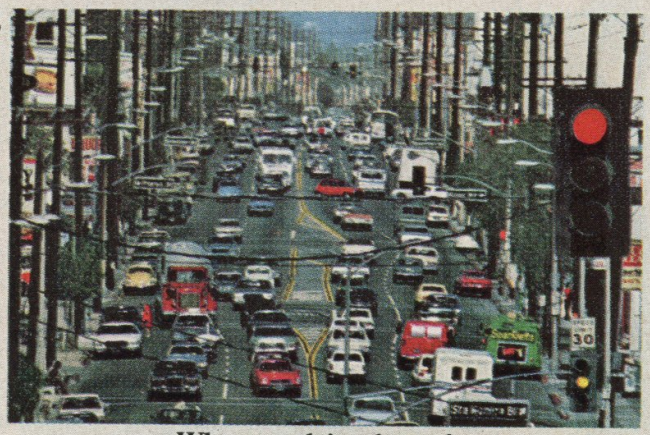

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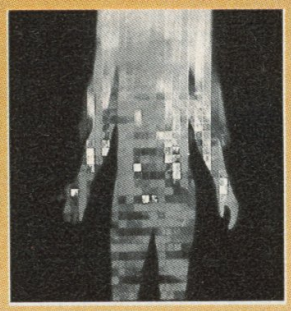

BODY ELECTRIC

PROTON

ASTEROIDS—Pop goes the planet? Just when astronomers thought they'd laid to rest the nineteenth-century notion that asteroids are the remains of a lost world (some call it Krypton), a few very respectable scientists are bringing it back to life. Other space geologists think the asteroids may be unchanged matter from the condensation of the sun billions of years ago. And asteroids' *moons*? In this month's *Omni* writer James Oberg voyages beyond Mars for a look at one of the strangest areas of our solar system.

I SING THE BODY ELECTRIC—The power to regenerate lost limbs, restore a severed spine, perhaps even cure cancer? We'll have it within 20 years if experiments now under way pay off, and it looks as if they will. Researchers can already manipulate our cells with electromagnetic fields, causing new growth, triggering single genes, or altering bodily processes. The first practical product: a device that heals unmending bone breaks. Find out about this revolutionary medical advance in the November *Omni*.

CONTEMPLATING MEGAWAR—If American soldiers had a weapon that vaporized opponents, would they be psychologically capable of using it? Could the Russians grow strong enough to knock out our missiles, bombers, and submarines with one blow? Such are the ponderings of military think tanks, secretive aggregations of Ph.D.'s, whose thoughts shape the balance of the future. In the November *Omni* Dr. Paul Nahin takes you inside these high-power, low-profile centers to reveal martial scenarios.

THE ULTIMATE QUARK—Einstein's dream of a unified field theory fairly blazes in neon lights. Now physicists think they're close. They scramble to track down the moment when matter disappears into a flash of gamma rays. They lie in wait for a proton kill—for an unlikely tête-à-tête between two of the three quarks racing around the huge, hollow space of the proton. The quarks might possibly fuse into leptoquarks and vanish into gamma rays by dint of a single "master force." Quarks will then flash as the ultimate building blocks of the universe and afford clues to the big bang. Robert March will tell it all in this month's supreme detective story, "Protons Are Not Forever."

SCIENCE FICTION—Norman Spinrad's "Prime Time" envisions a Total Television Heaven with a tuned-out outside world. A frustrated artist is haunted by an oddly threatening young man in Walter Tevis's "Out of Luck." John Keefauver presents "Body Ball," a deadly game for compulsive gamblers. Good reading in the November *Omni*.

ernment works with physical force. And so long as you do not have a violent revolution to overthrow the government, then a majority of those voting will control a huge sector of American life. Of all those old enough and eligible to vote in 1976, about 27 percent voted for Jimmy Carter and about 25 percent voted for Jerry Ford. So Carter in no sense had a mandate. Twenty-seven percent of all the adults voted for him. And yet here he is, raising taxes, causing hideous inflation, doing all these things to millions and millions of people. Just to protect yourself, you can vote for something else to try to change that. Inflation, in my view, is a Democratic and Republican process that creates millions of poor people every year. It's a government program, and if you don't like it, one of the ways to stop it is to vote against it.

Penthouse: You're saying that the politicians of the major parties create inflation deliberately?

Clark: Absolutely. They love deficits. Huge deficits give them billions and billions of dollars more to spend on their special-interest groups. If you're going to program, as they do, a 30 or 40 billion-dollar deficit, that's another 30 or 40 billion dollars that you can give to preferred contractors, that you can have to pay off the farmers, that you can have for some useless social-welfare program that doesn't do any good and probably does a lot of harm. And you can do it without raising taxes. So they love it. And how do they pay for that deficit? They just basically expand the money supply to pay for it.

Penthouse: Do you favor a constitutional amendment that requires that the budget be balanced?

Clark: Absolutely. I'm the first presidential candidate, I believe, to come out in support of that; I came out in support of that in September 1978. I think it's a clear way to get the politicians to reduce spending. I don't think they've got the courage to raise taxes. To balance the budget, they would have to budget lower-level expenditure, and that would be good, because it would provide more liberty by preventing an increase in spending. And it would also prevent inflation of the money supply.

Penthouse: Do you think the American public has cause to be concerned about the way the multinational companies have loaned billions of dollars to Third World countries?

Clark: I think the government has deceived a lot of people into believing—because the industry is very heavily regulated—that deposits in any bank are safe. Many banks that have lent huge amounts of money overseas are really in a precarious position and are not the right kind of institutions for people to put their savings in.

Penthouse: Are you saying that the banking system is unsafe?

Clark: I think that the banking system has

substantial risks facing it and that it has a lot of loans outstanding, which are going to be extremely difficult to collect.

Penthouse: Many people, such as former Texas governor John Connolly, have said that what America needs now is strong leadership. How do you respond to that?

Clark: The twentieth century is full of strong leaders. Kaiser Wilhelm was a strong leader. Hitler was a strong leader. Stalin was a strong leader. Really, in this century we have ended the dream of progress: that life in every generation could be more civilized and more prosperous and more peaceful and better. That dream, which has been shattered, and which the Libertarian party is trying to rebuild, has been shattered by strong leaders. Leaders require followers. And leaders and followers involve sacrifice. It's always the followers who sacrifice. So that my politics is not the politics of being a strong leader. My politics is the politics of making government small so that governmental leaders have less power and the people have more power.

Penthouse: You say that we don't need strong leaders in America. Many people feel that Jimmy Carter has not been a strong leader. How do you respond to that? Don't people seem to be wanting a strong leader?

Clark: Jimmy Carter's principal problem is that he is leading in so many different and contrary directions—contradictory directions—that there is no coherence to his policy. He was elected on the strength of his promise to balance the budget and end inflation. It was a good promise, the right thing to do. But he didn't do it. New spending programs came along—new ways to spend money to gain votes came along. The continuation of the peanut subsidy, for example. Jimmy Carter supported that: he signed a bill that expanded the continued peanut subsidy. If there ever was an industry that should not be subsidized in the United States, it is the industry that he's made his money out of, the peanut industry.

And so, Carter likes to talk generally about being frugal—stopping expenditures and ending inflation and balancing the budget. But when it gets down to specifics, he doesn't do it. So the American people perceive him, and very rightly, as vacillating. But it isn't that he isn't strong. He has come out condemning the Russians for the troops that have been in Cuba for many years. And he has condemned the oil companies; he has come out for huge, billion-dollar spending programs for synthetic fuels that are probably not economical and that may be very harmful to the environment of this country. He's come out with a lot of big, strong proposals, but they're so contradictory. That's what people object to.

Penthouse: Many people felt that Senator Kennedy represented a more capable political tradition. What do you think?

Clark: I think Senator Kennedy is straight out of the 1930s. His program is tax and

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They're making a comeback. *Forum*'s informal survey of liberated women found that passive, sensitive types are on the way out, and tough guys will rule the eighties.

THE STONING OF AMERICA

Journalist Paul Hoeffel examines the massive drug use—and abuse—in America today. Tranks, sedatives, uppers, and downers—they've all created millions of hidden addicts.

IN PRAISE OF THE ONE-NIGHT STAND

Intrepid *Forum* author Ellin Pollachek stopped looking for commitment and found satisfaction in brief, intense sexual encounters. She examines the fine art of the one-night stand in *Forum* this month.

tax, spend and spend, elect and elect. He is for every big spending program that comes around. There was a time when he was talking about slightly lower defense budgets. But he has voted for a huge increase in defense budgets—higher, in fact, than Carter proposed. And he believes that it's the best thing for his party, he believes that it's the best thing for his candidacy, and he probably believes it's the best thing for the country—to continue the same programs of government waste and inflation and economic stagnation that people have been plagued with for the last 20 years. I think he's completely wrong; I think he's out of touch with the new realities of American politics. And the new realities of American politics are that the people correctly perceive that government is very largely opposed to them, and that as government gets bigger, they get poorer; that every additional tax dollar taken from the economy not only makes the taxpayer poorer but also makes the economy as a whole poorer.

Penthouse: Ronald Reagan has spoken very much along the same lines. He called for smaller government and decried the fact that the government takes more and more money out of the average person's week-to-week paycheck. What is your opinion of Reagan?

Clark: In economic areas, Ronald Reagan's rhetoric is quite remarkable. However, his performance as governor of California was not remarkable at all. He raised taxes substantially while he was governor. He introduced withholding on California income tax, something he had repeatedly promised he would not do. And now he is going around the country telling people that he is a moderate, and as an indication of his moderation and his mainstream politics, he points to the fact that he raised taxes while he was governor of California. I think that was the wrong policy for California, and I don't think that Mr. Reagan's actions support the view that he is a low-tax, small-government, free-market advocate.

Penthouse: What do you think of John Anderson?

Clark: Anderson is a middle-of-the-road, establishment politician who is precisely the wrong kind of person to provide the alternative the American people are looking for. He's constantly apologizing for his record in Congress—everything from the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution to his constitutional amendment to make this officially a Christian nation. Really, the only thing that distinguishes John Anderson from Jimmy Carter and Ronald Reagan is the fact that he *isn't* Jimmy Carter or Ronald Reagan. Policy-wise, it's the same old stuff.

Penthouse: What is your position on nuclear power?

Clark: I think nuclear power is the most socialized energy source in the United States, developed out of the government weapons program in World War II, and heavily subsidized in research and development by the government from the very beginning. Some of the first few nuclear plants were subsidized by construction grants by the government. In the mid-fifties the utility industry was not willing to go ahead with building a substantial number of plants. And the Atomic Energy Commission, the predecessor of the Nuclear Regulatory Commission, had as its charter from Congress the task to promote nuclear energy. So they came up with a program called the Price-Anderson Act. The Price-Anderson Act is one of the most evil pieces of legislation in American society. It says that if there's a major nuclear accident, the utility is not going to be liable for any injury over $500 million. If you had a major nuclear accident—say, in New York—the damages could run to billions; everything over the first $500 million is going to be suffered by the people who are actually hurt. There'll be nobody they can sue. This whole program shifts risks from the large companies, which should be responsible for their own actions, and puts them on the taxpayers. I think it's absolutely, completely unethical.

Penthouse: What would you do about it?

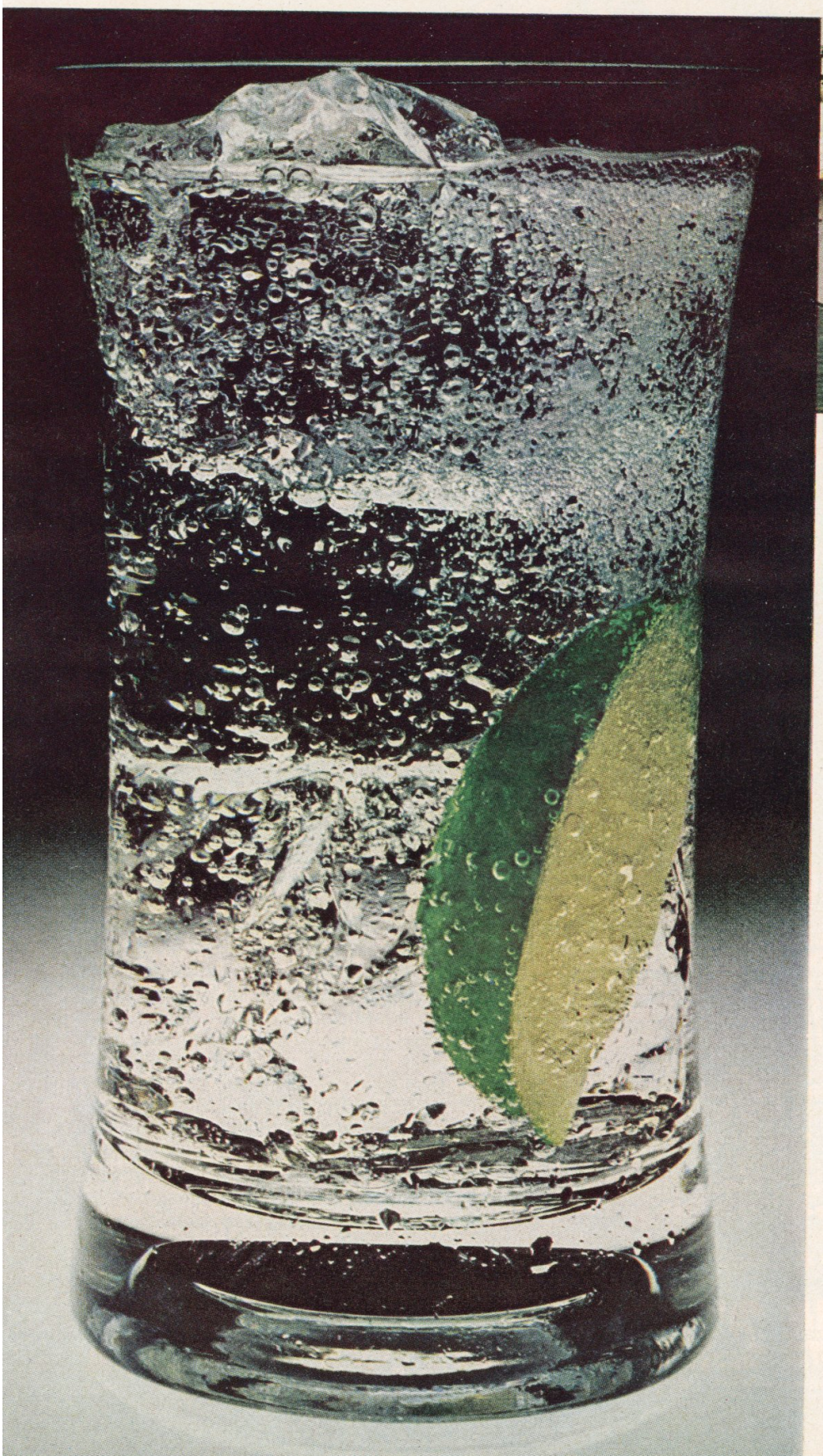
Clark: The first thing I would do is repeal the Price-Anderson Act. Utilities would have to decide whether or not the plants that they had built were safe enough to operate if they were going to be responsible for the injuries they caused. I think if some of the plants were unsafe, utilities would close them down. And if plants can be repaired and put in a safe condition, I would expect the utilities to do it, because now they're going to be fully responsible for their acts.

In addition, if you apply free-market principles of generating energy, so that utility companies have to compete in a marketplace, then I think it's quite likely there might not be any additional nuclear plants. They're terribly expensive. Utility companies raise capital for these plants by adding on to the customer's bills certain sums to pay for the plants before they are in service. This is the typical way that business finances capital expenditures: it puts part of the cost of the new plants into the cost of products. But utilities have a special advantage, because there's no competition, and they can raise those prices as high as the public utility commissions will allow. It is a private tax, enforced by the government, and it allows the financing of nuclear plants.

Penthouse: Can you give our readers any last reason to support your candidacy?

Clark: In all the other democratic countries in the world, there is a three-party system. Just through inertia and conservatism, we have a two-party system in the United States. That has stultified the political dialogue, brought inflation, and brought rigidity in thinking. We need new ideas. A third party is the way to give new ideas an organized means of expression, to help them percolate throughout society. So if the readers act on their best impulses, we will have a three-party system and a much better country.

"The best tonic drinks are made with Puerto Rican white rum. Not gin or vodka."



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SMOKESTACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 136

nial meal—chicken in a watery brown sauce—wondering if Sky was in danger. On the dais, where four tiers of celebrity guests sat, a smarmy comic was roasting Harmon: "People say Wayne got his start with shady characters. *Bullshit.* Wayne never broke anyone's bones on purpose—he just happened to be the *worst* fuckin' *chiropractor* on the *Brooklyn docks* . . ." Harmon roared. At a distant table, Sky Wilkins dozed from the effects of booze and Tuinals. "Another lie about Wayne—that he makes a dishonest buck here and there. *Wayne doesn't know the meaning of the word* payola. Graft, yes. Payola, no . . ."

Funny stuff, Harry thought. Absolutely hysterical.

Seely arranged the Cakewalk showcase with his characteristic flair. Instead of wrangling a booking at the Bottom Line or Trax or one of the second-level rooms, he decided to maintain the honky-tonk motif. He booked them into Broadway Charley's.

The night of the showcase, Broadway Charley's was transformed into the ultimate dive. In the pursuit of seediness, no expense was spared. Harry paid a hundred dollars each for two antique Pabst Blue Ribbon–illuminated bar clocks. Old *Life* magazines were scattered on tables; the bulbous head of Dwight Eisenhower smiled in black and white. Tiny switchblades with tortoiseshell handles were given out as souvenirs.

He'd sent out invitations to the rock cognoscenti—cream-colored parchment with a rip drawn from corner to corner—and few could resist a Harry Seely extravaganza. Especially since he supplemented the beer, nuts, and Cheetos fare with coquilles St. Jacques and medallions of beef, and the red-capped bottles with a virtual smorgasbord of dope.

The gig was scheduled for ten-thirty, with a second set to begin at midnight, and by nine there was a line around the block. Lincolns and Porsches were double-parked at curbs packed with garbage. Photographers elbowed and cursed one another.

Seely sat with Arnie Carlson, the president of Diplomat Records.

When the crowd had finished admiring itself, people began to sit at their tables, with lesser dignitaries assigned to barstools. Harry Seely got up below the rack of baby spots and made a short welcoming speech: "There are a thousand bar bands in America. This one alone will make it. Tonight you will hear rock and roll for real . . ."

The musicians were "backstage"—in the kitchen—preparing. Congealed fat from lunchtime burgers scented the room. Caine took a few tokes on a joint, Landreaux a swig of tequila, but cocaine was the staple. Too much grass would dull them out and make them ramble; too much booze and their acrobatics suffered. But coke lit the right circuits, gave them synthetic bravado. Caine just had to be sure he didn't snort too much, because it would drain his mucous membranes and alter the pitch of his voice. In between snorts he drank tea with honey to lubricate his throat.

Kitchen implements hung in the dim fluorescence. Outside, the stagelights faded slowly to a black mystery.

In the final minute the four men gathered in a tight circle, hands joined. Landreaux ran down the order of songs like a quarterback calling the plays. Then each man closed his eyes and made something like a prayer—the primitive kind, based not on devotion, but on simple terror. Wolf whistles cut through the dark outside. There were unknown creatures out there.

Powerful forces.

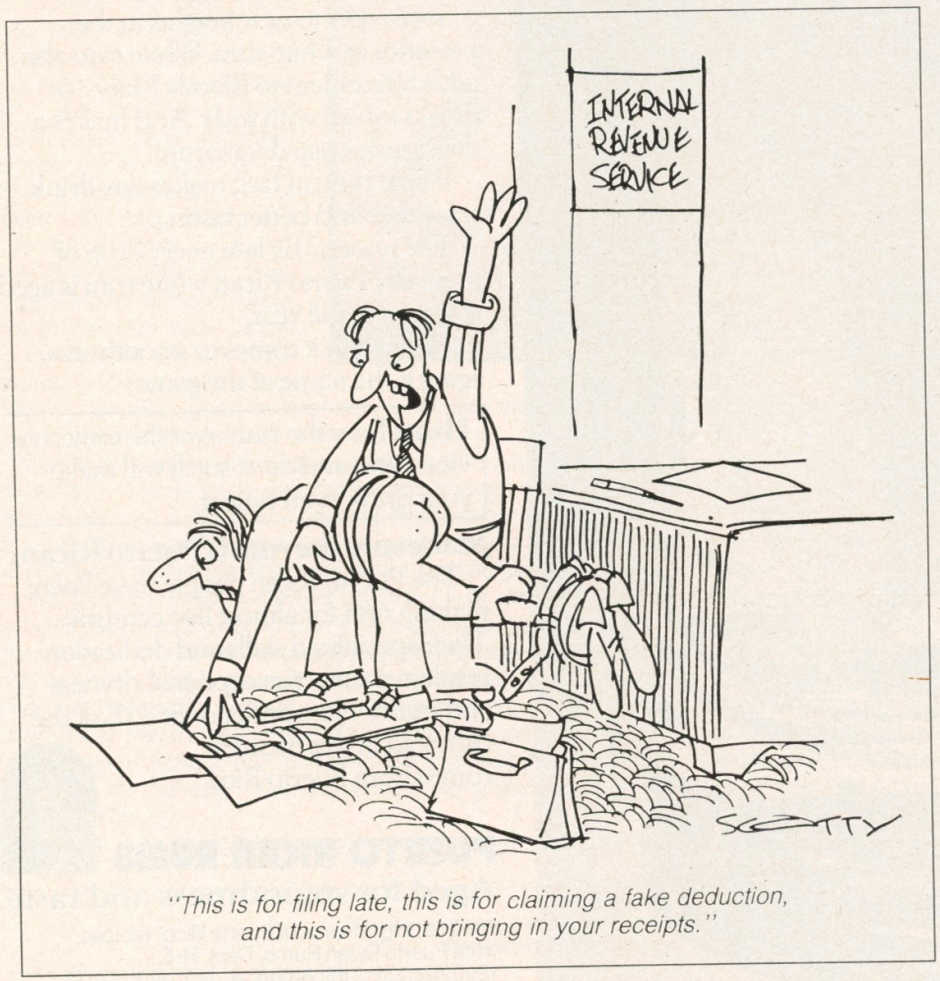
Eyes.

They broke their huddle with a shout and filed out through the kitchen door in the pitch black. Luckily they knew from habit where to step up for the riser, because only the bar, far back, was lit. Before the audience could really focus on the shadowy forms onstage, Martelli was settled behind his drums like a stunt flyer in his cockpit, Baker had slung his bass low across his thighs, and Caine and Landreaux had strapped on their guitars.

Landreaux hit the first ringing chords of "Snake Eyes" in the blackness, and just as the rest of the band kicked in, Seely's expert light man bombarded them with red and blue spots. The effect was terrific, except on Cakewalk, whose pupils shrank to microdots under the onslaught. Landreaux swung his guitar out to the side and speared Caine's thigh by mistake. But the crowd was enthralled by the beat from Martelli's well-miked bass drum; and, doped to a keen edge, the industry elite was ready to be rocked.

Caine knew from the first verse of "Snake Eyes" how much trouble they were in. Whether it was the pressure or too much powder or Venus trining with Uranus, the whole band was running scared. All of Seely's helpful touches were backfiring—the monitors he'd placed on each side of the stage were too powerful for the room and poured a wash of jumbled frequencies over them while the lights could drag confessions from the most tight-lipped killer. But their panic couldn't be blamed on Seely: they were simply off. It could happen any time they took the stage. A well-planned battle turned into a rout, each man for himself.

Most of the listeners, though, didn't know it was wrong; and when the song ended, the applause was generous. Some of the whistles and stomping had been paid for by Seely, but much of it was genuine. Music people know enough to ascribe first-tune mistakes to jitters. So the players didn't wreck the set with "Snake Eyes" but with their own



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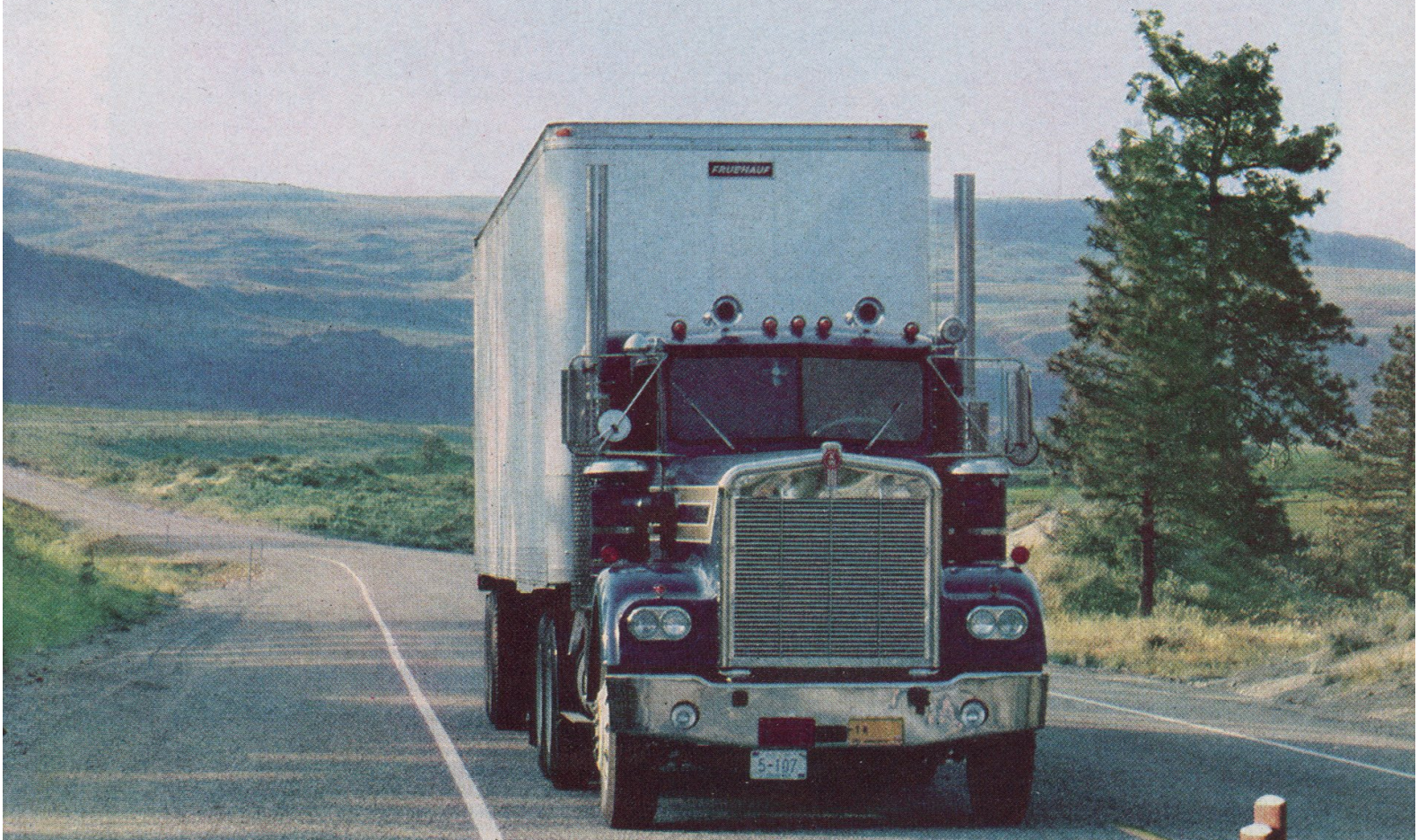

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RALEIGH LIGHTS

panic. Landreaux took a long time retuning his strings, and Baker whispered stern words to Martelli.

The next tune, "All Fought Out," was worse than the first. Little conversations began at the tables, A&R men trying to impress one another.

Seely sat with the boss of Diplomat Records, Arnie Carlson. Neither man's face showed any response to the music as "All Fought Out" limped to a conclusion.

"What does the band think? That it's a normal showcase?"

"Absolutely," Seely said, "Can't you see the nerves? I almost feel guilty about this charade. They've been rehearsing like a teenage Top Forty band for weeks. Nail biting, the whole bit."

"Stop worrying," Carlson whispered. "Without a showcase it would look too suspicious. You just tell everyone I flipped and leave it at that. This gig should be good for word of mouth, too."

Carlson quieted down as Sky Wilkins stopped at the table. Cakewalk had just wrapped up its first set, and chair legs began to scrape against the floor as people rose to stretch. Sky reached down to shake Carlson's hand.

"I don't understand how you did it," he slurred, "but I hear you've got this band locked up. Congratulations."

Carlson narrowed his eyes. He got an image of Sky in a peasant shirt with a mandala tie-dyed in the center. This kid with the drugged voice reminded him of the bad old sixties: he made a note to report the comment to Wayne Harmon.

In between sets each musician went off by himself. As they drifted through the crowd, they were back-pummeled and glad-handed and "far-out"ed to death. At showcase gigs sincerity runs as deep as the regret expressed by Con Ed in disconnect notices.

But they knew they'd been off. When they regrouped in the kitchen thirty minutes later, they could hardly meet one another's eyes. Landreaux spoke quietly.

"We sounded like shit. We've got one more set. Let's just go out and play to each other. Let's just *play*." There was a hushed fervor in his voice.

And the second set was ferocious: rock with the rawness intact. Caine strode onstage, took a strobe attack without flinching; he grabbed the mike as if it were a weak bully's throat and pulled it to his face and told it off. Baker drove the beat through the floor with his boot heel and entered that low-frequency trance only granted to bass players. He was locked in effortlessly with Martelli. They found themselves grinning in midsong with that astonishment that's usually faked. Caine shouted off-mike to Landreaux when the guitarist took his solo, urging him further, and Landreaux zigzagged through the treble notes with abandon. Caine played a train riff on his F harp, jumping up and down, tumbling, squirming on his back. Like all good honky-tonk rock, it wasn't just heard; it was danced, inhaled, guzzled, and spit back up. It was discerned by stomachs and throats and feet. It was licked up, wallowed in like mud, smeared everywhere. It rocked.

After a fifty-minute set that left the room rank with sweat, they were called back for two encores—"Devil with a Blue Dress" and Otis Redding's "Shout 'Bama Lama." Caine did every old microphone trick of the Apollo Theater singers. He flung the chrome stand to the floor, caught it with his sneaker toe, and flipped it back into his hands.

At the end of "Shout 'Bama Lama" Caine said, by force of habit: "Please remember to tip your waitresses . . ." He smacked his forehead, but it couldn't have been scripted better. Clearly they were a bona fide bar band.

At the party afterward, held in a Soho loft, Cakewalk got fed caviar, spare ribs, and more ego candy than it could digest. Landreaux strutted through the crowd, a bottle of Sauza tequila in his hand. Baker was cornered by a vampy-looking woman in a black mantilla who claimed to have communion with the soul of Otis Redding.

Baker went home early, to no one's surprise.

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That left Alan Landreaux adrift in women.

Usually at 2:00 A.M. he was trying to sweet-talk a morose divorcée or pirate someone else's pickup. But tonight he was a hero, and women appeared everywhere. He felt their hands on his arms, their breath on his face, and when he collapsed into a couch, he felt the easy pressure of their hips against his. There was no particular woman, just a warm mass of supplicant flesh. The crowd was female. Something to be fucked.

Caine saw the crowd the opposite way. To him it was a many-headed tease, first disclosing and then hiding some single, crucial Woman. For an hour she was a redheaded aviatrix, in a bombardier's jacket, black skirt, and pink tights; but when that one left with a record magnate, she became a tall blonde, graced with a jaguar's eyes and poise. No less carnal, but more localized, his lust sent up tracer flares that lit the room, in search of . . . in search of what? Okay, he thought, I've opened the gate to rock's Canaan, the kingdom of fulfilled desires, the land where thirsts are quenched . . .

But first you have to name your thirst.

So Landreaux and Caine—one from a blind greed, one from indecision—wound up at four-thirty in a huge apartment on West Twenty-third Street with four hardcore groupies. Ones who could offer Jagger and Daltrey and Lennon on their résumés, who'd summered in L.A. mansions and smuggled dope in warm orifices. Their job was to scout promising rockers, fuck them before they broke through, and hope for a small pension of coke and Percodans, cash, or prestige. And these four were on the brink of needing that pension badly. Two of them were over twenty-five.

They all sat on a faded Oriental carpet in the living room and got stoned.

Landreaux was already nuzzling the athletic Italian. Another woman, dressed in a high-necked beige gown and antique brooch—a parody of chastity—stroked his back and waist and kissed his neck. As Caine watched, he felt the other two begin to work on him.

The ones ministering to his body were sisters: they'd had as much time to perfect their act as Cakewalk had had with its music. All Caine had to do was be passive, which did not mean going limp. One of the women occupied his mouth with snaky kisses while the other unfastened his belt.

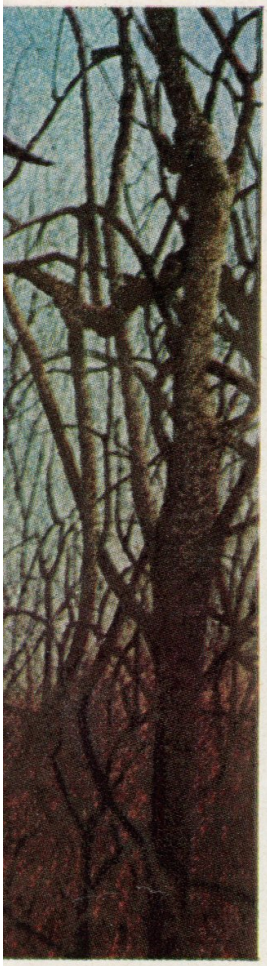
Landreaux was already naked between his mismatched seducers and hooting his delight to Caine, though he was so drunk from varnish-cut tequila and Chivas Regal that his penis was still asleep.

"Yo, Jimmy!" he squealed. He was lapsing into a southern accent, which he did only in states of epic drunkenness. "We gon' turn you *out,* bawh! Hoo-*whee!* Oh Jimmy shitfire, we done *made* it, hoss! These ladies . . . Oh, *ladies!* They gon' have to do an urban renewal projeck on mah dick, though . . . Thass it! Raise that inner city!"

One set of hands unbuttoned Caine's shirt, while another removed his sneakers; then, in tandem, the sisters freed his cock from his jeans. Caine felt weird. Unspeakably horny, yet not certain he was ready. There was no playfulness here. It was intense. He was caught in the midst of an erotic scrimmage, a serious one.

But if his mind was ambivalent, his body was not. Four hands were massaging his groin, hands with vermilion nails, caressing and squeezing. One of the women seemed to be a testicle specialist and kneaded them like clay. The other distributed thrills up and down the length of his prick. Caine was startled to see Landreaux's crazed face looming over the sisters' heads; watching the action seemed to inspire Landreaux, and he backed away, dropping his cracker accent in favor of a series of moans.

"What do you want?" the sisters whispered to Caine. "We'll do anything you want . . ." With the practiced calm of her craft, the prick specialist licked the inside of her thumb and index finger and formed a tight, wet ring around the head of Caine's penis. "What do you want? Anything . . ." As if a sexual genie had been



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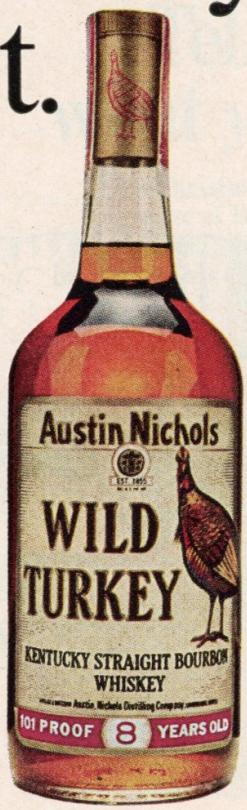

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summoned by the rubbing of his dick! Caine said, "Undress each other." He amazed himself and half wanted to call back the words.

Caine repeated his command in a whisper, and the sisters performed on cue. It was no perfunctory stripping, either, but a languid theater piece, the slow exposure of nearly identical bodies. A touch revealed a shoulder; a caress disclosed a breast. They stood and undid each other's clasps, unpinning masses of wavy brown hair, lightly brushing hips and breasts as they did Caine's bidding, pausing only to kneel and suck him briefly. Jimmy felt his voice fuzz out, get more guttural, as he directed them. It was an appetite he didn't know he had. "We even do each other," one of the sisters was crooning. "Some of the guys are so wasted from smack, that's all they want us to do . . ." As they immersed him in the softness of their flesh, murmuring of dildoes and mirrors and films, he wondered how many new cravings he would leave the room with. He knew he couldn't lie there and watch Caine-ordered incest . . . And yet . . .

"Kiss each other."

The bolder of the sisters grabbed the other's made-up face and tongue-kissed her for a long while. Caine felt the rush of power as the women kissed. It was awesome. Addictive—you could start by skinpopping that power, but you'd be into a costly habit in a hurry.

Landreaux was bent double over the couch, hands against the wall. One of his groupies was folded behind him, her breasts flattened against his back, jerking him off; the other woman was seated on the couch, mouth open. This is not real, Caine told himself; this is some magazine dream; and since it's so clearly make-believe, let me take it further. Performers become audience; the audience performs. Singers and guitarists trade spotlight burn for the pleasures of watching, becoming eyes in the shadows. Two sisters in their early twenties fondle and suck an aging rock-and-roll musician, one mouthing his penis, the other his scrotum, until he comes, not knowing where he is.

Five minutes later the peroxided Italian was rubbing Landreaux's sperm on her breasts. And then came another surprise: no postorgasm conversation. No swapping of career histories. Just: "Want some more soda for that Chivas?" The women didn't even want their own orgasms, even though Caine was game . . . They would take care of it later, in the manner of true fans.

The first revelation that had freaked Sky out, back when he was twenty and working in the RCA mail room, was that some groups actually *paid* to perform at rock festivals. By now he knew how common the practice was; at a recent California jam in Anaheim, for example, a heavy-metal band called Rubicon had shelled out ten thousand dollars for the privilege of opening the show. In rock nothing could be taken at face value.

It can't be this difficult. Simplify. Let's say Harry Seely is a spy for Wayne Harmon. Cakewalk will fail or succeed with help from Harmon. So it's best to keep my mouth shut and watch . . . But I've already voiced my suspicions to half a dozen friends.

I'll never be good at ruthlessness.

Wincing, Sky paid the cabbie and took the elevator up to his apartment.

He flicked on his lights, tired of playing detective and intent on relaxing. He was already stoned, but he sat in the kitchen for ten minutes, drinking brandy and unwinding. Warmed by the Remy, he walked past the staircase and down three steps to the living room. The Carson show was almost over, but he switched it on and sat down. Next to his leather chair was a tank of nitrous oxide with Instant Laugh Track stenciled on its side in yellow paint, a gift from the people at work.

He left the "Tonight Show" sound off so as to more freely improvise his own clever dialogue, flicked the small valve on the cylindrical tank, and fitted the black plastic mask over his mouth and nose. The mask amplified his deep respiration; the sound of his breathing floated up to the bedroom, where a short, muscular man in wraparound shades was crouching.

The man in the wraparound shades lowered himself to his belly and crawled over the heavy gold shag. A wrought-iron railing guarded the edge of the bedroom; he lay face down, head between two slats, peering at Sky twelve feet below.

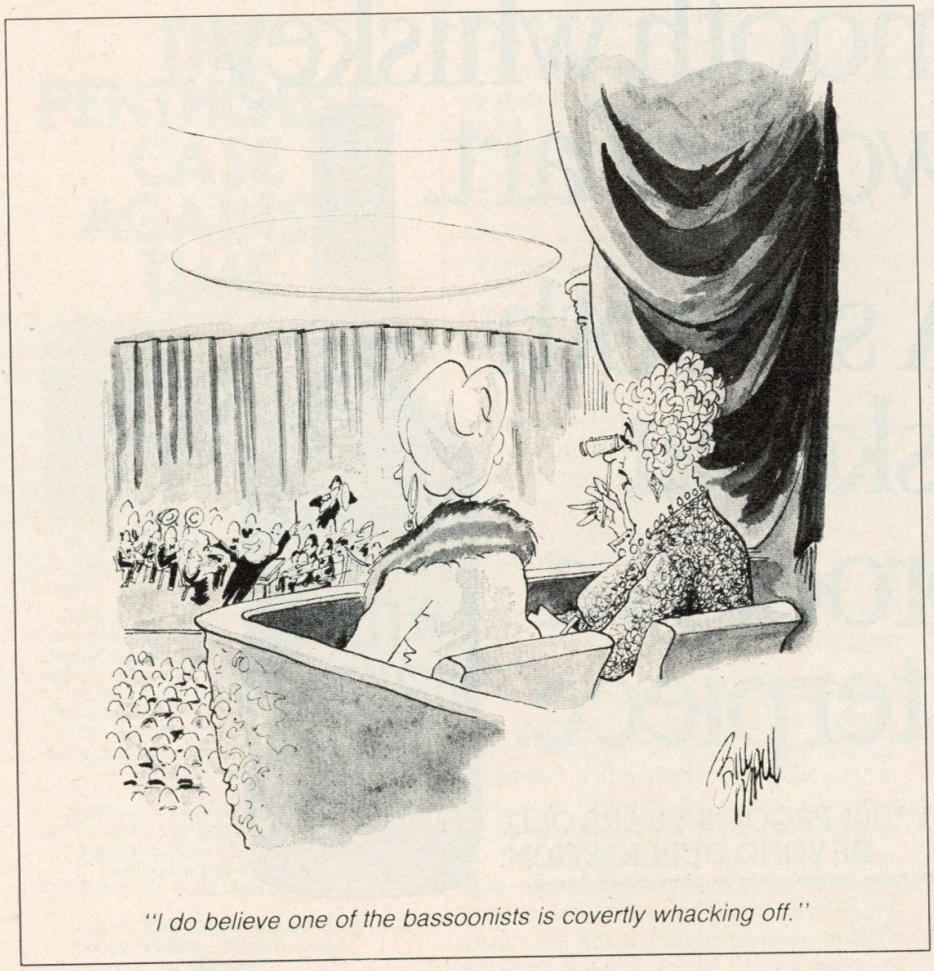
Wilkins made soft groans as the gas seeped into his bloodstream. The muscleman stood up, feet packed in shag, and took a tentative step down the staircase. Then he froze. Wilkins yanked the mask from his face and gasped for air.

There's a definite fail-safe point with nitrous, especially when it's self-administered. Sky knew his limits. Like the narcosis that deep-sea divers succumb to on the ocean floor—"rapture of the deep"—it can get too sweet to resist. Blood vessels seemed to change direction or come to dead ends. Circulation began to seem like a voluntary process, almost a whim. When it got to that point, it was time for oxygen.

Carson was saying good night silently. The short man stood behind Wilkins.

Sky reached up to pull off the mask, to lose altitude, but the pink cartoon hands kept growing . . . The hands forced the black mask down hard on him, though Sky was numbed and felt only light pressure.

Eight minutes later the short man heard Sky's breathing stop. He slipped the mask off to reveal an unnerving grin; there was no pulse in Sky's throat. He took off his shades, fitted cheerful green mittens over his rubber gloves, switched on the TV sound, and let himself out.



"I do believe one of the bassoonists is covertly whacking off."

The black limo seemed a block long and smelled mint-fresh on the inside. The sun glinted red off the rearview mirror.

"Far out," Martelli said, luxuriating in the backseat.

Leave it to Seely to launch this phase of Cakewalk's future with a spectacular gesture. Spectacular to the musicians' Toyota-scaled minds, of course, but a trivial detail to Seely. As the limo floated through Village streets, the sun floating with it like a red accessory, people stopped and pointed. Longhairs in a limo always provoke that response. Martelli unwrapped three long Montecristos his father had given him, snipped off the ends with a pair of nail scissors, and handed them out. Soon they were all whooping and pointing back at the kids on Seventh Avenue.

As the Lincoln emerged from the city, an Olins van with their newly purchased amps, monitors, and electric piano was already halfway to Woodstock. Ollie rode in back with the equipment to make sure not a speaker or tube got bruised. That was the serious labor of the move upstate; this limo trip was designed to put sizzle into the Cakewalk ego, to prime them for two weeks of rehearsal.

"Hey," said Mikey as they passed Nyack, "this is like goin' to camp."

After an hour of playful jive they lapsed into silence. There aren't many jobs, Caine thought, where grown-ups keep hitting the road together. Pro sports, rock, a tent circus, war, and what else? After the thousandth hour, what do you do for small talk?

Martelli washed down two Dramamine tablets with Maalox. Landreaux did a Georgie Jessel impression.

They stopped for coffee and sandwiches at a Hot Shoppe north of Harriman. The driver stayed in the limo, grooving to Muzak tapes, as the musicians ambled toward the cafeteria. Landreaux turned around to look at the Lincoln from a distance, a black whale amid the sedans.

"Jesus Christ," he whispered.

Inside the cafeteria weary parents bought Cokes for road-sickened kids. Teenage waitresses rushed around, their acetate uniforms crinkling with each step.

Martelli lingered by the gift shop counter, idly spinning a display rack of cassette tapes.

"Check this out," he called to Landreaux. "Counterfeit Stones." Heads swiveled in the lobby. A fiftyish shopkeeper, her red hair coiled into an airtight bun, took exception to the comment.

"We do *not* sell counterfeit merchandise, young man!"

"Sorry, ma'am, but you do," Baker said, examining the cassette box. He lifted it from the rack and gave her a quick course in spotting bootlegs. "See this label? The Stones do *not* record for the Singing Foreskin label. They record for Atlantic. And do you notice the lack of cover art? Don't you think Atlantic might

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spring for a color photo? These cuts are off four different albums. If you paid wholesale for these tapes, ma'am, you got burned."

"Yeah, *maybe*," said Martelli. "Unless—"

"Unless she's the brains behind the whole setup," Caine chimed in. The proprietress shooed them away, but the episode spurred a memory of Landreaux's, and as they sat down to microwaved beef patties, he recalled it.

"I was so fuckin' hungry for us to make it, man, I tried to blackmail Wayne Harmon last month."

Various sounds of gagging and mock retching went around the table. Wayne Harmon was too heavy to cross. No one wanted to believe the flip statement; it seemed like just another bit of Landreaux jive. But he spelled it all out in detail.

"No kidding. It was the first time I met Sky, hanging around Harmon's studio, doing overdubs on the schlock ballad." After Sky left him alone in the studio, he rifled a secretary's desk for the storeroom keys. "And you know me, man—I *gotta* go look. I took a tape recorder back, figured maybe I'd palm a few collectors' items—that dude's so loaded he'd never know the difference . . ."

Landreaux had spent the better part of an hour poking through Wayne Harmon's stockpile of tapes, records, and memorabilia, pocketing a few vintage Beatles pins and an unreleased Eric Clapton jam. Satisfied with the loot, he'd been on the verge of leaving when he spotted a locked cabinet marked "Virgin." The secretary was due back from lunch any moment, but Landreaux's curiosity got the best of him. He fumbled with the keys until he found the right one and sprung the cabinet open. Inside were seven boxed tapes.

Slipping the first reel-to-reel tape into the machine, he couldn't believe what he heard. It was a master copy of the yet-to-be released disco album by a world-famous group. Their chirpy falsetto harmonies were unmistakable. Landreaux sat and listened in a stupor.

There were six other masters in the Virgin file, all surefire hits, all from different companies. Whoever owned these masters had a do-it-yourself counterfeiting operation worth millions of dollars. The only way to make a grade-A bogus tape is to duplicate a studio master, and for that reason they're fiercely guarded; Harmon must have been tapping on powerful friends within the companies. Landreaux replaced the boxes in the file and shook his head. For a fortune it looked pretty humble—seven tapes encased in plastic. But the counterfeit music racket, he knew, netted three hundred and fifty million dollars a year.

"It just blew me away," he said, finishing the story. Everyone but him had stopped eating and just sat there, looking queasy. "So when Harmon got back, I started kidding him. 'Hey, those Virgin tapes sound hot'—stuff like that. He went quietly batshit. 'Why are you poking around in my files? A guitarist needs his fingers.' You know the rap. So I told him about the band. I said, 'Give us a break and I'll forget I ever heard those masters.' "

"And that was the end of it?" Caine asked, hopefully.

"That was it," said Landreaux, munching on a second burger. "Except he said if I ever raised the subject again, I'd wind up looking like something you'd spread on a Ritz cracker."

Martelli coughed up three rivulets of lukewarm coffee, and Baker changed the subject to Woodstock's annual snowfall. Caine stared evenly at his lead guitarist. Once again he saw that for Landreaux, nothing had weight or shape but rock; what inspired him endangered him, too.

"You're out there," Caine said.

"I know!" Landreaux roared. "Rock and roll!"

> Their job was to scout promising rockers, fuck them before they broke through, and hope for a small pension of coke and Percodan, cash, or prestige.

When they emerged from the Hot Shoppe, they had no trouble finding the limo; a ragtag audience of tourists, gas pumpers, and truckers stood around the parked Lincoln as if it were performing. The chauffeur was leaning against the hood and smoking. He was used to it.

"Look!" cried a female voice as Cakewalk neared the car. "It's *them!*"

"Who? Who? Who?" came a ripple of answering whispers.

Martelli smiled and tried to look recognizable. "I feel like a jerk," he said to Caine, who waved to a family of squinting Canadians. "Dig it, boys," Landreaux announced, climbing into the back. "It's time to start living up to this limo."

"R&Bers rejoice: Harry Seely's hot foursome, Cakewalk, as much a fixture in N.Y. bars as draft kegs, has just inked with Diplomat. The band, now woodshedding in Woodstock, is rock and roll for real. Watch out!"

Mikey stared in wonder at the snippet in a *Post* rock column. "Jeez, he took Seely's words and just played 'em back." Looking at Caine, he asked, "Are writers supposed to do that shit?"

"God bless your virginal head," Caine said. The first volleys of hype were being fired from the towers of Uneeda Management. *Rolling Stone* ran a "Random Notes" blurb, about Cakewalk jamming with Chuck Berry in a Detroit tavern. Neither Cakewalk nor Berry knew about the session, and Seely just shrugged when asked about the item.

The sleazier rock magazines, always dying for pictures, ran everything Seely gave them. Photos showed the band sprawled on the porch of their Woodstock house, elegantly unshaven. They looked street-tough and ballsy, yet tempered by age. "Like a gang in the Old West," Baker said; with their unsmiling faces, boots, and vaguely desperate air, the description fit. You could tint the photo sepia and be looking at outlaws.

That afternoon they packed their equipment into the Olins van. As always, Martelli insisted on loading his drum kit himself—though chronically skinny, Mikey had rock-hard biceps from thirteen years of hauling drums into trucks. Ollie trudged through the snow, grunting softly, amps balanced on either shoulder.

When the panel truck was packed, Seely called the group together in the living room. He looked perversely hip in a baggy khaki shirt and slim-Jim tie. He gave each man a cassette tape with current versions of the nine songs they had chosen to record.

"It's been suggested to me," Seely announced, as if opening a stockholder's meeting, "that the group needs a short vacation. So I'm buying time at Sound City Studio beginning next Monday. In the meantime, keep listening to the tape. Stick it under your pillows and listen in your sleep. Sound City costs two hundred dollars an hour. I want you *solid* when you walk in there."

"I'll be working on the horn charts," Landreaux said.

So Cakewalk's sleep-away camp broke up, each man a little bewildered to be an individual again. Even for a week.

Mikey's father came to the front door of their house in the blue dusk and waved at the limo. From the driveway Mikey could see his father mouthing "Angie" to his mother, begging her to come look at their boy in the Lincoln. She wouldn't come, and Mikey jumped out.

Caine got out at Ninety-sixth and Broadway and went hunting for back copies of the *Times*.

Landreaux stepped out of the limo, back into the funk of East Ninth Street, and tipped his newly bought Stetson in farewell; the limo driver tugged at his brim and drove into the snowy darkness.

The dark is smaller here, in the city, Landreaux thought.

He lifted the garbage can lid beside his stoop and stashed his fifth of Tanqueray behind an overflowing bag. Then he went off, hoping to jam in the bars.

"You're incorrigible," said the bouncer

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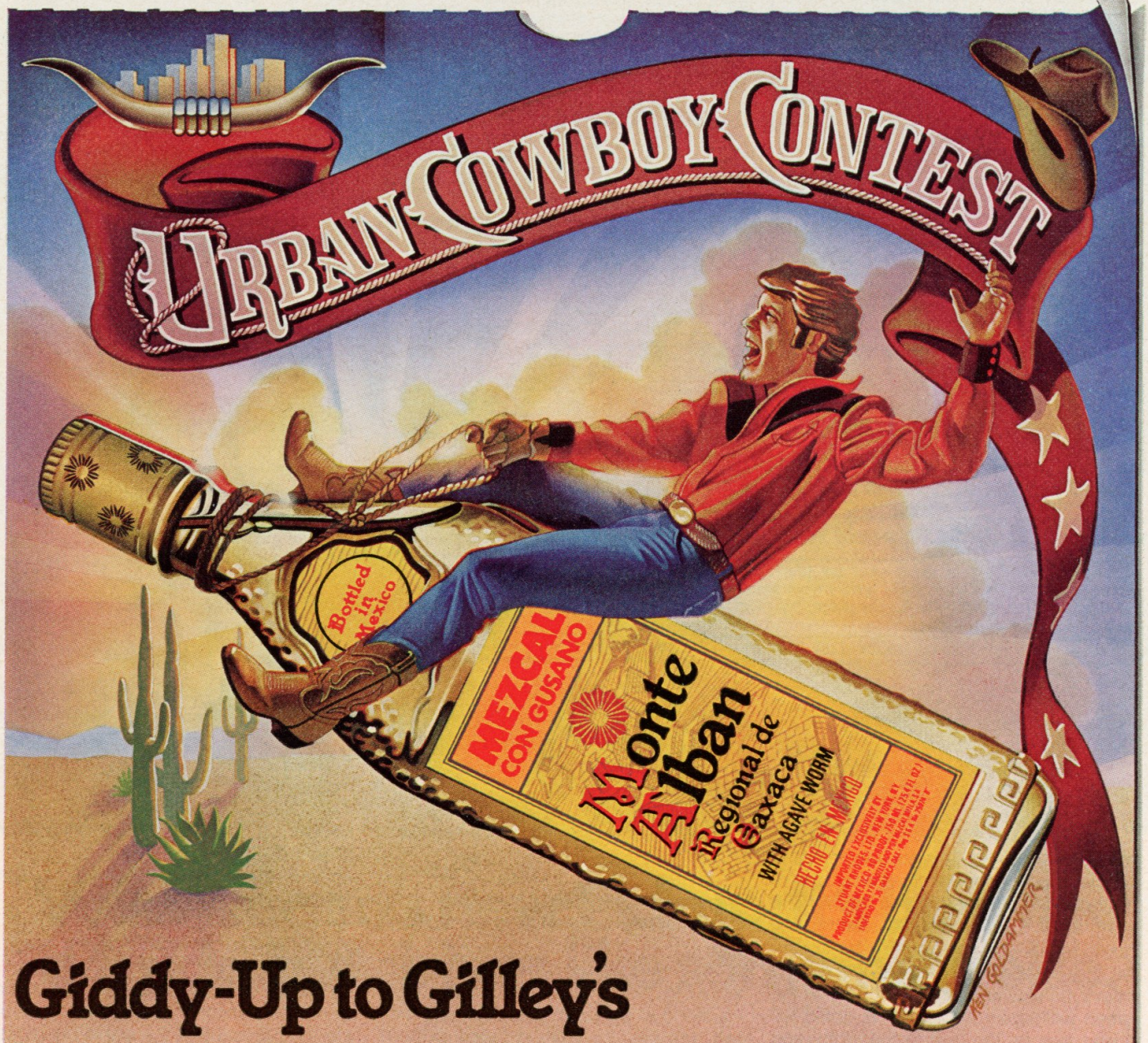

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at Broadway Charley's, watching Landreaux dust snow from his guitar case. "I forget . . . is that good or bad?"

"The highest praise, Scotty, the highest praise."

He sat in with the Detroit Blue Dukes for half a set of old Animals songs, drank on the house, accepted the backslaps of strangers, and trudged home through the slush around four, so exhausted he forgot to retrieve his gin from the trash can. As he waited for the elevator, eyes heavy, he saw an outraged scrawl on the green wallpaper: *No Heat!* He could tell it was true by the chill in the lobby and the gas burners reeking in the dark. The chill and the reek were the same as before; the sign, however, was a hint of rebellion.

Early that morning some warmth trickled up through the pipes.When he awoke the next afternoon, he saw the landlord had ignored the sign. Livid green fury in block letters.

Two nights later, when the boiler failed again, another hand testified in Magic Marker, red this time: *Again! 2/4!*

This message also remained. Nobody told the super, a dour Lithuanian, to scrub it off. It was being read and absorbed.

The next afternoon, when some dog owner let his animal shit on the inside stairwell, Landreaux shrugged and dodged it like any practiced New Yorker, but his anonymous neighbors had discovered the mystery of print. In black felt-tip pen, someone voiced the communal rage:

Do Not Let Your Dog "Make" on the Stares!

This provoked a mania for writing. Dozens of secret correspondents had their say.

Landreaux came home from the bar, alone, to find his apartment ransacked. He stood at the open door, steeling himself, but the old pain at being violated had faded to a dull ache by now. He edged into the room. As usual, the stereo was intact, and the rest of his possessions strewn around in a parody of housekeeping—underpants floating in the sink. Walker Percy's *The Moviegoer* wedged into a toaster slot, a smashed pint of tequila still gurgling over the linoleum. The tequila scared him. It meant the break-in had just occurred. Landreaux shielded himself behind a closet door and called out to make sure the robber was gone.

The bedroom window shade snapped in an icy wind. Beneath it a sneaker print of brown slush pointed into the apartment. By now Landreaux could pick up a burglar's spoor just as a bear tracker in the woods picks up his quarry. He ran into the hallway and found more brown sneaker prints leading to the stairwell. He tore ass down the stairs but couldn't find the robber.

Back in his apartment the first thing he searched for was the vial on his night table; to his amazement, it was still there. Hands shaking, he tapped a small mound of powder onto the mirror, sliced it up, took four quick hits, and began to laugh.

After a vigorous, coke-fueled search, he found nothing missing except his trove of reel-to-reel tapes. And how do you report that kind of theft to the police?

No, it was good-bye Otis Redding, Hank Williams, Jerry Lee Lewis; good-bye James Brown Live at the Apollo, impossible to replace. All the tapes were gone, along with two Incredible Hulk comic books.

Landreaux began to regain his spaced-out equilibrium. He threw paper towels over the melting footprints, wrung out his soapy underpants, put Walker Percy back on the shelf. Soon he'd be sprung from this thieves' paradise anyhow.

But he was out of tequila, so he decided to go back to Broadway Charley's to drink and garner sympathy. Before leaving, he got out a sheet of oaktag, and using his old art-school chops, he drew a huge gloved hand with the index finger extended. He opened his window again and propped the drawing next to it as a brazen invitation to any robber yet to visit his apartment.

He came home a second time in the smoky light of false dawn. In the lobby, stomping the ice and rock salt from his boots, he saw a flurry of new bulletins on the wall.

Residence of 3-D: Make Love More Quiet!! Quiet.
Poop on the stairs is everyone's problem.
VIRGIN.

When he saw the scrawled red word, a taunt blazing on the wall, he let out a small, frenzied cry, the kind that comes in the first second of a hard revelation. He tried to smother the cry in his mouth, as if that would erase the word, the fear. *Virgin* was the cache of master tapes into which he'd stuck his crazy hand, on a day when nothing mattered, another slow, drone afternoon. Now he knew why his reel-to-reels were all that was stolen. He pressed his knotted-up forehead against the lobby wall. The face of Wayne Harmon rose before him again, supremely unamused by the half-joking attempt at blackmail, the face of a man with something to lose.

Landreaux sank to his knees by the elevator door, crying. The door slid open and shut. *"No, no, no . . ."* The superintendent watched Landreaux through the peephole. The guitarist was sticking his fists in his eyes, saying: *"No . . . no . . . Don't you see? It was just that I wanted it so badly!"*

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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50

lovely lady who had just sucked me off was hugging and kissing a young girl, and the worst part of it was that they were totally ignoring me!

Nan's response changed from anger to sensual arousal, and they began to make love. Nan stroked Lyn's back and slowly began gently massaging her hips, their bellies grinding together. Lyn's cries and tears became moans of low, animal sensuality. It wasn't long before Lyn's blouse was unbuttoned and Nan was tonguing the girl's naked breasts. Her hand was cupped against the girl's groin, and her thumb was clearly teasing the girl's clit.

I lay back and watched as Nan, naked except for her stockings and garter belt, ripped Lyn's panties off and spread her thighs, stared fixedly at her pussy, and barked, "Do you promise never to do that again?"

"Yes, Nan lover, whatever you say . . . only please love me now!"

"Even if he watches?" she asked, acknowledging me for the first time.

"Whatever turns you on," the girl replied.

I suddenly realized that this whole thing had been set up and that the two of them got off on fighting and having somebody watch them make up. But I didn't want to break up the party, and I continued watching. Nan buried her head in Lyn's lap and began grinding away. Her hands roamed over Lyn's flat belly, then lifted her love nest to her lips. Nan knew exactly when to do what to bring her along, and Lyn's orgasm was a long, low moan, followed by a sustained trembling. She lay back, oblivious of the way her posture exposed all of her wet pussy to my admiring gaze. Suddenly, Nan turned toward me and gave me a straight, penetrating look.

"Well, professor," she said in a tone that was both threatening and inviting, "was that as interesting as that collection of stuff you've got in the third drawer of the left-hand file cabinet in your office?"

That stopped me cold. She had been snooping in my private office and had come across the stash of lesbian photos and magazines that I had thought was reasonably well hidden. She could really blackmail me with all that!

"What . . . what are you talking about?" I asked with my usual creativity.

"You know damned well what I'm talking about! But don't worry. I'm not interested in making trouble. Just as long as you don't make trouble for me. People with secrets shouldn't make trouble for other people with secrets. Understand?"

"And that's all?" I asked, wondering what she might have up her sleeve.

"Sure, that's all. Of course, if you want to stay and play a while, you're more than welcome. We're both into hard cock, too."

"Yeah," said Lyn dreamily. "I can think of all sorts of interesting games we can play."

We all drank and talked for a while, and I got the general picture. They had been lovers for some time and felt they needed a bit of variety. The relationship was getting rough around the edges, and they both tried to "teach the other a lesson." I got caught in the middle. But if I wanted to play, they were into sex like nobody's business. What they liked was lust, plain and simple, any way, with anyone, at any time. They figured I was safe because I had as much to lose as Nan did.

Since then, the three of us have tried just about everything possible. There was the weekend I was a slave to a very young student (Lyn) and was surprised by her mother (Nan) and had to satisfy their every whim for two days. Then there was the time they were both my harem slaves and had to do exactly what I ordered.

There is something puzzling me, though. Am I exploiting them, or are they exploiting me?—B.F.

I don't know, but if you call what you're doing exploitation, the world can use a lot more of it.

I'm glad to see that you've met two attractive, intelligent open-minded lesbians, or should I say "bisexual women"? So many popular novels and movies—Jackie Susann's *Once Is Not Enough* and Judith Krantz's *Scruples*, for example—portray women who make love with women as such hard, cold, evil bitches. What's the matter with these people? Do American authors and filmmakers have something against sex? How much more liberal the Europeans are! Anyway, your letter goes a long way toward presenting a more realistic picture of lesbians.

The element of fantasy role-playing in your relationship is most interesting. I wish more of my readers would write in about such sex games they play with loved ones. Recently I met a young ballet dancer from the Paris Opera. Like many dancers, he was very disciplined, so disciplined, in fact, that he enjoyed my playing the role of his tough, autocratic dance teacher—with a Russian accent yet! We'd get into our dance tights, me with my stick, and I'd yell out the orders. Our game lasted only a few minutes. My dancer would get so hot so fast that I couldn't keep up the front for very long.

We both knew our scenario was a game. That's what made it fun. We could turn it on and off when we wanted. So can you.

FOUR'S COMPANY

My roommate and I share a two-bedroom apartment in Ocean City. My boyfriend is a bartender, and he doesn't get off work until 1:30 A.M., after which he usually comes over to my place. Then we enjoy making love, as well as sleeping, until it is time for me to go to work.

Early last spring Madeline, my roommate, and I were having a few drinks at Simon's Bar, which was really busy that night. I was talking to an older man and rather enjoying the conversation. It was only about 9 P.M. when Madeline said that she should get to bed early, as she had to report to work earlier than usual the next day. I didn't want to leave but decided to be a good friend and go along with Madeline. As I always say, "A friend is forever, but a fuck lasts just one night. If that!" We were having trouble getting the car started when a Mr. Burr, the man I had been talking to in the bar came out and noticed us. He was going to give our battery a boost when it started to rain, so I asked him if he could give us a lift to our apartment instead.

By the time we got back to the house, it was a real cloudburst out there, so he suggested that he hold his raincoat over both of us and walk us to the door. While going to the door, we had our arms around one another while holding the raincoat with the free hand. Somehow the warmth and strength of his arm around me felt very nice, and I stayed to talk to him for a while. I insisted that he come in and get a towel so that he could dry his head off and maybe have another drink. Madeline had already changed into a sheer gown, not expecting any company. Mr. Burr's eyes nearly popped out of his head. I jokingly said to him that he looked hungry enough to eat her—I really didn't mean to say it, but the words just came out. He looked at me and said that that was the only thing he could do at his age, since nothing else could get him hard, but that if that was the only way he could have any, he would have to be satisfied with it.

There was something I liked about Mr. Burr, even though Simon kept me very well satisfied, and I certainly didn't need any loving from anyone else. Anyhow, maybe it was the challenge of being told that no one could get him hard. It reminded me of that episode in Some Like It Hot, *when Marilyn Monroe believes that Tony Curtis is a virgin who is not attracted to women. I guess I understood how she felt. It's the challenge of the thing. I don't like being told no—I know that I can make a man do just about anything I want once I start sucking on his cock. I also love cunnilingus from any man who has a long tongue and soft lips with which to nibble on me. Mr. Burr seemed to have both of these. I traipsed into my bedroom and changed into a sheer nightie. Again, his eyes almost popped out. I do happen to be 38-C and pride myself on the fact that when I loosen my bra I don't sag and that with just a little teasing, my boobs become rock hard and stand out like two stiff cocks.*

I noticed that Mr. Burr's trousers were still wet from the rain and suggested that he might be more comfortable if he slipped his clothes off and got into a robe while they dried. I knew then that I wanted him to make love to me. We were sitting on the sofa when I started French-kissing him, and he began kissing my tits, and I had my legs spread wide apart before he even got close. I was soon having my third orgasm, as he was licking and swallowing as much of my juices as he could. He was really terrific at cunnilingus—as a matter of fact, the best I had ever had! In fact, I would take this guy's tongue over many a man's cock. It felt so big, fat, and thick inside me, I could not believe he didn't have an eight-incher inside me thumping away. I looked at him and told him that now he should just lie back and relax.

I went to work on his soft little cock. I had the entire little thing in my mouth, and it really didn't seem as if it were ever going to wake up. It was a full five minutes before it grew a little bit. From then on it kept growing and growing and becoming harder and harder. Finally, it reached six inches, and I thought how great it would feel to have it inside my cunt. I debated whether to finish sucking him off or to mount him and ride him off. When I had him so hard that I couldn't fit the whole thing in my mouth, I got on top of him and slid my already wet cunt down on his beautiful little cock. Simon had over eight inches, and yet Mr. Burr's felt just as good to me. He lasted long enough to give me two extremely pleasant orgasms.

After he had gone back to his motel, I went to bed and slept for several hours until I heard Simon come in. He crawled in next to me, and I could hardly wait to feel the hardness of his cock inside me. He was surprised at how well lubricated I was, so I told him that it was from the anticipation of waiting for him. We enjoyed intercourse more than ever that morning.

Mr. Burr visits my town one night each week, and we have a repeat of our first night each time. On each of these nights Simon arrives later on, and I again get my second course. Madeline insists that sooner or later Simon will figure out that someone else is getting there ahead of him, but I think that inasmuch as there are usually three or four hours between the two of them, there is no way he can figure it out. I also believe that Madeline really wants Mr. Burr to make love to her, because several times, while he was making love to me, I heard her battery-powered dildo really buzzing away—and I also know that she buys more batteries than she used to. Maybe I should share Mr. Burr with her.—L.F.

If Madeline were really jealous, your own boyfriend would probably have found out by now. Actually, I'm not even sure that he would really object. Bartenders are used to hearing all kinds of stories, and this often makes them more tolerant in their attitudes toward sex.

You did not mention whether Madeline has a regular boyfriend or not. Perhaps it is *you* whom she really wants when you are with Mr. Burr. How about asking her to join the party? Who knows? Maybe one day Simon will even join in.

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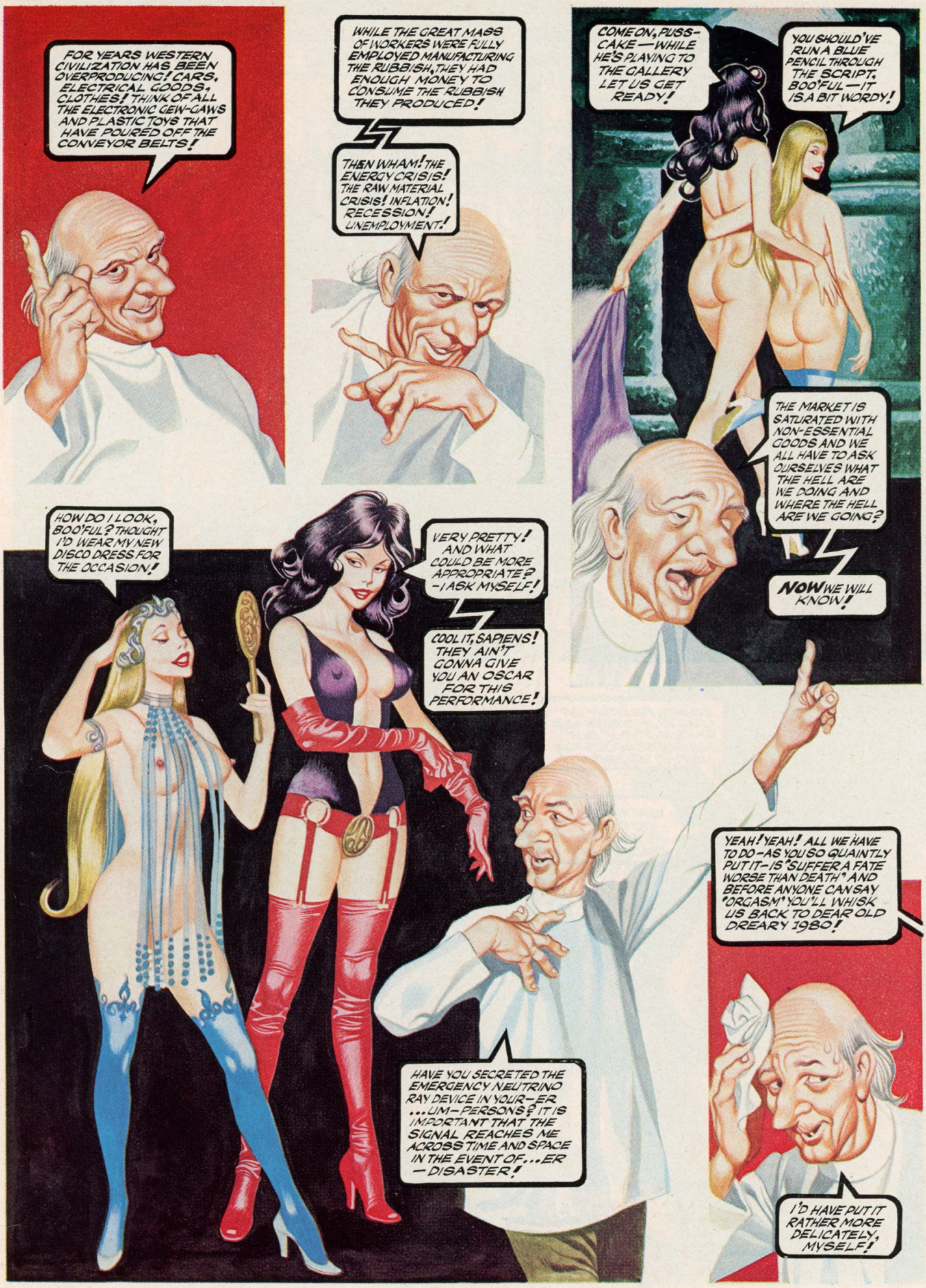
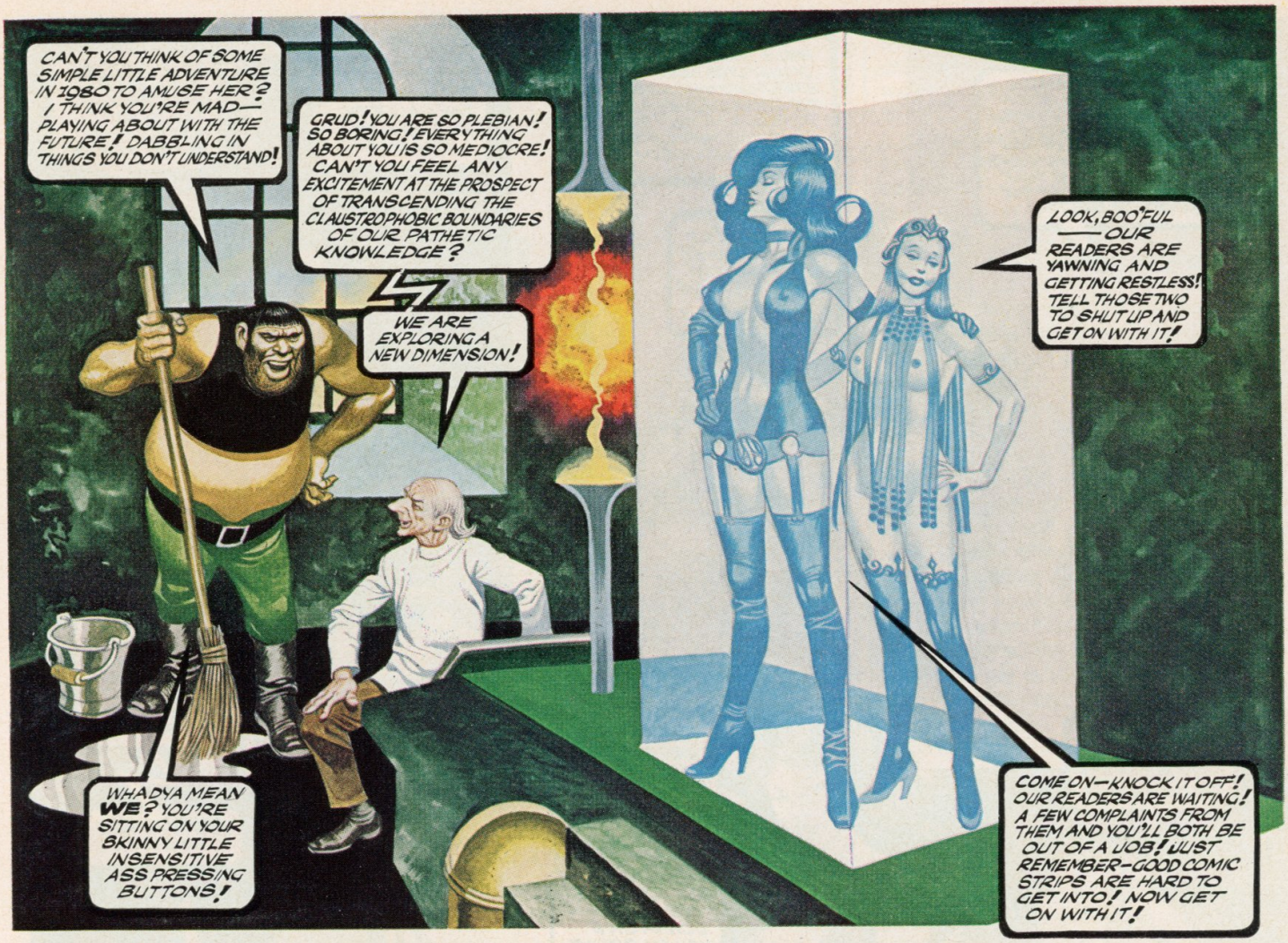
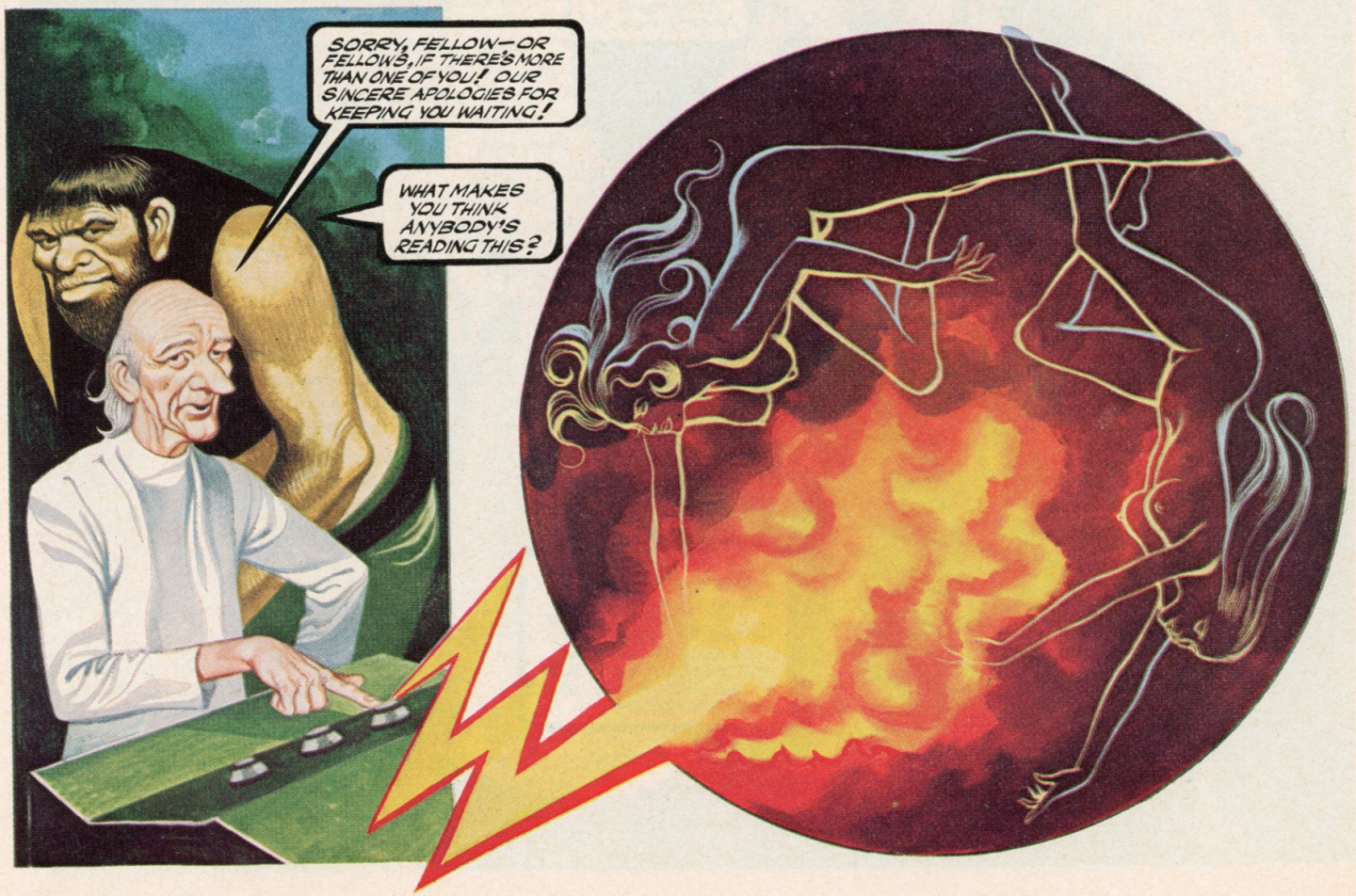
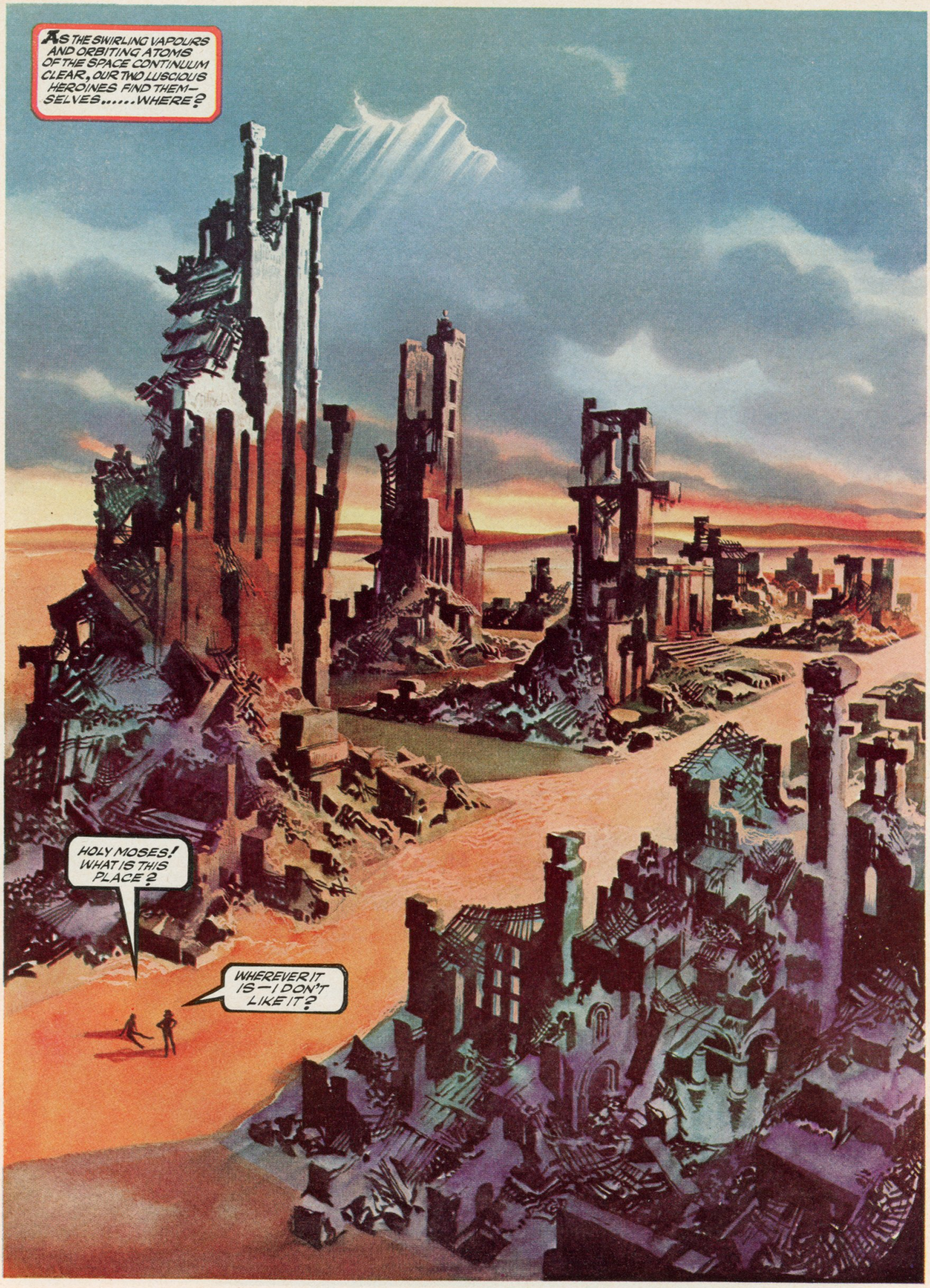
OH, WICKED WANDA!
TM
GOLLY—I HOPE I'VE GOT IT RIGHT! ONE PART PERUVIAN HONEY, ONE PART GARDENIA POLLEN AND ONE PART TASMANIAN ORANGE!
MORE CEREMONY AND RITUAL GOES INTO GETTING HER UP IN THE MORNING THAN INTO AN ANCIENT VIKING PURIFICATION CELEBRATION!
WELL, EGGBONCE—HAVE YOU SERVICED THE TIME MACHINE? IS EVERYTHING READY FOR OUR TRIP INTO THE FUTURE?
I'LL BE THE PINCHED THOSE FLOWERS FROM THE CEMETERY!
EVERYTHING IS READY, ILLUSTRIOUS MISTRESS. WHAT AN ADVENTURE! YOU ARE GOING TO HAVE A PREVIEW OF THE FUTURE THAT MAN HAS CREATED FOR HIMSELF!
IF SHE WANTS TO GET UP AT 5 O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING—EVERYBODY GETS UP AT 5 O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING!
WANDA HAS ARISEN EARLY, EAGER TO BEGIN THE GREATEST CAPER OF HER CAREER. AND JUDGING BY THE DELUGE OF LETTERS THAT HAVE POURED INTO THE PENTHOUSE OFFICES DURING THE LAST MONTH—BOTH OUR READERS ARE EAGER TOO!
by FREDERIC MULLALLY and RON EMBLETON

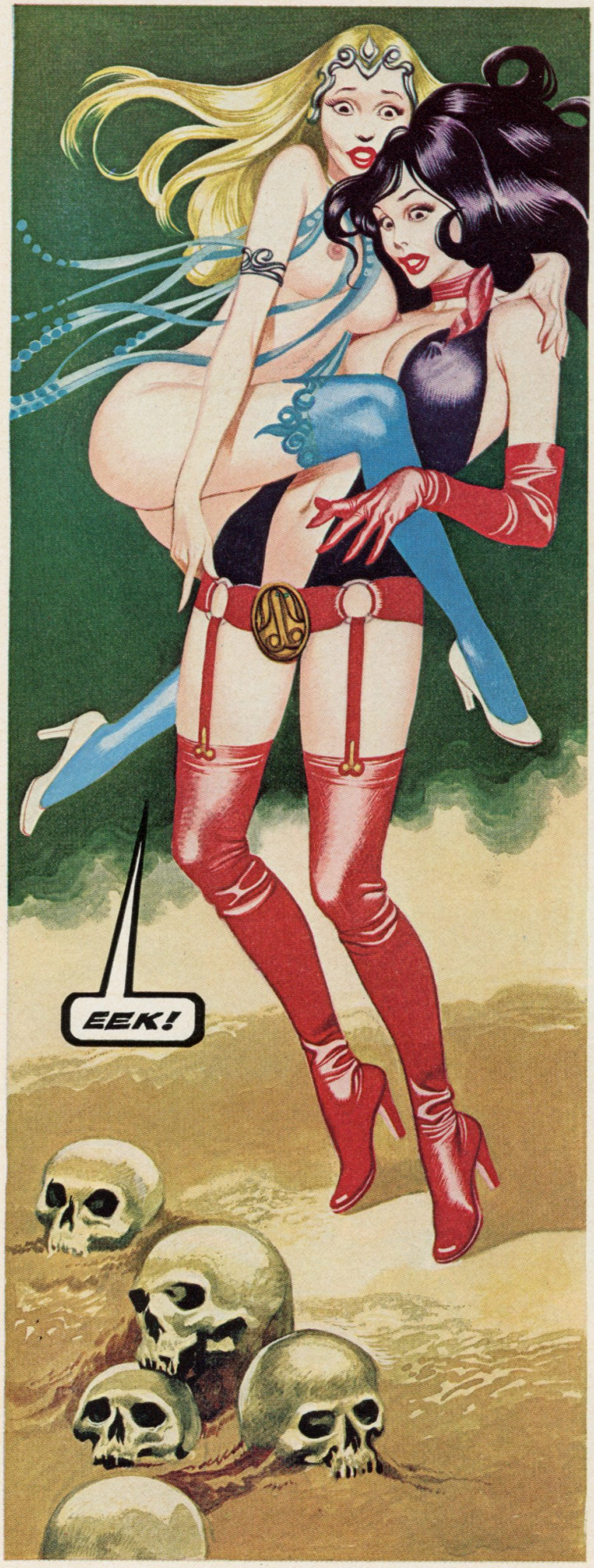

FOR YEARS WESTERN CIVILIZATION HAS BEEN OVERPRODUCING! CARS, ELECTRICAL GOODS, CLOTHES! THINK OF ALL THE ELECTRONIC GEW-GAWS AND PLASTIC TOYS THAT HAVE POURED OFF THE CONVEYOR BELTS!
WHILE THE GREAT MASS OF WORKERS WERE FULLY EMPLOYED MANUFACTURING THE RUBBISH, THEY HAD ENOUGH MONEY TO CONSUME THE RUBBISH THEY PRODUCED!
THEN WHAM! THE ENERGY CRISIS! THE RAW MATERIAL CRISIS! INFLATION! RECESSION! UNEMPLOYMENT!
COME ON, PUSS-CAKE — WHILE HE'S PLAYING TO THE GALLERY LET US GET READY!
YOU SHOULD'VE RUN A BLUE PENCIL THROUGH THE SCRIPT, BOO'FUL — IT IS A BIT WORDY!
THE MARKET IS SATURATED WITH NON-ESSENTIAL GOODS AND WE ALL HAVE TO ASK OURSELVES WHAT THE HELL ARE WE DOING AND WHERE THE HELL ARE WE GOING?
NOW WE WILL KNOW!
HOW DO I LOOK, BOO'FUL? THOUGHT I'D WEAR MY NEW DISCO DRESS FOR THE OCCASION!
VERY PRETTY! AND WHAT COULD BE MORE APPROPRIATE? — I ASK MYSELF!
COOL IT, SAPIENS! THEY AIN'T GONNA GIVE YOU AN OSCAR FOR THIS PERFORMANCE!
HAVE YOU SECRETED THE EMERGENCY NEUTRINO RAY DEVICE IN YOUR — ER ... UM — PERSONS? IT IS IMPORTANT THAT THE SIGNAL REACHES ME ACROSS TIME AND SPACE IN THE EVENT OF ... ER — DISASTER!
YEAH! YEAH! ALL WE HAVE TO DO — AS YOU SO QUAINTLY PUT IT — IS "SUFFER A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH" AND BEFORE ANYONE CAN SAY "ORGASM" YOU'LL WHISK US BACK TO DEAR OLD DREARY 1980!
I'D HAVE PUT IT RATHER MORE DELICATELY, MYSELF!


CAN'T YOU THINK OF SOME SIMPLE LITTLE ADVENTURE IN 1980 TO AMUSE HER? I THINK YOU'RE MAD—PLAYING ABOUT WITH THE FUTURE! DABBLING IN THINGS YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!
GRUD! YOU ARE SO PLEBIAN! SO BORING! EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU IS SO MEDIOCRE! CAN'T YOU FEEL ANY EXCITEMENT AT THE PROSPECT OF TRANSCENDING THE CLAUSTROPHOBIC BOUNDARIES OF OUR PATHETIC KNOWLEDGE?
WE ARE EXPLORING A NEW DIMENSION!
WHADYA MEAN WE? YOU'RE SITTING ON YOUR SKINNY LITTLE INSENSITIVE ASS PRESSING BUTTONS!
LOOK, BOO'FUL — OUR READERS ARE YAWNING AND GETTING RESTLESS! TELL THOSE TWO TO SHUT UP AND GET ON WITH IT!
COME ON—KNOCK IT OFF! OUR READERS ARE WAITING! A FEW COMPLAINTS FROM THEM AND YOU'LL BOTH BE OUT OF A JOB! JUST REMEMBER—GOOD COMIC STRIPS ARE HARD TO GET INTO! NOW GET ON WITH IT!


SORRY, FELLOW—OR FELLOWS, IF THERE'S MORE THAN ONE OF YOU! OUR SINCERE APOLOGIES FOR KEEPING YOU WAITING!
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK ANYBODY'S READING THIS?

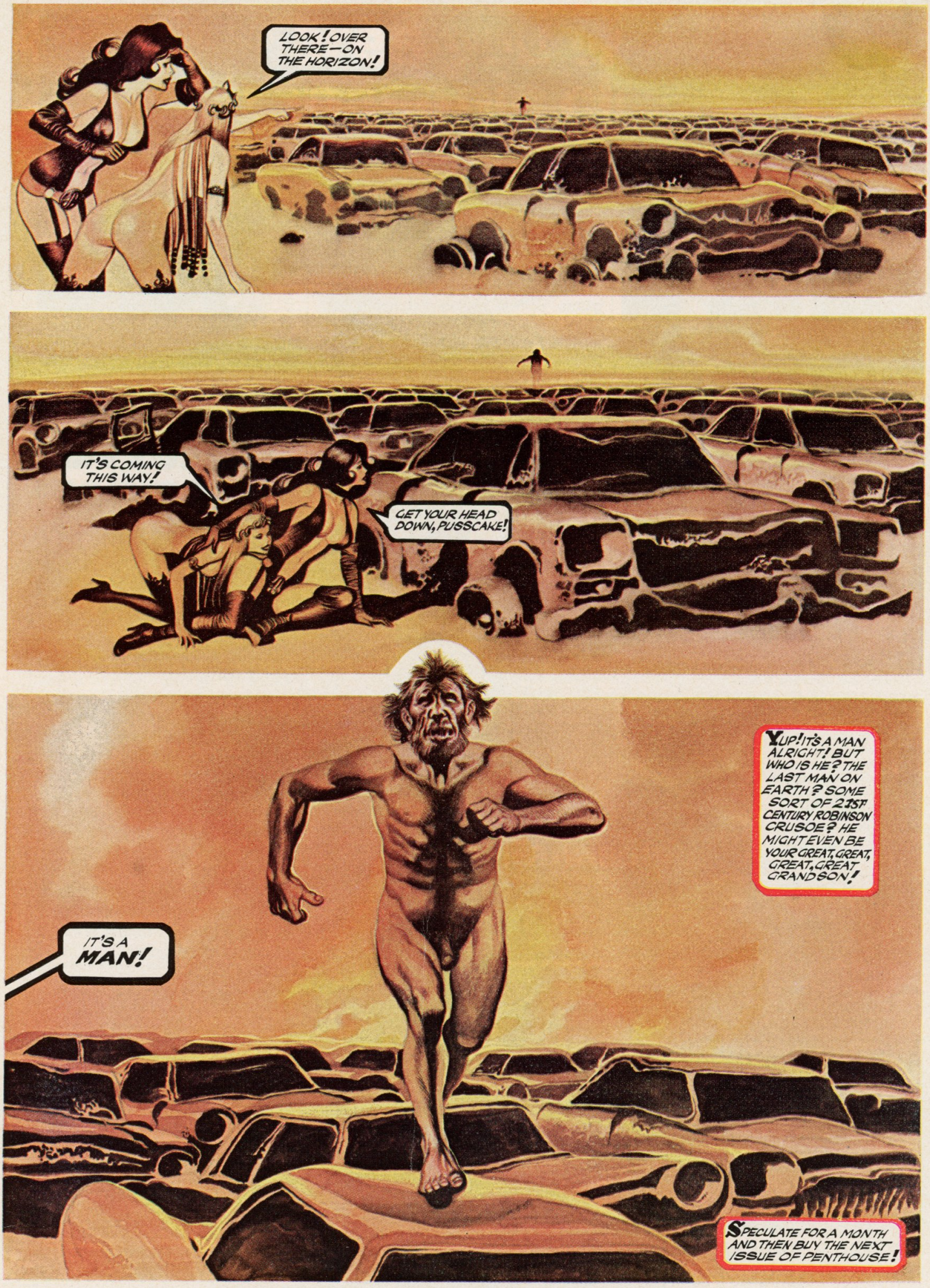

AS THE SWIRLING VAPOURS AND ORBITING ATOMS OF THE SPACE CONTINUUM CLEAR, OUR TWO LUSCIOUS HEROINES FIND THEMSELVES.....WHERE?
HOLY MOSES! WHAT IS THIS PLACE?
WHEREVER IT IS—I DON'T LIKE IT?

IS THIS WHAT WE'VE ALL BEEN FLOGGING OURSELVES TO DEATH FOR? IS THIS WHAT WE'VE BEEN PAYING OUR TAXES FOR? IS THIS THE FULFILMENT OF ALL OUR DREAMS AND IDEALS?
OOH, BOO'FUL —WHERE ARE ALL THE PEOPLE?


EEK!

BOO'FUL! I'M SCARED! ARE THEY....?
I DON'T BELIEVE THIS—THIS CAN'T BE THE FUTURE!

SURELY THEY COULDN'T HAVE BEEN SO STUPID?
BOO'FUL! WHAT'S THAT?


LOOK! OVER THERE—ON THE HORIZON!
IT'S COMING THIS WAY!
GET YOUR HEAD DOWN, PUSSCAKE!
IT'S A MAN!
YUP! IT'S A MAN ALRIGHT! BUT WHO IS HE? THE LAST MAN ON EARTH? SOME SORT OF 21ST CENTURY ROBINSON CRUSOE? HE MIGHT EVEN BE YOUR GREAT, GREAT, GREAT, GREAT GRANDSON!
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Deep Throat	Her Name Was Lisa	'10'
Devil in Miss Jones	Jack and Jill	The Rose

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KOKO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

and, as in the case of grabbing Hiller's coat, a downright liar.

At one point during our series of interviews, when it started to rain, Koko signed to Patterson that she wanted one of the curtains of the trailer closed, a definite indication that she was afraid of something outside. "When the curtains are down, she feels more secure," says Patterson.

Fear has also been used against Koko. Despite the fact that Koko has never encountered a real one, she is terrified of alligators. Both to explore this feeling and to try to stop the gorilla from bouncing against the flimsy plywood panels that protect the trailer's ceiling, which Koko frequently does when she is in estrus or "heat," Patterson installed the series of toy alligators. Koko seems to realize they are not real but respects their presence anyway.

Koko herself has tried using fear as a manipulative tool. When an assistant, Cindy, was apparently too slow in delivering a meal to Koko, the gorilla signed, "Alligator chase lip." The bewildered woman signed back to Koko, "Alligator?" Then the gorilla, apparently referring to the food Cindy was holding, replied, "Alligator do that hurry."

Koko requires much more physical contact and attention from others than do human children. Some of that contact is in playing games (in addition to tug-of-war, she likes to play "chase" with both Michael and human visitors). At other times she enjoys actual touching. "In her early years, she was a lot more clingy than a human baby," recalls Barbara Hiller, who served as Koko's first "baby-sitter." "You have to literally carry her around everywhere," Patterson says wearily. "I raised several younger brothers and sisters. Believe me, being a parent to Koko is more demanding."

Koko is also moody. "One minute," grimaces a volunteer, "she can be very charming. Then, all of a sudden, she's gotten bored. Sometimes, if she's been with the same person for too long, she signs that she just wants to be by herself."

Koko's limited attention span often shows itself when she's asked to do work—work that usually involves rote vocabulary drills and endless measurements of the gorilla's celebrated abilities. For example, by pressing the keys of a computerized keyboard linked to a voice synthesizer—the brainchild of Stanford professor Patrick Suppes—Koko can now audibly "say" 46 words and hear what her creations sound like at the same time. But after a few hours of tests, Koko is likely to sign "lip vacation," which means that she is on vacation and doesn't want to work, or "sleep now," or even "big trouble," which also indicates disgruntlement.

Koko has lied, usually to avoid punishment, on countless occasions. During one

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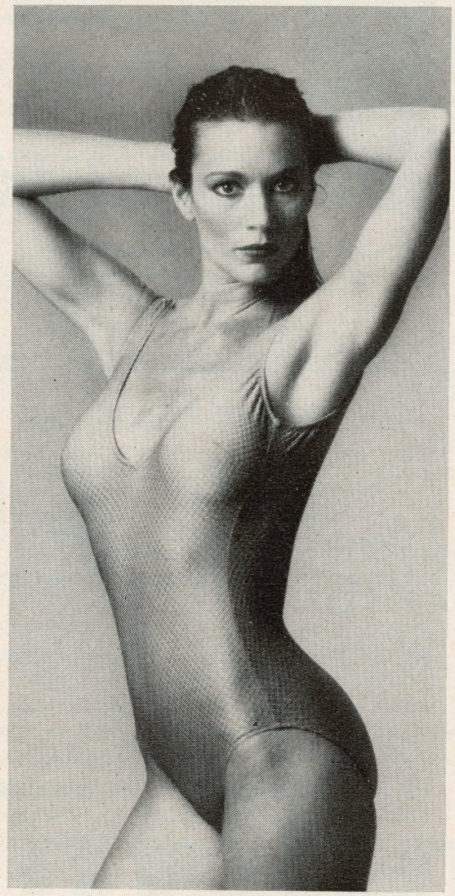

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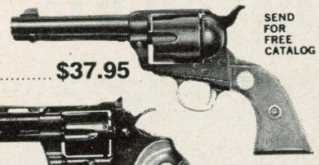

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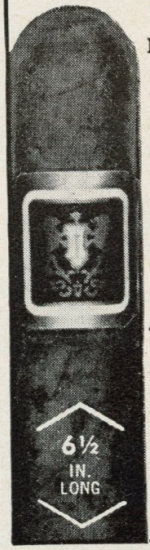

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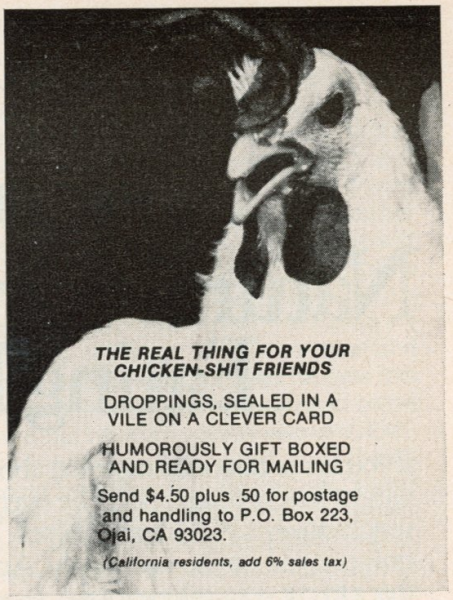

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especially mischievous adventure, Koko hopped onto a sink, which promptly popped out of its frame. An assistant, Kate Mann, was present at the time. Patterson later questioned the gorilla about the mischief:

Q: "Did you break the sink?"

A: "Kate there bad."

Sometimes by accident and other times on purpose, Koko has broken many of her toys. Yet this was the response to some of our questions:

Q: "Have you broken any of your toys?"

A: "Koko good."

Q: "You mean you've *never* broken any of your toys?"

A: "Know lip good."

Another of Koko's personality traits that she shares with at least some humans is that she likes other animals. She's had a cat for a pet and enjoys a rabbit that lives underneath the trailer. "And she gets very excited when she sees a hummingbird come to our feeder," says Patterson.

But perhaps the most telling incidents that indicate Koko has needs, such as company, and feelings, such as mischievousness, have happened when she actually tried to "talk" to other animals. One time, when she was out on a walk with Patterson, they came upon a herd of cows grazing just beyond a fence. "Come here!" Koko repeatedly signed to the cows. "The funny thing," swears Patterson, "was that these were not your ordinary cows. They had a reputation for coming only to certain people in the area, and they had never seen Koko." But the cows came anyway. All the time, Koko was energetically signing for more of the herd to come. When they finally did so, the sly gorilla put her hands on her head, pretending she was very scary, and charged the animals. She later repeated the same game with a nearby horse.

But games aren't the only thing Koko seems to have definite feelings and intentions about. She may be just a beguiling imp to some animal lovers, but this gorilla doesn't always monkey around. She could, it had seemed from Patterson's previous research, be quite serious. But *how* serious can a gorilla really be? We wondered if Patterson wasn't "reading" more into Koko's answers than they really deserved. After nearly a year of urging, Patterson finally let us devise our own questions and, with the help of both Patterson and her volunteers, offer them to Koko. In all, the researchers asked more than 100 of these questions, including spontaneous follow-ups, in our behalf.

For the purpose of clarity and because the questions were posed off and on over several months, many of the responses have been edited; in certain cases (when Koko's attention was flagging, when she tended to repeat herself, when there was no response), simply deleted. With group-related questions we have also changed the order in which some of the dialogue occurred.

First, since birds do it, bees do it, and even educated chimpanzees do it, we wanted to know what the world's smartest gorilla thinks about love. Koko, it turns out, has already been in love. She had what Patterson describes as a "definite crush" on Dave, an assistant who worked with Michael. "She seems to be attracted to men who are neither young nor old," says Patterson. "About mid-twenties seems to be her cup of tea. But the person can't be a regular visitor. He's got to pop in once in a while." For example, in an effort to stimulate Koko's interest in Michael, Patterson has shown her films of gorillas making love. But so far Koko seems to regard Michael, who is also learning sign language, as too young for her.

This is how we began our conversation:

Q: "Do you know what love is?"

A: "(Having) visitors."

Q: "Do visitors love you in return?"

A: "(They) love me (because I'm) good."

Q: "But what does love mean?"

A: "(It means that) Penny knows (I'm being) good."

Q: "So, what is love?"

A: "(Someone) love (-ing) Koko."

Q: "Do you love anyone?"

A: "Koko, devil gorilla, (and) Ron." (Probably meaning "Me, mischievous go-

rilla, and Ronald H. Cohn," the latter a photographer-researcher whom Koko regards as her father figure.)

Q: "Who do you love the most?"

A: "(Only) Koko knows, Koko knows." (Her actual response was "Know Koko, know Koko," after which she said, "Penny that," and pointed to a valentine Patterson had given her.)

Q: "Do Ron and Penny love you?"

A: "Well, you know that I'm good and nice." (Her exact answer to Barbara Hiller was "Koko good, Barbara Koko good and nice know.")

Q: "What is kissing?"

A: (She slowly moves her lips to the bars that separate her from the interviewer, then kisses the bars.)

Q: "Do you have a special friend?"

A: "Dave, you know, is nice." (Her response was "Nice know Dave.) Patterson believes she uses "know" quite often to mean "you know," an expression the gorilla hears around her keepers.

Q: "And how do you feel about friends?"

A: "Love."

Q: "If you were going to have a party, who would you invite?"

A: "Dave (and) girls."

During other "talks" we discussed many subjects. One of them: what it's like to live with people. When we asked the gorilla whether she prefers living with humans or apes, Koko responded, "Lips," her word for females and an answer that Patterson takes to mean people. Explains the researcher: "She doesn't know any female gorillas." Asked for the reasons behind this choice, Koko said, "Bad Koko good," apparently meaning that though other gorillas are bad, she is good. "So are gorillas bad?" we persisted. Her answer: "Bad." Earlier, Michael had been pushing and biting Koko, a fact that the gorilla apparently chose not to overlook.

In another conversation, Koko described Mike to us as "bad" and "stupid." "Well, what about yourself?" we chimed in. "Do you consider yourself smart or stupid?" At that point, she began cleaning her room. Later, when we asked if Koko loves or likes Mike, she confirmed just what we had suspected all along. "Like," she fired back.

How does Koko feel about pregnancy? Would she like to be a mother? "Koko good" was all she would tell us. "That might mean she thinks it's a good idea," guesses Patterson.

But not all of the gorilla's thoughts have to do with life within her immediate surroundings. Koko seems to have a tantalizing awareness of major concepts, so much so that Patterson is trying to come up with a way to measure her understanding of ideas. "Her understanding of concepts is running ahead of her vocabulary to express them," Patterson says. "Instead of relying on vocabulary as a yardstick, I'd like to devise a new method of measuring how she thinks."

So profound have Koko's ideas been

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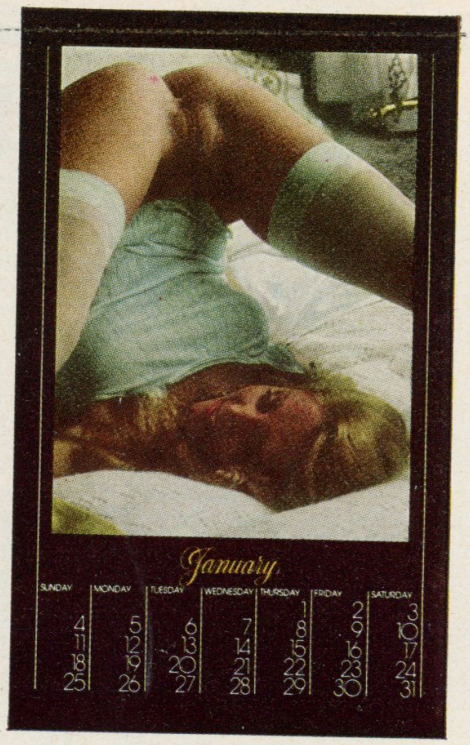

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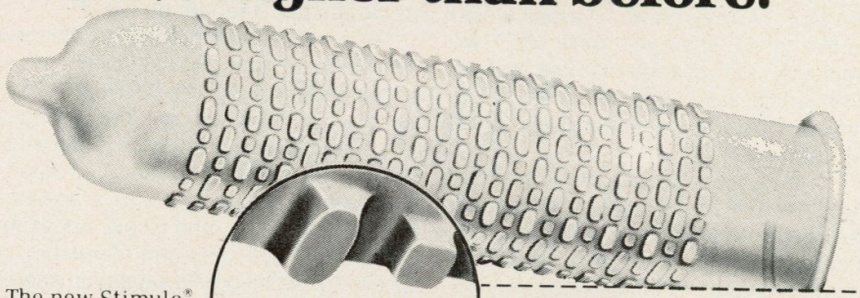

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that they've been surprising even to the researchers.

When we asked Koko if she'd ever like to drive a car (she's already been on several trips with Patterson), the gorilla responded, "Away, good." "What would you like to do when you grow up?" we continued. "Go up and out," she replied. And when we asked Koko what she thinks of cages, she immediately signed: "Bad, bad, bad!"

Even more startling is Koko's grasp of death. As Hiller explains, "When we asked her where people go when they die, Koko made the sign for 'hole' and blew a good-bye kiss. As far as we know, nobody had ever explained burial to her."

Despite the fact that Koko has never seen anyone die, the gorilla has demonstrated her knowledge of death over and over. Another time, when someone asked her where gorillas go when they die, Koko signed back: "Comfortable hole." Months later, when Hiller was discussing the death of her brother with Patterson, she looked over and noticed Koko madly signing away. "She was saying 'Hole, hole, hole.'" Puzzled by these comments, a volunteer finally got up the nerve to ask Koko if she knew *when* people die. The gorilla looked up for a minute, then responded: "Trouble old."

A gorilla that knows about death or, at the very least, about the trappings of death? A gorilla that, when asked what it likes to do best (another of our questions), readily admits she is "lazy"? An animal that seems to pick up as much information by eavesdropping—and perhaps osmosis—as her human keepers do?

To understand the work of Patterson and her volunteers, the first thing you have to realize is that Koko's abilities—indeed, our very comprehension of the personality characteristics and learning process she is communicating—are deeply rooted in the past. Before there was a stubborn, mischievous ape who knew about love and people and cars and friendship, before there was a gorilla who even seemed to understand what freedom meant, there was Washoe.

Prior to Project Washoe, headed by R. Allen and Beatrice Gardner, researchers had widely discounted the ability of primates to acquire language. A chimp named Vicki had learned to pronounce only four words in two years. But the Gardners hit upon an imaginative idea: perhaps primates simply were unable, because of the lack of the necessary physical apparatus, to *vocalize* their words. Perhaps, they theorized, apes could be taught to "speak" by learning sign language. Washoe, a female chimp, quickly proved them right by zooming to 34 signs in 22 months and soaring to four times that number in 1970.

Other experiments were to follow. David Premack, at the University of California's Santa Barbara campus, used plastic symbols to teach another chimp, Sarah, 130 words and even a few phrases. In Atlanta, Duane Rumbaugh and his wife, Susan Savage-Rumbaugh, were to begin work on a new "language" for apes, called Yerkish, which two chimpanzees later learned to use.

Patterson was particularly struck by the Washoe project. She attended a lecture at Stanford given by the Gardners and came away thinking, "If one chimp could be taught American Sign Language, then why not another?" Patterson decided to find out. At the time, she had no intention of using a gorilla for her work. Besides having what the researcher now calls a "tragically misunderstood" reputation of being extremely aggressive, gorillas were believed to be too stubborn to be taught. But a visit to the San Francisco Zoo was to change all that. Patterson noticed a pint-sized, three-month-old gorilla—Koko—tugging at its mother's neck. Almost impulsively, she asked then-director Ronald Reuther if she could attempt to teach Koko sign language. Reuther, who feared that Koko was too young to be away from her mother (in the wild, gorillas cling to their mothers for three years), said no. But Patterson pressed on. She began learning sign language.

Nine months later, the unflappable graduate student was back at the zoo,

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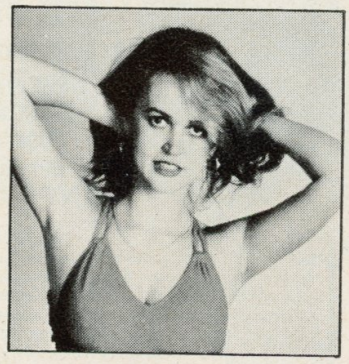

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asking about Koko. During the interim, the tiny ape had almost died. Her mother, Jackie, had stopped producing milk. Koko was also suffering from dysentery. She was rushed to the University of California Medical Center and was then hand-fed for a period by Reuther. Soon Landis Bell, then director of the Children's Zoo, and his wife, Dede, adopted Koko as a temporary "foster child." Dede took to carrying the tot in a backpack everywhere she went.

By the time of Patterson's return, Koko, healthy and almost fully recovered, had been moved to the Children's Zoo. Keeper Martin Dias suggested to Patterson that she try once again to persuade Reuther to let her try her project. This time the director agreed. In 1974 Patterson moved the gorilla to a mobile home—the same quarters she has now—on the Stanford campus. She began her work in earnest. By September 1976 she had acquired a second ape, Michael, and her efforts began attracting national attention.

To date, Patterson has received four grants, totaling $100,522, from the National Geographic Society. "Despite the fact that her research was so promising, our decision to support it was a bit unusual," admits Mary Griswold Smith, a member of the society's research board. "Most of our grantees already have their doctorates, but the support from Penny's colleagues was so overwhelming that we knew we had made the right choice." Dr. Melvin M. Payne, chairman of the society's board of trustees, agrees. "Her decision to dedicate her life to communicating with gorillas impressed us as a truly remarkable thing. She has certainly kept faith with us. And as long as Penny keeps the program going and is able to get this kind of response from the animals, we intend to support her efforts."

Still, stardom has not come easy for either Koko or her teacher. One challenge after another has plagued the project. A few years ago the San Francisco Zoo decided it wanted Koko, who was on loan to Patterson, either returned or purchased. Patterson, who claims she operates on a shoestring budget ("We get about half the money we need each year, or $25,000 from the Geographic and the rest from other foundations and donations"), didn't know what to do. The zoo's asking price, according to Patterson, was $20,000 for Koko and another $20,000 for Michael.

Eventually, Patterson decided to go to the public for help. She established the Gorilla Foundation (PO Box 3002, Stanford, Calif. 94305) "to protect the future of Koko and Michael." As memberships (starting at ten dollars) began pouring in, the zoo also began feeling the pinch of public pressure to make some sort of deal. They finally dropped their asking price to a total of $26,000 for both gorillas. With the publication of the *Geographic* story, another 1,500 persons became subscribers of the foundation, bringing the current total to about 2,500.

But Project Koko's woes were by no means over. In August 1979, after what had seemed a cordial relationship, Stanford University officials ordered the project moved from the campus. As Gerald Lieberman, who was then acting provost (and is now dean of research) and who ordered the expulsion, explains it, "Penny Patterson was a graduate student. Most graduate students who get their final degree, which Miss Patterson had recently done, usually move on. Therefore, we felt it was time for her to move on." According to Lieberman, if a Stanford faculty member had agreed to sponsor Patterson's continuing research "and it had been done within the limits set by our policies," the university would have halted its eviction proceedings.

Another Stanford administrator, who refused to be identified, admitted that "there was also some concern for the safety of Penny and others," a feeling that "as time went on and the gorillas reached puberty, they were outgrowing their bounds." There were also, the administrator added, "concerns in the animal-care community around Stanford about safety." For a time, Stanford officials weighed the possibility of building a stronger fence around the trailer but eventually, according to both

administrators, decided that the main problem—and the one that couldn't be ignored—was Patterson's "diminishing academic relationship or link" to Stanford.

Today, Patterson says she is still unsure why the project was booted out. "I really don't know why they did it," she says. "They certainly weren't fair." Besides, she insists, "there *was* an academic connection." Twice, acording to Patterson, Dr. Karl Pribram, a professor in the university's psychology department, agreed to become her sponsor and told the administration so. Answers Lieberman: "I never got such a recommendation through the proper channels."

Whatever the case, the Stanford episode is finally over. Earlier this year, after spending months searching for an adequate site and struggling for the necessary funds, Patterson secured her current six-acre domicile high in the foothills of the Coast Ranges. "It's great to have a place of our own, but we also had to take out a $250,000 loan," she says. "You might say that we're very much in debt."

But Patterson has been given a lot more than money. "Many people have given me encouragement along the way," says Koko's human mother. Pribram, her original research adviser, has been a particular rock of support. He was the one who encouraged her first steps into primatology; he was the one who accompanied her on that first visit to the zoo, when she spotted and instantly fell in love with Koko; and he was the one who tried to prevent her exclusion from Stanford.

But Project Koko has also had its share of detractors. "There are those who would undo all of the work we've done," sighs Patterson. "Most of them don't know what they're talking about. They are not actually in the field, working with primates. I call them human chauvinists." What Patterson is talking about is the growing chorus of voices, especially in the last two years, that decry the so-called findings of Patterson, Premack, the Gardners, and the Rumbaughs. The basic complaint is that the experiments are going too fast, that they often lack strict scientific controls, and, most of all, that perhaps they don't really prove that much. Patterson has even received a handful of letters from members of the public, mostly in the South, who complain that what she is doing "is Darwinian," that if God had wanted apes to talk he would have given them voice boxes.

Nonetheless, not all the critics can be disregarded as crackpots. Many of them carry impressive credentials. Scholars like Eric Lennenberg, as well as the late Jacob Bronowski, remain unconvinced that chimpanzees can learn language; they believe that only humans can manipulate grammar to form specific messages, a contention that goes to the heart of what language—depending on whom you ask—really involves. George Gaylord Simpson, for example, defined language as the most distinguishing characteristic

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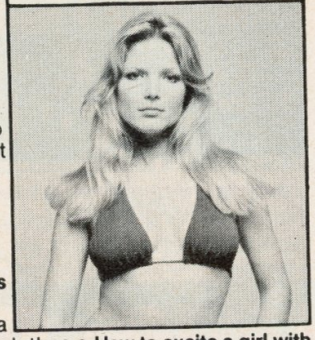

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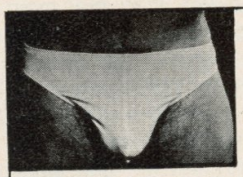

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of humanity. Other linguists say much the same thing.

Even more convincing is the work of Columbia University psychologist Herbert Terrace, who, after four years of studying and teaching sign language to chimpanzee Nim Chimpsky—and of studying the detailed reports of other experiments—concluded that almost all so-called responses by the apes are simply imitations or memorized repetitions of what the teacher is doing. Other observers believe that the primates may be signing just to get treats and other rewards.

But the proponents of ape communication remain steadfastly unconvinced. "Criticism after criticism has backfired or proved premature," believes Eugene Linden, author of *Apes, Men and Language*.

But still the question of whether apes can and, in fact—like Koko—have learned to "talk" always comes back to what we mean when we say "talk" or "language." Allen Gardner, who has compiled a list of Washoe's many two-word "constructions," says the nonbelievers must first agree on a definition for language before they can criticize the primates for noncompliance. On the other hand, Duane Rumbaugh concedes that there is still no "solid evidence" to prove "that the ape is capable of using syntax with competence."

Penny Patterson believes that competence will come—with time. Patterson is certain, for example, that Koko's vocabulary will burst through the 1,000 mark but beyond that isn't sure of what will transpire. "Koko," she explains, "is on the threshold of really showing what she can do. But I'm not really sure what that will be, since we don't know what to measure her against."

Is Koko, for example, just an intelligent ape? Is she a mere quirk? The evidence tends to point against this notion, since other primates are learning to "talk." But Patterson, Hiller, and others believe that Koko may at least have "special" learning capabilities. "Her potential is unknown," echoes the *Geographic*'s Payne. "We're exploring new territory; Koko is at the cutting edge of science."

And what will this new frontier, this brave new world of animal communication, mean? Isn't that the real question here? So what if an ape can talk or, in the future, does learn to communicate "with competence"? Detractors aside, what if Koko even became, for example, a master of complex grammar?

Again, the answers depend on whom you ask. Take, for instance, the central idea that man is "special," that he stands head and shoulders above other animals. According to the Bible, man shall "have dominion over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." "Personally, I find it very comforting that we're not so different," insists Barbara Hiller. "I know it upsets a lot of people. They feel threatened." Dr. Payne believes that man's "status or position" is still in place. "Project Koko," he says, "hasn't changed our rank, but this work and the work of others has shown that primates have a learning capability. What we're doing is measuring the ability of great apes, who are somewhere down our family tree, to understand things."

Patterson, who envisions a refuge in which signing apes could live "in relative freedom," believes the truth lies somewhere in between. "We're still special," she says, "but I'm totally against the people who say primates can't learn to communicate. They are really saying that to imply that animals don't have the rights. They positively, absolutely, do."

Already, the projects involving Koko and other apes are paying off *for humans*. In a direct spin-off from the experiments with primates, psychologist Benson Shaffer has been teaching autistic youngsters to use sign language, then English. So far, the program seems to be working.

How does Koko, the superstar of the animal kingdom, feel about the controversy in which she is presently embroiled? Will she stop "talking" so we can go back to being "special"? When we asked her, she raised those wide, hairy fingers of hers, made a few gestures, and walked to the back of her room. Patterson's translation of Koko's message to the world: "Lazy, on vacation." ○+□

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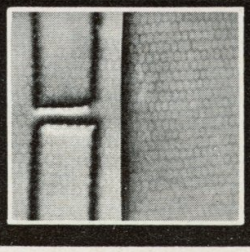

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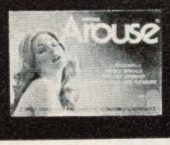

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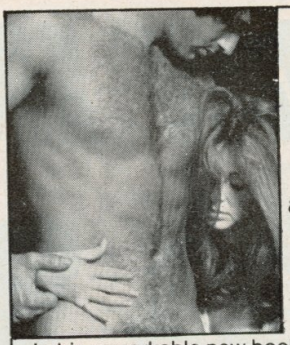

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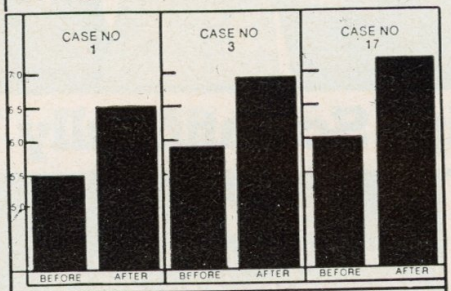

The three cases illustrated here are examples taken from studies done in England by Dr. Richards and other researchers working on penis enlargement. Their work is discussed in detail in the new book, THE PENIS, which gives Dr. Richards' results in simple, direct language that the layman can understand in everyday terms. Illustration Pg. 137

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CARTER, REAGAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

"the greatest disappointment" of his governorship. But a postreferendum poll showed that 69 percent of those who voted against the measure thought it would *increase* taxes.

King Canute went to the seashore and told the waves to stop. Ronald Reagan went to the statehouse and told the California budgetary establishment to stop, with much the same effect. Reagan sold the governor's plane, stopped all purchases of filing cabinets on the theory that the bureaucracy would have to slow down the creation of paperwork to be filed, and discontinued state-printed multicolored brochures on how to prepare potluck dinners. But his conservative critics were aghast that under a governor whose campaign catchprase was "squeeze, cut, and trim," the state's budget grew from $4.65 billion to $10.27 billion, an increase of 121 percent. But adjusted for inflation, the increase was substantially less—37 percent. Most of the increase was in aid to localities for property tax relief. The budget for state operations rose from $2.23 billion to $3.54 billion—in constant dollars, a decrease of 1.8 percent.

Donald R. Wright, whom Reagan made chief justice of the state's supreme court on the assumption that he would reflect his own approach to crime, wrote the 1972 decision abolishing California's death penalty. The voters overruled the court in a referendum, and Reagan signed the law reestablishing the death penalty, though no one has been executed in California since. Reagan talked tough on crime and signed more than 40 anticrime laws, including one mandating a 15-year minimum sentence for inflicting serious injury in the course of a rape, burglary, or robbery and another setting a five-year minimum term for using a gun in the commission of a serious felony. But we haven't heard Reagan boasting during his present campaign that it was he who established conjugal visits for inmates, or that his lenient parole policy resulted in a decrease in the prison population from 27,000 to 24,000.

During his eight years as governor, the closest thing to a scandal was in late 1967, when the press was charging that he had known about a "homosexual ring" among his staff but did not dismiss the two men involved for six months. Reagan told reporters he knew nothing about such a "ring." His press secretary told them in confidence that he had. Put on the spot at a press conference , Reagan said, "Now, if there is a credibility gap and I'm responsible, it is because I refuse to participate in trying to destroy human beings with no factual evidence , and I'm not going to do that, and if that means there is a credibility gap, so be it." He was criticized for having permitted a group of wealthy friends to provide him with a house in Sacramento. He retorted that it was unreasonable to expect him to pay for an alternative to the governor's mansion when public tours of the building were restricted to the main floor because the rest of the structure was unsafe. When Reagan appointed a trucking company head to the state highway commission, a real-estate broker as real-estate commissioner, and a corporate executive as labor commissioner, the *Los Angeles Times* was scathingly critical. But in reviewing his administration in 1974, it said that "in the rare instances over the eight years in which a breach of integrity has been proven against a Reagan appointee, he has been instantly removed from office."

Reagan has a habit of exaggerating his achievements. If he'd play it straight, it would add more to his credibility than it would subtract from his accomplishments. "When I took office," Reagan says in what he disarmingly calls "The Speech," "California was the welfare capital of the nation. . . . The case load was increasing by 40,000 a month. We turned that 40,000-a-month increase into an 8,000-a-month decrease. . . . We returned to the taxpayers $2 billion and we increased grants to the truly needy by 43 percent." Reagan omits the fact that he didn't get his welfare reform package

through until the beginning of his second term. The average monthly case load increase at that time was 26,000. Reagan shortchanges himself on the case load decrease—the actual drop averaged 22,279 a month. There weren't really $2 billion in welfare savings—that figure is based on worst-case projections of what costs would have been if his program hadn't gone through. The actual decrease in welfare expenditures was $497,386,026. The grant to a truly needy mother with three children went from $176 a month to $311, an increase of 76.7 percent—substantially more than what Reagan said. Overall, though, per-case benefits decreased by 13.9 percent. If he used the former figure, conservatives would think he's a soft touch. If he used the latter, liberals would think he's a piker. So he compromises on 43 percent so that everybody can be unhappy. The welfare package was itself a compromise Reagan struck with Robert Moretti, the democratic speaker of the California assembly. Higher benefits and a cost-of-living escalator were the price Reagan had to pay Moretti in return for narrowing eligibility to those who really needed help. Jerry Brown has said that "the Reagan welfare program is holding up, and considering today's high unemployment, it is amazing that it has kept welfare down as much as it has."

With all the statistics he throws around, Reagan never cites the one that's most remarkable. In 416 weeks as governor, he held 409 news conferences. Maybe the reason he doesn't mention it is that it would be hard for him to overstate it.

Reagan's record as governor was, according to his old adversary Jesse Unruh, "not as good as his supporters hoped, and better than his critics feared." As might be imagined, however, California conservatives were less than delighted by Reagan's performance. State Sen. John G. Schmitz of Orange County helped commission a book that described Reagan as a closet liberal. Robert Moretti would agree. "The way he acted as governor didn't resemble his rhetoric," the liberal Democrat now says. Jack Henning, head of the California AFL-CIO, said in 1973 that "within the past two years Governor Reagan has signed California AFL-CIO-backed bills increasing social insurance benefits for injured and unemployed California workers by more than $266 million. No governor—Republican or Democrat—has ever done anything like that." Shirley Wechsler of Los Angeles, national vice-president of Americans for Democratic Action, the beacon of American liberalism, today says that under Reagan "we got better hearing—and a better deal—than we get from Jerry Brown." Wilson Riles, the black liberal Democrat who in 1970 defeated conservative Max Rafferty to become California superintendent of public instruction, gives Reagan "extremely high marks on minority appointments" and says, "The bottom line on Ronald Reagan is that he is a conservative and articulates a very conservative position, but at least in the field of education, which I know about, he did not try to manipulate it in a partisan way. He did his homework, and he was well organized. He was an administrator in the sense that he set the policies and directions and chose good people to carry them out." Even Reagan's worst critics seem to feel compelled to say something nice about him. Larry Agran, legal counsel to the state senate's committee on health and welfare from 1970 to 1973, in a 1974 blast in the left-liberal journal *The Nation* entitled "The Reagan Years—Adding Up the Damage," wrote, "While the governor's interests are narrow—he ignores whole areas of government—he is not dumb. What he cares about he learns well. And he is a hard-working, full-time governor."

Ronald Reagan is probably still kicking himself for having ended up presiding over the ideal liberal administration. His image stimulated the Democrats to push for twice as much, and he responded by giving them half of what they wanted.

So Life As We Know It did not come to an end in California during Reagan's governorship—or maybe it did. The Reagan years coincidentally happened to be the years of the Human Be-In, the Summer of Love, the Diggers, the Grateful Dead,

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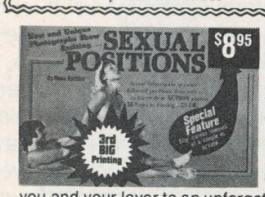

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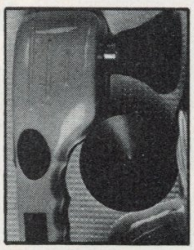

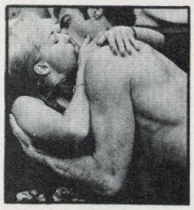

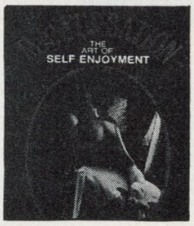

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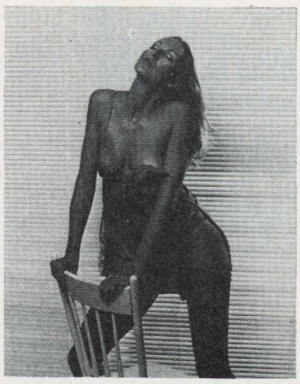

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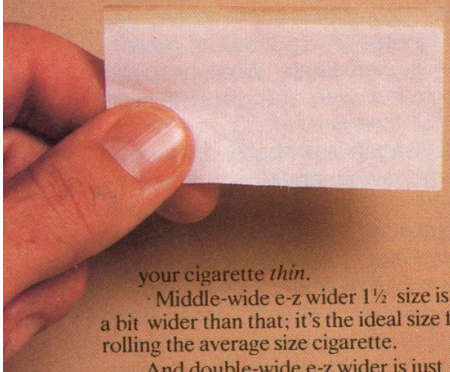

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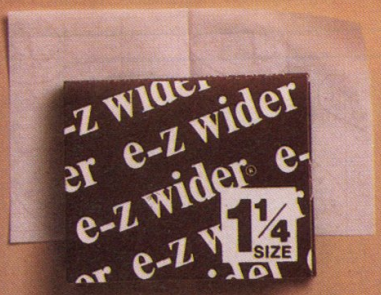

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Janis Joplin, People's Park, the *L.A. Free Press*, the *Berkeley Barb*, the *Whole Earth Catalog*, *Ramparts*, Esalen, the Troubadour, the Bolinas poets, Mendocino, Mill Valley, Laurel Canyon and Topanga—not to mention the Hell's Angels, Altamont, the Black Panthers, and Charles Manson. While Ronald Reagan was busy doubling the size of the California Highway Patrol, the city of San Francisco went gay. Some, after reflecting upon the cultural explosion while Reagan was governor, will be relieved. Others will be horrified. But in considering what America will be like over the next four years if Reagan is elected president, all should remember that it took place.

A comparison with Carter's record as governor of Georgia from 1971 through 1974: During Reagan's eight years as governor of California, the number of state employees rose less than one percent a year. During Carter's four years as governor of Georgia, the number of state employees rose more than three percent a year. Reagan signed property tax relief legislation totaling $2.4 billion. Carter vetoed property tax relief. During Reagan's term California acquired .9 acres of parkland per square mile of the state's area. During Carter's term Georgia acquired .3 acres per square mile of the state's area. Willie Brown, the Democratic assemblyman from San Francisco, says that as governor, Reagan "showed a willingness to accept collective decisions without serious ego problems. He does not measure his self-worth by whether an idea is his or not." The Atlanta bureau chief of *U.S. News & World Report* wrote in 1976 that as governor, Carter had "infinite trust in his own instincts and judgment, and after he has arrived at a decision he is virtually beyond compromise."

The overall message of Reagan's governorship is that the positions he now holds will, if he is elected, function not as unshakable articles of faith, but as bargaining positions from which he will negotiate the best deal he can get from his adversaries—be they legislative barons, bureaucrats, or sheikhs. His choice of a running mate is true to style. If there is any one man who symbolizes opposition to the policies of the Eastern foreign-policy establishment, it's Ronald Reagan. Yet he chose a paragon of that establishment—George H. W. Bush, son of a partner of a venerable Wall Street private banking house, former board member of the Council on Foreign Relations, and former member of The Trilateral Commission. It is, of course, absurd to elect an actor president of the United States—but no more so, it may be argued, than to elect an amateur with stage fright who makes up the play as he goes along. As we roast him for having, in a previous incarnation, played straight man to a chimp, let us not forget that, actor that he is, Ronald Reagan is practiced in the art of seeming not to be what he is, and seeming to be what he is not.

JOHN ANDERSON

I think the next president, frankly, is going to have to wear something of a hair shirt. He may have to be a little reminiscent of the prophet Jeremiah. —John B. Anderson, February 1980

If thou hast run with the footmen, and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses? —Jeremiah, XII:5

John Anderson doesn't like the image-mongering of American presidential politics and yearns for "a system where people somehow can accept or reject a man on the basis of his ideas." Such a system might be more likely to develop if people could find out what a man's ideas are. In its May 5, 1980, story on Anderson's announcement that he would run as an independent, *Time* observed that he "seems more interested in ideas than power." *Time* gave no evidence of sharing that interest. Of the article's 2,014 words, 170 were on the candidate's policy proposals. *Newsweek*'s June 9, 1980, cover story on Anderson's candidacy informed us that the Secret Service had code-named him "Stardust," that his favorite drink is J & B on the rocks, and that wife Keke "recalls, half-joking, 'I married John for raw sex.'" But of the story's 5,792 words, precisely, 16 were devoted to Anderson's positions.

John Anderson's ideas are not quite the answer to a teenage prayer that he makes them out to be. But they do deserve a hearing.

Anderson's best-known proposal—the one that rated almost a full sentence in *Newsweek*—is his "50/50 plan," a half-dollar federal tax on each gallon of gasoline, with the proceeds to be refunded by cutting Social Security taxes in half. He says it would trim consumption by five to ten percent and would induce motorists to buy more fuel-efficient cars, switch to mass transit, and change their driving habits. Maybe. But if drivers know the taxes they pay at the pump each week will come back to them in Friday's paycheck, maybe not. If Anderson were as politically courageous as he cracks himself up to be, he'd propose a 50-cent gas tax and leave it at that.

Anderson's overall defense philosophy is sound. "Spending billions for 'defense' while inflating our currency and neglecting steps to increase the productivity, innovativeness, and competitiveness of the American economy will not make us strong in the long run. Rather, it will weaken us and make us more vulnerable to the

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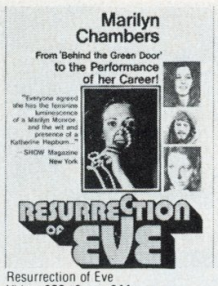

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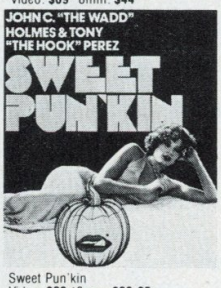

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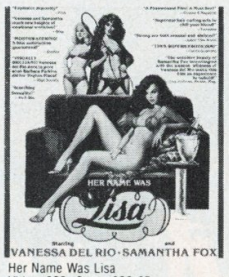

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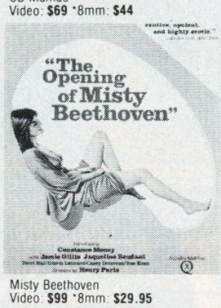

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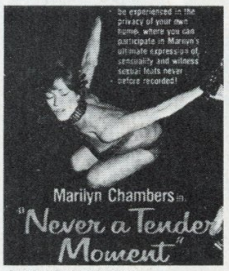

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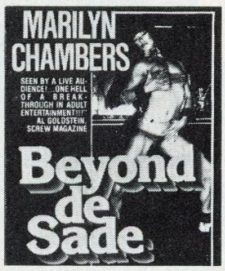

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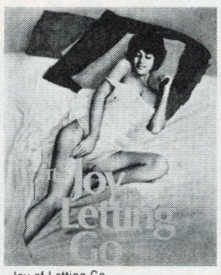

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whims and fancies of foreign nations." Anderson wisely opposes the basing mode of the MX missile being pushed by the current administration. If Carter's scheme to protect our land-based missiles against attack by driving them from shelter to shelter around huge "racetracks" goes through, the Russians can counter by MIRV-ing enough missiles to target all the shelters, and our Southwest will look like it's already been H-bombed. Anderson's idea, however, is pure foolishness. He suggests "deploying a missile like the MX at sea, aboard small, conventionally powered submarines operating off our coast in waters we can easily patrol and defend." The basis of U.S. strategic doctrine is the nuclear "triad"—land-based ICBMs, "air-breathing" weapons such as bombs and cruise missiles, and submarine-launched missiles. The idea is that the Russians have to consider that if one or even two "legs" of our triad were knocked out in a surprise attack, at least one would survive to deliver the counterblow. Anderson's way of keeping the Russians from taking out our land-based missiles is for us to take them out ourselves. He wants to put a new class of missiles on diesel-powered subs that would have to snorkel and refuel periodically under the eyes of Soviet satellites. Someone should remind Anderson that the one area where the technologically backward Russians are technologically forward is anti-submarine warfare. Anderson's idea would give the Soviets the option of attacking our nuclear weapons without having to use nuclear weapons themselves. If the Russian navy managed to blow away all of Anderson's submarines by using conventional weapons, what would we do—melt Moscow? Anderson's idea is as shallow as his sitting-duck subs would be.

Anderson's ideas on inflation are enough to make grown men weep tears of joy. "Continued reliance upon a monetary tourniquet to stem the hemorrhage of deficit spending invites recession," he says. "Unlike President Carter, who contends that labor and business are responsible for the wage-price spiral, [I believe] the responsibility for inflation rests on the doorstep of the federal government." Anderson introduced legislation in the last two Congresses that would require the president to submit a balanced budget and would limit federal spending to 20 percent of the estimated gross national product for each year. "Fiscal austerity is only half the battle," he says. "Equal emphasis must be given to boosting America's productivity." He has proposed encouraging investment by exempting from taxation the first $500 ($1,000 for couples filing jointly) of interest earned in savings accounts. He'd like to increase the dividend exclusion, permit deferment of taxes on dividends reinvested in the issuing stock, and reduce the tax on capital gains. He wants to accelerate business depreciation drastically—ten years for buildings, five years for equipment, three years for vehicles. He wants to put in a ten percent tax credit for research and development.

Anderson's thinking on taxes follows suit. He advocates eliminating "bracket creep," which is continually raising taxes in real dollars, by indexing tax rates and exemptions to the cost of living. "Our federal tax laws are hurting the American economy," he says. "Instead of encouraging consumption and indebtedness, we ought to . . . make the tax laws work for us by encouraging taxpayers to work, save, and invest more. . . . We have no shortage of consumer demand in this country; what we have is a shortage of supply. We need to produce more goods at lower costs. To do that, we must save and invest more. If we do not, we will never solve our inflation dilemma; nor will we be able to address the very critical problems of poverty and unemployment."

Anderson proposes that the federal government turn over 90 percent of its taxing authority over alcohol and tobacco to city governments in phases, culminating in 1987. He thinks federal urban development programs should concentrate on preserving existing structures rather than on building new housing. Similarly, he believes federal block grants should be going to the rehabilitation and maintenance

of existing capital plants of city governments, such as sanitation, police, and fire facilities. He proposes a "neighborhood improvement" tax credit for property owners and federal matching funds for local improvement groups. In extremely depressed areas he'd like to create "enterprise zones," which would be exempt from certain economic regulations.

Anderson's views on foreign affairs are generally well within the limits of respectability as defined by The Trilateral Commission, the international conference organization of which he is a member and of which Jimmy Carter and George Bush are alumni. Anderson's principled support of a grain embargo against the Soviet Union, however, a position neither Bush nor non-Trilateralist (to say the least) Reagan thought would play in Iowa, and his proposal that the Soviet consulate in New York be closed until Russian tanks are out of Afghanistan have raised some eyebrows among the mutually appointed foreign-policy elite. On the other hand, his acceptance of the support and advice of key Trilateral worthy George W. Ball, who advocates threatening to cut off military aid to the Israelis to force them back to the suicidal 1949 armistice lines, is an unhealthy sign.

During a recent interview with Anderson, his wife piped in with the remark, "Oh, get off it, John. You're sounding like a congressman." Perhaps that's the problem with John Anderson's ideas—they sound like the sort of ideas that a congressman might think up while he is brainstorming with his assistants about a way to get his name on a bill, rather than the sort of ideas that might crystallize in the brain of a statesman who is brooding on the fate of humanity in the dark of the night. In Westminster Abbey there is a tablet that reads, "Remember Winston Churchill." If we do, it is not for his position on accelerated depreciation.

There are those who maintain that the presidency has become too big for one man. I say men have become too small for the presidency.

Why is it, we may ponder, that big government seems to breed small presidents? People now expect to receive from the state what they once hoped for from the gods. Abundant harvests. Protection from calamity. Rain in its season. Health, education, and welfare. But then they were willing to propitiate the gods. They are not prepared now to make sacrifices for the state.

What we need at this point is a man who would grow into the office by making the government smaller. Each of the men who would be president professes to have been born again. But six births, sad to say, have not sufficed to produce a man-child capable of seeing America, not as a crisis to be managed, but as a nation to be governed. Dare we hope that on January 20, 1981, one of them will be born yet another time?

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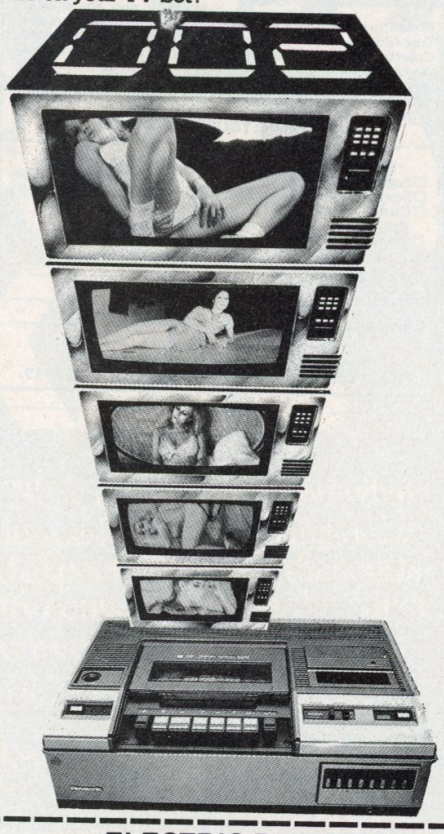

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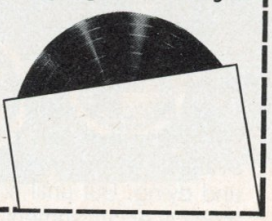

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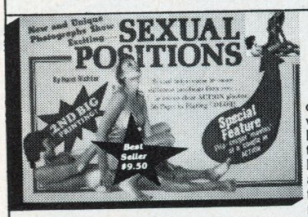

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FEEDBACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

to see the facts reported.

If I had read your article a few years ago, I would simply not have believed that doctors could be primarily interested in their own prestige and personal wealth, with their patients taking low priority on the totem pole. I have, however, gone through their cancer treatment with little benefit. I have experienced their ridicule for even mentioning other possible treatments. I have had them say one thing to me and write another on the records (which I was able to obtain copies of). From personal experience, I must say the article was a good description of the medical profession.

The thing that most disturbs me is the fact that it is not the warring cancer establishment factions that lose but the cancer patients. These doctors must be breaking some kind of law. I know that they are breaking God's law of right and wrong, but it seems that my civil rights are being violated when I am subjected to treatments that don't work, cost a fortune, and cause debilitating side effects.

Dr. Burton's work must be brought to the public eye and his treatment made available to the many who are suffering and dying. But until someone brings the medical establishment to its knees, many will die because of that group's pride. That, in my opinion, is murder—if not in the legal sense, surely in the moral sense. The question is, Do they have any sense of ethics?—*Ray Johnson, Bristol, Tenn.*

Oh, Douglas!

Nat Hentoff does us a great service with his article "The Last American: A Eulogy for William O. Douglas" (August 1980). In these days of effete leadership, ambiguous principles, and a dying democracy, it is both inspiring and consoling to know that Douglas lived. The terror is, Who will replace him? Or will we all be swallowed up by the morass of the bureaucracy and remain "submissive clerks," ignoring the vastness of the American possibility and the magnitude of our own dreams? We have become a people without courage and honesty, satisfied to transfer our anger into self-destruction and our anxiety into greed. It is sad that we have become a people without anyone to replace a man like Douglas.—*James Kavanaugh, Nevada City, Calif.*

Freedom fighters

Thank you for the informative article "The Planned Destruction of the Dollar," by James Dale Davidson (August 1980). Davidson has done an excellent job of showing how the entire world has been deceived by our criminal federal government. However, what is even more amazing than the destructive nature of the government is the fact that so many people believe that nothing can be done about it. It seems the only ammunition with which freedom lovers can fight the inflationists and regulators is libertarian Ed Clark. From what I understand, he is the only presidential candidate who is not planning on redistributing my wealth, regulating my sex life, or even dictating which principles I am to sacrifice my life for in a foreign war.—*J. G. Coffer, Dodgeville, Wis.*

Games Russians play

I am one of the legions of *Penthouse* readers who claim that they buy the magazine only in order to read the articles. As far as the July 1980 issue goes, that happens to be the truth. Craig S. Karpel's article "The Olympic Funeral" caught my attention immediately.

I recently returned from a trip to the Soviet Union with Mr. Frank Wundohl, the editor of the *Jewish Exponent*, the weekly paper of Philadelphia's Jewish community. Our trip was devoted to visiting as many leaders of the "refusenik" communities in Moscow, Leningrad, and Kiev as possible.

The trip was incredible, complete with stray telephone calls at the Hotel Kosmos, fun times with Moscow cabbies, constant haranguing about the Olympics, and friendly interviews with customs and the KGB. It seems that these are the unadver-

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Enclosed with your order of Bio-Genesis will be a check for the full amount of purchase. If in thirty days time you are not completely satisfied that Bio-Genesis can solve your hair problem, then **the check is yours to cash.**

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How and why could I afford to make such an offer? Why am I sticking my neck out with such an unprecedented guarantee? Because, quite simply Bio-Genesis works! It stops excessive hair fall out, and **actually stimulates the re-growth of new hair!**

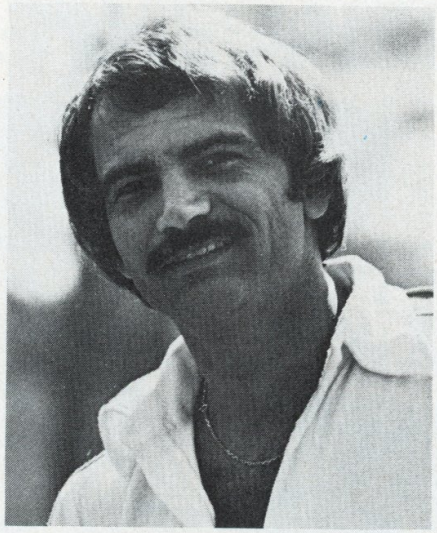
For example, of the more than 50,000 people who have bought Bio-Genesis, less than ONE PERCENT have asked for their money back!

The facts are in!

Clinical studies conducted with regular treatment of Bio-Genesis have shown that excessive hair loss can be stopped in 30 days or less. But there's more... These same clinical studies show that Bio-Genesis can actually GROW NEW HAIR in 3 to 6 months! And this is not thin, fragile, weak-looking hair, but thick, mature, healthy-looking hair. Seeing the rate of hair loss drastically reduced after 30 days is the first sign that Bio-Genesis will work—then, you need only to purchase your second bottle... and see what happens! You'll be amazed!

No other treatment for baldness has ever been as widely proclaimed and recognized. And for good reason. This is not another "magic potion" or empty promise—THIS IS A FORMULA BASED ON SOUND SCIENTIFIC THEORY AND BACKED BY YEARS OF CLINICAL TESTING.

Noted pathologist and researcher, Dr. Kai Setala and his assistant, Dr. Ilona Schreck-Purola, came upon this discovery during research at the University of Helsinki Medical Department in Finland. The countless tests conducted by Dr. Setala proved to him that his discovery could indeed restore hair growth and could stop excessive hair fall out!



Never before has such an offer been made!

Can you imagine that, at the time you purchased your new car, the manufacturer issued you a check for the full amount of the car and told you that at the end of 30 days if you were not 100% satisfied you could cash the check and keep the car—the only condition being that you could never buy a car of that make again! The manufacturer could not afford to make such a proposition!

The reason we can make this kind of offer is because we know you will most likely have already reordered, even before the 30 days are up, to make certain that you do not run out of Bio-Genesis. We're betting on this because our experience with the 50,000 previous Bio-Genesis users has proven it's a safe bet.

So, take advantage of this unprecedented offer—GUARANTEED RESULTS OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

A. G. Braswell
President, Cosvetic Labs, Inc.

If you're in doubt, or truly don't believe that Bio-Genesis™ can stop excessive hair fall out and actually stimulate the re-growth of hair, just read what the users of Bio-Genesis™ have to say:

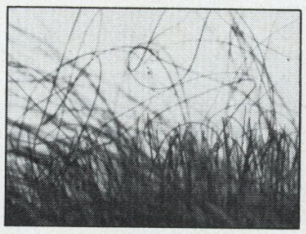
"After using Bio-Genesis for about two months, I am happy and pleased to say that the results are incredible. My baldness is right on the top of my head (very noticeable). By using Bio-Genesis as directed, actual hairs are beginning to grow from my scalp where my baldness is."
—R. L., Brooklyn, New York

"I have been using the Bio compound and am very pleased with my results. It does in fact really work. I had an oily scalp, bad dandruff and heavy hair fallout. My daily efforts and your product have completely stopped all three problems for me."
—P. P., Alliance, Ohio

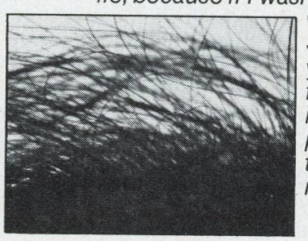
"Use of your Bio-Genesis hair growth product has generated remarkable results. Following the second thirty days of application, friends and acquaintances began to notice the new hair growth your product generated. The hair line around the forehead has been established. The volume of hair has increased significantly on a scalp area that had been barren of hair.
Baldness for me began at age twenty. Hair growth now has begun and the baldness condition appears to be reversed. I am impressed with results obtained with Bio-Genesis."
—D. K., Tucker, Georgia

"I am so pleased with Bio-Genesis that I decided to write. I have no reason to lie, because if I wasn't satisfied, I wouldn't spend $50.00 a month on your product. So for me, there are no more wigs or hair pieces. The only thing I wear now is my own hair."
—L. R. G., Ville Platte, Louisiana

(1) Before treatment with Bio-Genesis, these close-ups taken by a top Atlanta medical photographer show thin, fragile hairs in balding area of the scalp.



(2) New growth is clearly evident after three months treatment with Bio-Genesis. Excessive hair fall out stopped; note density of growth and thick, stronger-looking hairs.



(3) Six months of daily treatment with Bio-Genesis Lotion and Shampoo shows that the bald spot is now completely covered with long, thick, healthy hair.

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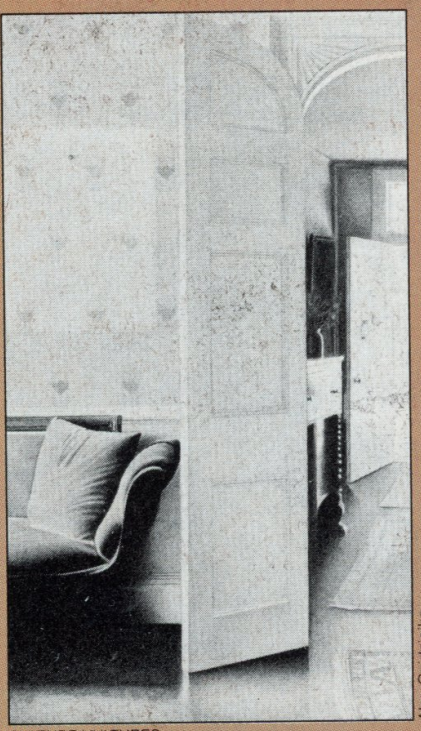

CULTURE VULTURES

Alex Gnidziejko

Bailing Out the Chase Manhattan Bank—In October we published the first part of L. J. Davis's profile of Chase Manhattan Bank chairman David Rockefeller. In this concluding section Davis reveals the consequences of David Rockefeller's banking practices. The role of Rockefeller and the Chase in the catastrophic crash that occurred between 1974 and 1976 was crucial, but even more stunning were the roles of David Rockefeller and Henry Kissinger in maintaining the OPEC price rises and their meddling in foreign policy, which led to the Iranian crisis.

Culture Vultures—A priceless Renoir in the basement, Picasso's finest hanging over the bed, silver antiquities by Paul Revere on the dining room table. Any work of art is now yours to be owned and cherished. All it takes is a thief who knows that art museums and private collections are a lot easier to crack than banks. Reporter Robert Stephen Spitz uncovers the story behind the $50 million in 13,000 stolen art objects that changed dirty hands just last year. "Dealers have been hopping in and out of bed with art thieves forever," recalls Robert Volpe of the Art Recovery Team of New York City. "Respectability? Eighty percent of my recoveries are made through the hands of reputable dealers, appraisers, auction houses, and collectors. They're all involved with art thieves!"

The Selling of America—"Every few weeks," according to Michigan Congressman John Conyers, Jr., "we lose part of America. Foreign purchases of American farmland, banks, industries, and real estate are accelerating rapidly, and each new acquisition seems bigger and bolder than the last." In an important essay this leading member of Congress calls for the passage of legislation requiring that the government monitor foreign purchases of significant American resources and give approval before deals are consummated.

Racket and Balls—It was just the beginning when Mensa women were impregnated with Nobel sperm. Humorist Catherine Hiller envisions the blueprints for a Wimbledon sperm-bank/impregnation center where the sperm and eggs of tennis champions will play. It may not be love-all, but it sure beats a right-hand serve.

A Guide to Christmas Giving and Living—In search of holiday pleasures, *Penthouse* investigates the best in home entertaining. The news in stereo systems is down-sizing, with microcomponents filling your life with music without filling your living room with bulky equipment. To help spread the holiday cheer, the December *Penthouse* will include an update on the fastest-growing segment of the liquor market: cordials and liqueurs. And keeping you cheerful throughout the coming year will be 12 beautiful centerfold Pets in the free *Penthouse* pullout calendar, as our Christmas gift to you.

tised specials which Intourist does not mention when booking your trip.

Thank you for the irreverent but poignant way in which attention is called to a situation that most Americans are uninformed about and not interested in.—*Herb Tobin, Philadelphia, Pa.*

In the army now

In the very timely article "Unready and Willing" (July 1980) Ernest Volkman brings to light the deplorable conditions of today's armed forces. The article seems thoroughly researched but, unfortunately, I think that it touches upon only a few of the vast problems that are plaguing our national defense.

As a noncommissioned officer currently stationed in Europe, I am all too well familiar with these problems, as they are the ultimate frustration of my day-to-day duties.

Since I myself am in the medical field (I am a pharmacy technician), I know not only that doctors are hard to come by, but also that almost every other medical specialty is also short of personnel. This shortage of trained personnel is mostly due to the fact that the 50 percent of the army enlistees who haven't finished high school cannot even pass the examinations to complete a course satisfactorily.

Recently the army has dealt with this problem of the ever dwindling amount of technicians. If not enough enlistees can pass the current exam, simply make the exam easier! Within the last two years courses have been drastically shortened in almost every medical specialty. This not only increases graduation output but also saves the taxpayer hard-earned dollars! Problem solved and the public pleased to boot.

Still, there is a gross lack of technicians to fill the empty slots that are left by the "droves" of people getting out. There are, we are told, no replacements in the near future. This means we must pick up the work load. In the month of June 1980 alone, personnel in our unit worked an average of 61 hours per week. Conditions are getting worse, and morale is plummeting.

In mid-1982 my second and final three-year term of service will have ended. I will join the droves. I could write a book on the shortcomings of the volunteer army if it weren't for the fact that it would be futile and depressing. It is hoped that this letter will give to the readers of *Penthouse* an "inside" look on what it is like to be a part of a system that gets worse every day. Many of these problems haunt the very power that is supposedly superior to us in military capability.

Until the end of my enlistment, I'm determined and willing to fight with what we've got, as little as it may be, for our country and all that it stands for. Thanks for an article far too short but long overdue on the unreadiness of today's armed forces. Bravo!—*Sp5c. Dan Aforismo, West Germany*

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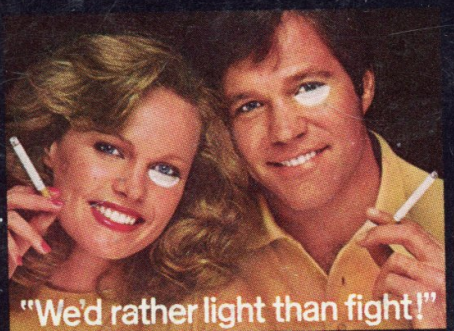

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